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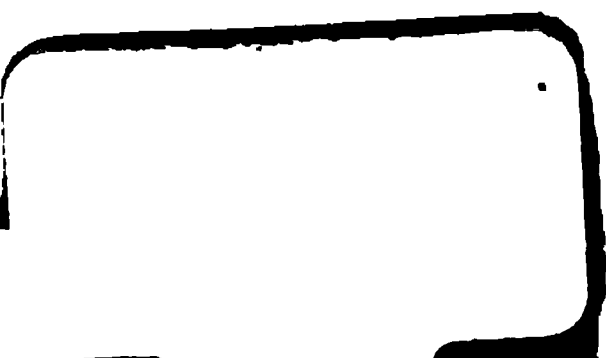
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'THE GAMBLER'S DREAM.

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'THE GAMBLER'S DREAM.

A NEW NOVEL is preparing for publication,

ENTITLED

O N D I T S :

· IN THREE VOLS.

“ The flying rumours gathered as they rolled,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.”

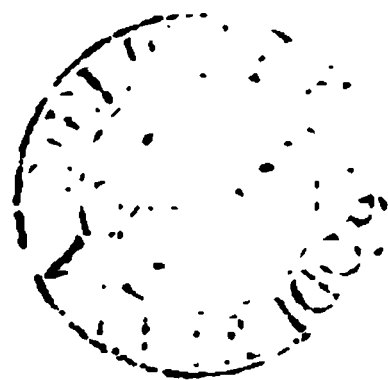
POPE.

THE
GAMBLER'S DREAM.

“ A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium ; the high capital
Of Satan and his peers.”
MILTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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THE GAMBLER'S DREAM.

INTRODUCTION.

2nd Witch.—By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

MACBETH.

IN despair, I raised my grovelling eyes from earth to heaven. That is to say, I looked up from the pavement to the firmament.

The night, or rather morning, for it was past one, was beautiful. Every star that a man could expect to see from St. James's Street was to be seen, and a great many more than I have ever seen from that "locale" before or since. The Sword and Belt of Orion glowed in the

Dudu, I dreamed a dream. If the reader is a Daniel, he will be at no loss for the moral thereof ; if otherwise, I am only guilty, like Dudu, of dreaming once ' *mal à-propos*.'

Methought ! There is no methought ! I will even now lay any wager—Carlton House to a Charley's shelter, (a safe bet, for both have in my own recollection vanished into thin air) that it was no thought, but a reality. My mind's eye, (for neither Berkeley, Hobbes, nor Locke, can prove that the mind has not an eye, or an ear, or a nose, or a mouth, wherewith to swallow strange stories, as well as its inferior companion and casket, the body)—my mind's eye, I say then, taking advantage of my sleep, and consequent want of self-command, had recourse to a position, on this unlucky night, in no less a place than the wine-cellar of Crockford's Club, in St. James's-street. The position was an amusing one, and the eye much enjoying the sight, had the audacity to seduce my mind's ear, and nose,

to partake of the treat, for happiness, we all know, is greater, when shared by our friends.

This trio being at their ease, I shall relate what passed before them, and if it seem extraordinary, I can only say that I am not to blame ;

“ I tell the tale, as told to me ”

by them, unasked, uncontrolled, and certainly unexpected.

This wine-cellar, then, for I believe there are several at Crockford's, is as capacious, as convenient, and as well-arranged as every other department of that luxurious establishment. Every variety of modern nectar is bestowed as it ought to be, the catacombs are well-filled, and as the hour was one o'clock in the morning, and the supply likely to be required up stairs had been long ago handed up, and was probably either *coolly* anticipating its fate, enveloped in ice pails, or gliding down the throats of the members, it might have been expected that silence reigned in the cellar.

No such thing.

A young man apparently about five-and-twenty years of age, evidently a perfect gentleman both in his dress, and his address, was walking up and down, in earnest conversation with a very tall young lady of singular appearance. The young man's height was also considerable, but perhaps, owing to the lowness of the roof of this otherwise spacious chamber, the stature of both may have appeared exaggerated. As these are personages of importance, they must be particularly described, beginning, as in duty bound, with the lady.

I have said that she was tall, and when I add that her noble figure, and voluptuous expression of countenance came fully up to every description, picture, statue, and effigy, in any branch of the arts, that records the beauty of Cleopatra, I shall still fail of doing justice to her overwhelming charms. A white veil of the richest lace, secured in her dark hair which was

braided on her brow, rested partially on her shoulders. Her dress realized the utmost 'beau ideal' of an Eastern Queen, and her stately walk in this extraordinary post-midnight promenade, threw the unassuming step of her companion into a comparison decidedly unfavourable to the talents of his dancing master, drill serjeant, or nursery governess. For, to the shame of this country be it mentioned, that even in this age of refinement, and exterior polish, many a foolish youth is satisfied with the instructions of the last-named humble preceptress, and as he progresses upon his pins, in an undecided gait between toddle, waddle, and shuffle, has the weakness to imagine that he *walks* !

Yet the companion of the lady was by no means one who answers to the above description. He was decidedly not one of the foolish, nor one of the ungraceful. His costume was black, as that of an English gentleman generally is in

the evening; black coat with velvet collar; folds of black satin were round his neck, and precluded, by covering his chest, any suspicion of a white under-garment that his open waistcoat of some black material might have developed. Of course his lower habiliments were of the same colour, if colour it can be called, and as he did not luxuriate in the display of linen as a relief to the black cuff of his black coat, (in which I own that I think he was in error) the only variety that the eye could rest upon were his hands and his countenance.

And these were white 'enough. He was ghastly pale, and that paleness was increased in effect by a profusion of black curling hair, black eyebrows, and whiskers, the last not so predominant as to afford any cause for the imputation of tigerism.

Strange as it may seem that such a pair should have a *tête à tête* in such a place, at such a time, still stranger is the circumstance I am about to relate.

There was no light of any kind in the apartment, and yet the lady, the gentleman, and every individual article, were as distinctly exhibited, as if one of the splendid coruscations of ormolu or ground glass in the saloons above, had been there to illuminate the scene.

This effect was not without a cause. Like the phosphoric invitation of the lady glowworm to her soaring lover,—like the fabulous self-sufficient power of the diamond,—the eyes, ‘horresco referens,’ of both lady and gentleman, beamed with rays of their own, unborrowed, unreflected, fearful to behold, to remember, even to describe!

By the aid of these awful fires, were brought to view, besides the persons of the two strange beings, a large round table on which stood seven drinking glasses, and seven arm-chairs, bright with flaming red damask, and still more flaming gilt carved work, a style which we have recently borrowed from the ‘debris’ of our

ancestors' state-room furniture, and have improved upon by more massive and substantial design.

All this was strangely out of keeping with the usual appointments of a cellar. The atmosphere was deadly cold, yet neither seemed to suffer from it. The gentleman occasionally rubbed his very white hands together, displaying a broad black ring upon each index finger. A singular ornament ; but there is no accounting for taste. The lady neither shivered, nor complained, but swept along with a step of beautiful majesty, alike free from the extremes of ' non-chalance' or ' hauteur.' Their conversation (and I am blest with a retentive memory, as the reader will perceive) was as follows :—

“ Nicholas !” said the lady, “ I don't agree with you.”

Now this exclamation was a cruel shock, and enough to destroy all the romance that the previous spectacle of these beings could not have

failed to conjure up in the most philosophic breast. It is difficult to say which of the two was most surprising, that the hero should answer to the name of Nicholas, or that such a trisyllable should be articulated by the beautiful lips of the oriental lady. One might almost as well have anticipated that she would expectorate on the floor, and obliterate the 'beaux restes' with her Turkish slipper, a solecism not unknown on the Continent of Europe, though it is to be hoped that "they manage these things better" in Asia, as they do in England. Nevertheless, the name of Nicholas is respectable. It is borne with all proper 'onction' by a saint in the Calendar, and it is complacently worn in conventional language by the Author of Evil, when properly abbreviated, and with the addition of an epithet,—calling upon us for the respect due to our seniors,—to wit, Old Nick.

Could he be that august character 'in propria personâ?'

No: he was not old.

“ Well,” replied he, in answer to her remark of dissent, “ I cannot help that; but as we have only a few moments to ourselves before our friends arrive, allow me to suggest once more, that your permission, and encouragement, and influence, accorded to your subjects to adopt the garb of Europeans, is nothing less than the undermining of your own power over them,—in short, it is a political suicide. Please yourself, however, and that I know you will do, without regard to any advice of mine. When we agreed upon this periodical meeting in the country which might be most potential at the time, and upon the convenience of clothing our discourse in the language of that country, we at the same time decided against all interference with the territory of one another, and with good reason, for with the exception of poor Obi, who has recently lost the richest part of his dominions, at least they are slipping fast

through his fingers, each of us has enough to do on his own account."

"Nicholas," (that odious name again) "my political suicide, as you call it, is dictated by the most profound calculation, for the increased activity of a Mahometan, divested of his flowing garb, in which he will sit, dreaming and smoking both day and night, will enable him to do seven times as much mischief as he has hitherto perpetrated in the twenty-four hours so listlessly employed: and pray remember, with regard to interference, that as we are your guests for the present at these 'réunions,' it is your business to prevent that wicked old Hans, who is as odious as his own bear, from molesting me again with his disgusting addresses; for positively, on the first 'abord' of his impertinence, I will order my Star, and flit."

Order her star, and flit! Could that be some new slang as yet unknown even in the realms of the Fancy? What could such expressions mean?

“Trust me, Sophia,” he replied, “we will keep the old brute within the bounds of decorum. Believe me, we should all regret most bitterly the loss of the only one of the softer sex who graces our revels.”

“Tush! tush!” said the lady; “keep those flattering words for the fair-haired, blue-eyed victims of your influence in your own dominions here, recollect ~~we~~ we are altogether superior to such flummery.”

Flummery! What a choice expression for an Eastern Queen! But there was no time for reflection; a noise similar to the crack of a French postilion's whip was five times repeated.

“They come! they come!” said Sophia, for such would appear to be the appellation in which the lovely ‘Diablesse’ rejoiced.

Nor was this all. As each separate crack made itself audible, a pale white light, like the star that the sky-rocket emits when it has attained its utmost elevation, dropped through the roof upon the floor, and as its brightness

decreased, from each a small vapour arose, gradually expanding into the outline of a figure, and finally becoming a person, to all appearance as substantially embodied, as the two that have already been described.

Nicholas instantly greeted the new comers by the names of Hans, Pol, Obi, Mephisto, and Mouvement; and if it was before distressing to hear him addressed as plain Nicholas, it was doubly so to see the familiarity with which they returned the salutation of their friend "Nick," as they called their host for the evening.

They were all men of gentlemanly appearance except Hans; but it may be remarked of Obi, that he was evidently of African origin, with the black woolly hair, and thick features, of the Negro.

Pol was beautiful to behold! No sombre hue was to be seen in his attire, no want of excellence, no stain of inelegance was to be detected in his radiant form. Each had the fearful eye-

beam of unnatural light; but so much more dazzling was the flash of his eye-balls, that the others, Sophia's not excepted, appeared no longer extraordinary, scarcely indeed would it have been thought that the glare of their optics had any other source than the reflection of his transcendent glance.

Hans squinted horribly; he was a stout little old fellow, a sort of pocket Hercules: he was dressed in green, had long white hair, and the large discoloured projecting teeth, which we associate with the idea of a cannibal. He wore worsted gloves.

Mouvement made by far the best bow to Sophia; indeed Pol scarcely deigned to make any inclination of his fine-shaped head. Obi hoped she was well; Hans offered her his still gloved paw,—which, if it had been possible for her to feel the sensation of timidity, she seemed afraid to refuse, but withdrew her own fingers from the contact as rapidly as possible. There

is no need of farther description ; for, except a greater restlessness and recklessness of manner, there was but little difference observable either in dress or otherwise between Mouvement and Nicholas ; and as to Mephisto, he stood confessed the complacent ally, and sarcastic destroyer, of the unfortunate German philosopher, Faust. He also made his salam to Sophia, in the shape of a familiar nod, which was good-humouredly returned, and the conclave proceeded to business.

Each helped himself without scruple to a bottle of the wine he preferred, from Mr. Crockford's collection, Sophia produced (I blush to record it) a small flask of her own providing, labelled Sherbet. They seated themselves round the table, and in one moment more, from every pocket, the lady excepted, who of course had no pockets, was extracted a cigar case, from which the happy owners selected a weed, probably of the best description, but the wisest

cannot judge altogether of a cigar by its appearance. Without any apparent consciousness that what they were doing was at all extraordinary, each lighted his cigar at his eye, placed the burning end (strange perversion) between his lips, filled his glass, and settled himself in his arm chair at his ease. Nor was the comfortable position altered, when every one for a moment withdrew the cigar from his cheek, to drink without noise or nonsense, but in a full bumper, which even Sophia did not shirk, the toast of Mephisto,

“ A sound sleep to Conscience.”

As they quaffed their liquor, a peal of joyous laughter pervaded the chamber, and shook the very walls; the cause, whether proceeding from the invisible merriment of attendant Spirits, from the sympathy of some Members of the Club with the carousing Demons, or, more probably, from the natural and inevitable consequence of Lord A—————'s *last*, must ever remain in obscurity.

THE INFLUENCE OF MEPHISTO.

CHAPTER I.

So talked the spirited aly snake.

MILTON.

“MEPHISTO! have the goodness to begin.”

“I do not understand why you should always fix upon me to break the ice, Nicholas; it gives my story a manifest disadvantage, for the last told always appears the best told tale.”

“No excuses, I beg; as long as London is the capital of our, I hope I may say, *united* provinces, I have the call,—and till you are clever enough to get up another Frederick

the Great, am likely to keep it ; and while I think of it, do not call me Nicholas, it looks as if ceremony stood between us, and I prefer the monosyllable."

" Well, well, Nick! notwithstanding your expectation of a long supremacy, I will venture to say that we shall have some merry nights in St. Petersburg, by-and-bye ; I shall not be sorry to make trial of your hospitality, Hans, by way of a change. You had better be well provided, or we shall make white soup of your Polar Bear, old fellow."

" We are all much of an age, I believe," growled Hans, " so have done with your personal remarks, and do as Nick desires you,—give us your influence."

Mephisto laid down his cigar, and in a very flippant tone of voice delivered himself to this effect.

The time hung rather heavy on my hands after our last meeting here, for my friends

were going the right road as fast as I could wish ; and I kept aloof, knowing that I have occasionally frightened one or two, who would otherwise have been good customers, by an attempt to oil their wheels, ' en passant.'

However, I happened one day to lounge into one of the salons at Baden, where the ' petit jeu' was going on pretty briskly ; though, alas ! some phenomenon visitor, some Alcibiades of the day, or Cynthia of the minute, was very much wanted to make a sensation, and induce those who were only playing ' pour des riens,' to come down with a more ruinous stake.

A single victim is easily goaded on by the help of an occasional influence, to risk, in a very short space of time, his whole fortune, his actual means of livelihood, and whatever he may be enabled by a proficiency in lessons acquired from us, to beg or borrow from his friends. But it is difficult to draw the check-string, after the consummation of his ruin has been effected, or

even to seduce him into a quiet corner, where he may perish without exposing himself; and I really am of opinion, that the spectacle which so frequently occurs in your capital, *Mouvement*, where the spendthrift goes off with 'éclat,' almost in the view of every body, by the assistance of charcoal, a pistol, or a ducking in the Seine, is extremely prejudicial to our interests. It is, in fact, a warning, instead of an example.

On this account, I perceived the immediate necessity of bringing some lady possessed of fascinating attractions, and a daring disposition, to give a little life to my drowsy Germans, and over cautious foreigners, who were enjoying themselves at Baden in considerable numbers.

I cast about in the circle of my female acquaintance, and was not long in fixing upon the present Baroness Felsheim. The estates of this family have entirely recovered themselves from all incumbrance, by the long suc-

cessive minorities of the several Barons who have enjoyed that title, since [the demise of our old friend with whom you were all acquainted. The Baroness was in possession of a large jointure, besides a liberal allowance for the education of the young Baron, her only child, of which she had the sole responsibility.

He was fifteen years of age, and remarkably good-looking, having taken after his mother, who was left a widow, disconsolate of course, as well as very beautiful and very rich, at the age of five and twenty.

She was not, is not, much above thirty now, and her passion is play. She had not as yet dared to indulge in it to excess, for her prudence suggested to her, that objections might be made on that score by meddling friends to her superintendence of her son's affairs. She had resisted, without any violence to her own feelings, every offer of a second marriage, well knowing that a husband would want the money to supply his own pleasures.

She was remarkable for a composed, happy, expression of countenance, which no losses could for an instant discompose. But indeed I was so proud of her myself, for bringing the shoals of gudgeons into the gambling net, that I generally allowed her to win. Nature had bestowed upon her the most beautiful arm I ever beheld, and as she extended it to sweep in the profits of her success, an action which no other woman can gracefully perform, the attraction was so irresistible, that I determined to turn it to my own account, and to this accident, the little attention on my part, of guiding the chances in her favour is to be attributed.

The young Baron had been brought up entirely at home : I myself approve of an apron-string education, for the apron-string tightly bound over the effervescent inclinations of youth, has the very same effect as the strained bow-string on the quivering arrow,—and a soaring flight is the invariable result.

He had mixed but little with youths of his own age, and when he numbered fifteen years, was not sufficiently precocious to have imbibed any 'penchant' for the fair sex. He was, however, a promising boy, and did credit by his proficiency to the various instructors in fencing, dancing, riding, and the French and English languages; with the latter he found the greatest difficulty; but as his time had not been wasted upon Greek and Latin, he was a prodigious English scholar for a German Baron.

The Baroness was as proud of him as any mother could be, who has a vast deal of pride on her own account; and this feeling was sometimes wounded, when the stature and maturity of her son reminded herself and friends, that she was on the wrong side of thirty.

Besides, the youth, with the true blood of a Felsheim, had begun to kick a very little against petticoat government, and had shown symptoms of a wish to see a little more of society than he

had yet enjoyed, and a few traits of 'gaucherie,' the effect of seclusion, made the proud mother blush for him and for herself, when she had occasionally indulged his curiosity. To remedy all this, she determined to procure a preceptor for him, and with her usual sagacity decided that a stiff pedagogue, or prying priest, would be extremely inconvenient, and that the case required a gentlemanly, secular bear leader, who would, out of gratitude to her for the appointment, inculcate respect on the part of the Baron towards herself, would take the greatest possible care of his health for his own sake, would teach him how to perform with grace the duties of the 'petits soins' to the ladies, and above all, would keep him out of her way, when she was inclined to follow up her own enjoyments at the Board of Green Cloth, or elsewhere.

I was aware of all this, and hastened to the Baroness, who was then at Berlin; I offered

myself for the vacant situation under the style and title of Count Muller, displayed a letter from her deceased husband, with whom I had been slightly acquainted, in which he thanked me for services, which, by the bye, cost him dear, and I was accepted at the first interview.

Knowing her tastes, I recommended an immediate removal to Baden, hinting very delicately that at that delightful retreat, a lady might do whatever she pleased to kill her 'soirée,' without any chance of interference from people in power, with whom she might be connected. But I made the ostensible reason for such a proceeding, that her son might there with safety under my charge mix with a sprinkling of the aristocracy of all nations, and mature his taste and character on a better foundation, than the narrow circle of his Berlin relations, however noble, could afford.

My pupil soon attached himself to me. I dived into the innermost recesses of his bosom, and

beheld as blank a sheet of paper, as I ever met with in the course of my practice. By my instructions he soon learnt again to pay proper respect to his mother, for which she did me the honour to express her gratitude, and we arrived at Baden.



CHAPTER II.

Propria quæ maribus had a little dog,
Quæ genus was his name,
As in præsentî shot him in the entry,
And Syntax bore the blame.

SCHOOLBOY RHYMES.

I have said that the innocence of the young Baron was almost without a parallel in my experience ; and in reading his heart, a twinge scarcely worth mentioning, for the trivial offence of stealing off to the pantry to enjoy a forbidden cigar and schnapps with the butler, who could refuse nothing to a young Baron of Felsheim, was the only trace I could discover of the enemy.

This fault, for want of proper perseverance, had

usually brought, in the shape of severe nausea, its own punishment. He had a small black poodle, of which he was extremely fond, and to which he gave the name of the Emperor, as the highest compliment he could possibly pay to its merits. The Emperor was very accomplished; the boy in his retirement had endeavoured to teach him every thing that he learned himself, and the dog would dance on his hind legs, jump at the word of command, shut the door with his fore paws, carry a stick in his mouth, and display various other acquirements.

On the morning after our arrival at Baden, we, that is to say my pupil and I, were alone together, expecting the appearance of the Baroness, as we had arranged to go to the Promenadenhaus before eleven o'clock.

I asked the young Baron carelessly,

“Could the Emperor smoke a cigar?”

His eyes brightened at the novelty.

“I never thought of that,” he said, “I will

try him immediately. Have you got one about you? For the Baroness will not allow me to smoke cigars," he added, rather mournfully.

I had an object in this conversation, which you will presently discern.

"Your mother is quite right," I replied, "a cigar is well enough now and then, in cold weather, in pursuit of field sports, in campaigning, or otherwise, in the open air, but it becomes an odious habit, if you indulge it in the apartments frequented by ladies. They may tolerate it from necessity, they may even affect to enjoy the odour of tobacco, when they have an object to gain; but depend upon this, Baron, no young woman will fall in love with the man who sends the fumes of this weed at her, as the 'avant courier' of his vows of affection."

"I do not care," he answered, "what the tastes of young women may be, but if you have got a cigar, let us see how the Emperor will like it."

I produced a genuine Havannah, and the Emperor at the word of command from his young tyrant, sat up in the begging attitude, and received the twisted end very graciously in his mouth, looking up at us, poor fellow, as if he would say, What next shall I do, to please you ?

The Baron in great glee brought a light, and was in the act of applying it to the other end of the weed, when the dog took fright at some wax, which fell from the candle upon his nose, dropped the cigar, and ran to the door, with his tail between his legs. He came back, however, readily, at the Baron's call, and the weed being lighted, was again offered to his acceptance, but in vain. He saw its fire, and apprehending that more wax would fall upon his nose, refused, defended himself, was beat, for the first time, by his young master, and his tongue was burnt in a fruitless attempt to enforce obedience.

An apt scholar, thought I. He has taken

his first lesson in cruelty, and the effects will give me a fair opportunity for his introduction to Coscolina.

The Emperor howled with pain. The cigar lay burning on the floor. The boy, to do him justice, wiped away a tear, for the injury he had inflicted on his favourite, and the Baroness entered.

“What is the matter?” said she, “Count Muller, I trust you have not been teaching the Baron to smoke!”

“It was the custom among the Spartans, Madam,” I replied, “to intoxicate their slaves, that their youthful warriors might acquire a distaste for that vice by witnessing its effects. Knowing that you disapproved of the practice of smoking, in which I cordially agree with you, I have been pointing out its baneful effects to the young Baron in the parched tongue and feverish eye of the poor Emperor, who, more sagacious than many of the human race, shewed

as many symptoms of reluctance, as our young Germans generally display of greediness, to adopt this pernicious habit. I am afraid the lesson may have been severe, but I am acquainted with a person in Baden, who will quickly relieve the pain of your favourite," turning to the Baron.

He looked at me doubtfully; but this ingenious lie had saved him from a well-merited reproof for his cruelty, and he determined not to spare so easy a method as deception, for getting out of his future scrapes.

"We will go immediately to the Promenadenhaus," said the Baroness, "leave the Emperor at home to recover himself, and you can go to your dog doctor afterwards."

We did so. Upon our arrival we found this public resort crowded with company. The surrounding scenery is very beautiful. We admired all, and I must say, that we were very much admired ourselves. The Baroness and

her son were greeted everywhere, with an audible whisper of praise and curiosity. They were compared, not undeservedly, to a Juno and a Ganymede. I was vain of them myself.

The young Baron's eye sparkled with delight at the novelty with which he was surrounded; but I thought I perceived a wish in the Baroness, that my pupil and I should make ourselves scarce. She might then set about her own favourite pursuits, without the clog of our curiosity.

I proposed to my young charge a visit to the billiard-room. We found there a young British officer of the Guards engaged in a game with two Dutch gentlemen, old acquaintances of mine at Baden, their names were Vandronk, and Vanbeerst. The latter was sitting quietly over a bottle of some stimulant or other, enjoying his pipe, till his friend and the young Guardsman, George Hanna, a gentleman of Scotch parentage, should have finished their

rubber, when it would become his turn to encounter the conqueror. I bowed to my friends, and introduced the Baron of Felsheim: they in return presented Captain Hanna to us. An immediate good feeling sprang up between the young men: the Guardsman could not sufficiently express his admiration at the perfect facility, and correct idiom, with which the Baron addressed him in the English language. Vandronk having won the game, we left the two 'grosses culottes' to encounter one another at billiards, and strolled into the English garden.

Captain Hanna informed us that his family, consisting of a father, mother, and sister, were awaiting him, as he had promised to accompany them in an excursion to the country. They had, he said, come to Baden partly for amusement, and partly on account of his sister's delicate health. He had obtained a short leave of absence from his regiment, to take charge of them on their journey, as his father and mother

had lived in such seclusion for many years, that they were shy of encountering the rubs incidental to travellers, without the benefit of his assistance and protection. He was obliged to leave them in a day or two, on his return to England, but would be happy to present us before he went away, "Indeed," he added, "it will be a charity to them, for they have not a single acquaintance here."

I made one of my own little examinations of the motives and habits of our new friend, and found him to be a good-natured and vain, but high-spirited young man, who had acquired from the advantages of his profession the knowledge of a thing or two,—a knowledge which he very much overrated, but which was nevertheless sufficient to enable him to take pretty good care of himself. What he had said was the truth; and when we were introduced to this North British family, I discerned at one glance, that his mother was a silly conceited English woman,

devotedly attached to the society of people of rank; his sister, Elizabeth Hanna, a very pretty, and very uncommonly high principled young girl, and his father a pompous old ass.

Mrs. Hanna pounced upon the young Baron like a hawk upon its quarry, overwhelmed him with compliments, and asked him to their 'table d'hôte' dinner, (an Englishwoman, bless her, always invites you to eat with her) which I declined both for him and for myself, on the plea that, we were not sufficiently acquainted with the intentions of the Baroness, to allow of our accepting invitations, however agreeable, without consulting her.

During our discourse which took place in the Salon of the Promenadenhaus, that lady herself came sailing up to us, accompanied by one of the physicians of the place, Dr. Spurs, who had found her out, and was of course profoundly solicitous of the honour of killing or curing

'*secundem artem*' the whole family. A slight flush of disappointment came over his face, when he saw that the young Baron was in the enjoyment of the most glorious health, and he entered into conversation with me as the 'Chargé d'affaires,' to bespeak by his own unsparing self-recommendation, my good word with the Baroness, in case of his services being required. I politely assented, but hinted that the bear-leader's fees and perquisites were trifling, letting him know, at the same time, that he would not find me unreasonable. He understood me, and left us.

The young Baron, all joy and happiness, introduced Captain Hanna to his mother, and his mother to all the Hannas. She smiled at his new performance as Master of the Ceremonies. There was no resisting Mrs. Hanna's kind importunities. I gave the Baroness a hint that they were immensely rich, and we all became very good friends.

CHAPTER III.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
To whom all people far and near
On deep importances repair,
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need the opinion of physician,
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip,
When butter does refuse to come,
And Love proves cross and humoursome.
To him with questions, and with • • • • •
They for discovery flock, or curing.

HUDIBRAS.

“APPROPOS, Baron,” said I, when the conversation began to flag a little, “have you forgot the Emperor? It is time, I think, to pay him a visit.”

“The Emperor! what Emperor?” exclaimed

Mrs. Hanna. "Is there an Emperor at Baden?"

"Oh!" said the Baron, "it is only my poor pet poodle. I am ashamed to say I forgot him until this moment. He is not well, and we are going to take him to a doctor, poor fellow!" (The enemy here gave him a taste of self-reproach.) "Dear Muller, let us go to him immediately."

"Have you got a pet poodle? and is he ill?" said the sweet, soft voice of Elizabeth Hanna, now breaking silence for the first time. "I should like to see him. What colour is he?"

"His colour is black, and you cannot think how amiable and clever he is. I have had him ever since he was a little puppy. Count Muller, let us go."

Urged thus by my young friend, who little thought he was going to a place, where the Emperor, in addition to his present suffering, would get his nose put out of joint by a new attach-

ment;—we took leave of our new acquaintances, and returned to the hotel.

We found the Emperor very sick, and sorry for himself: he followed us, stopping now and then to shake his head, and to drink whenever he had an opportunity, till we arrived at a door, on which was announced, in large capital letters,

SEÑOR MOUSTAFF, RENOVATOR.

Moustaff, and his reputed wife, Coscolina, were old acquaintances of mine. They were both of pure Moorish origin, although born in Spain. They had led a promiscuous sort of life, subsisting on their wits,—which, to do them justice, were sharp enough. They had been domesticated in the gypsy tents,—and they had dwelt in cities, surrounded by all the pomp of astrology. By turns they had been tumblers, jugglers, comedians, tragedians, fortune-tellers, political spies, and smugglers; and had now set

up shop in a new place (Baden), but still in an old trade, as quack doctors.

Sometimes they had pursued their fortunes separately, according to the openings that presented themselves in their various professions. They had, or at any rate, Coscolina had, rejoiced in the birth of several children,—all of which, in imitation of the philanthropist, Rousseau, had been generously presented, from the first moment of existence, to the Foundling Hospitals, the *Enfans Trouvés*, &c.

I say, *rejoiced at the birth*, nevertheless, for the state of pregnancy was very inconvenient to their sources of livelihood: and such was the strength of Coscolina's constitution, that I have known her deliver herself in the street of Seville, drop the brat without a rag at the door of the Archbishop, and appear in twenty-one days at Bourdeaux, in all the glories of a quack-doctress, retailing her own milk, flavoured with gunpowder, and carefully sealed up in small

vials, as an infallible specific against barrenness. She was eight-and-twenty,—very tall, and very handsome: her confederate always told me, that she was the most invaluable woman in the world,—her ingenuity never failed her. Acknowledging his own inferiority, he also had great claims upon public attention.

His features were uncommonly fine; his head was nobly shaped: and although, unlike other mountebanks, he eschewed both beard and moustache, considering them as flat traps, too vulgar to be efficacious, his bust would bear a comparison with the statue of Jupiter Tonans. But with the termination of his bust, came the termination of his beauty. Below the waist, he was nothing more than a little bandy-legged mannikin, with a large splay foot.

He was young, however,—younger than his lady, not being more than twenty-three years of age. These Moors are very precocious.

They had a smattering of many languages,

not excepting English,—and expected large profits, from the motley visitors at Baden. He called himself the Renovator; but perhaps his pretensions will be better understood by a reference to one of his own handbills.

“ SENHOR AND SENHORA MOUSTAFF,

whom the good Gods have endowed with benevolent hearts, enjoy the most sublime happiness, in the possession of a Remedy for all the evils to which flesh is heir, poverty excepted. Even that cruel dispensation comes in a collateral manner under their influence, for with the restoration of health, the energies necessary to the acquirement of riches return to the afflicted.

“ Gain is not the object of Antar and Coscolina M. For a small remuneration of their labours in the walk of Science, they rejoice in affording to their fellow-creatures their advice and their Renovating Fluid. Too blest are they in the capability of conferring happiness on the universal family of Man.

“ The powers of the Renovating Fluid are not confined to the Human Species. A slight difference in the preparation, adapted to those beings, deficient by the will of the Gods in the Immortal Essence,

spoke, for the first time, anticipating my explanation.

“Coscolina,” said he, in a mild serious voice, “the secret is revealed unto me, the Baron’s dog requires our assistance.”

“Poor dumb beast!” said she, “I will save his life. His tongue is wounded by the serpent.”

“Burnt!” said the boy.

“Seven drops of Number Three, administered in a platter of the richest cream;” said Moustaff, “burnt, or bitten by the serpent of the field, the effect is the same, and the remedy is sure.”

Three stone jars, uncovered at the top, and evidently filled with all kinds of garbage and abomination steeped in water, stood in the room. They were marked numbers One, Two, and Three. Near the bottom of each jar, was a small spout, from which continually fell into a crystal goblet a single drop, clear as the diamond spark. This was the Renovating Fluid; the jars which

successfully imposed upon the public, were merely filters, paltry imitations of George Robins's patent.

The Emperor lapped his cream, none the worse for being diluted by the Senhora with seven drops of water. It would be well if the milk-maids in this metropolis were equally conscientious.

I offered to remunerate. "No," said the magnanimous quack doctor, "the dose must be repeated daily. When the cure is effected, but not before, give gold."

"No," said La Coscolina, "the pleasure of doing a service to the young Baron of Felsheim is reward sufficient."

"Give me a bottle of the physic," said the boy,— "I can get cream at home for my Emperor."

"It cannot be," said Moustaff,— "to the Senhor and Senhora alone is it given to administer the remedy with their own hands."

“Return unto us to-morrow,” said Coscolina, “bring the Emperor. You know the way,—and Count Muller need not trouble himself to attend you.”

The Emperor looked up, wagged his tail, and showed symptoms of returning comfort. The young Baron, almost overcome with gratitude, promised to return. I gave my permission, having other business to attend to, besides the leading-strings of a raw lad, who was now in a fair way. The Senhora gave him a parting kiss on his innocent lips, and we left their house.

I had watched the boy narrowly, during our visit. The first unexpected embraces of the Gypsy had taken him aback, and slightly alarmed him: the still small voice of the enemy within, whispered to him, that such extraordinary advances, made by a strange-looking woman, did not say much for her respectability; and that she was not an acquaintance (poor inno-

cent !) of whom his mother would approve. But the parting kiss changed the current of his ideas altogether. His little pulse beat high for the first time ;—and passion, blended with gratitude for the Emperor's recovery, made my further interference unnecessary.

On our road homewards, we encountered a well-dressed sickly-looking couple, evidently a recent arrival at Baden, who inquired their way to the Conversationhaus. They were followed by a tall black footman, and their accent was English, when they addressed us in very bad French.

As I make it a rule to be civil, and we were in no particular hurry to return, knowing that the Baroness was always happy when left to her own devices, I offered to accompany them. Besides, I like the place ; for it is a gratifying sight to see a ' Salon de jeu ' occupy the walls, where formerly the psalm-singers held forth in chorus. There were but few people there, and

the scene was dull,—but we had little trouble in making out our new acquaintance. They turned out to be a Mr. Abednego Davis, and Sarah, his wife, rich London Jews,—married about four years, and had come to Baden, they said, on account of the lady's health. I made a private scrutiny, and perceived that the hope of an heir was the real object of their travels. The gentleman was obliging, vain, and very weak,—an uncommon case among the sons of Judah, who are generally prudent enough. He had married old Sarah, his aunt, at the desire of his kindred, in order to keep their wealth in the family, and to please a millionaire, from whom they had expectations. She was pleasing enough in her appearance,—and as the want of a son would frustrate the object of their marriage, she had proposed of her own accord to try what the air, water, and physicians, of Germany, could do, to obtain their wishes. They had tried Ems in vain. She was ten years older

than her husband,—and if the vice of jealousy could have disturbed the harmony of such a respectable couple, one would have expected to have found the cause in the habits of the young man, and the consequent misery in the breast of the old woman. It was otherwise. He was absurdly jealous of her, and would scarcely allow her to speak to any man except her physician ;—always sought out a black servant, considering a European attendant too dangerous a rival : and without meaning to hurt your delicacy, Sophia, I must be allowed to remark, that jealousy is not exactly the commodity which a husband, who is anxious for an heir, should bring with him to Germany.

CHAPTER IV.

Les plaisirs sont amers, sitôt qu'on en abuse,
Il est bon de jouer un peu,
Mais il faut seulement que le jeu nous amuse ;
Un joueur, d'un commun aveu
N'a rien d'humain que l'apparence.
Et d'ailleurs il n'est pas si facile qu'on pense,
D'être fort honnête homme, et de jouer gros jeu,
Le desir de gagner, qui nuit et jour occupe
Est un dangereux aiguillon.
Souvent quoique l'esprit, quoique le cœur soit bon,
On commence par être dupe,
On finit par être fripon.

MADAME DESHOULIERE.

THE next morning, after breakfast, the Baroness of Felsheim thus addressed me :—" Count Muller, you will I hope take your pupil with you on a few excursions into the environs of this place, and will see that he does not altogether

neglect his studies. I do not approve of a youth of his age, spending the whole of his time in the gardens and the salons of Baden. I am sorry that I cannot accompany you, but in the weak state of my health," (she looked like the goddess Pomona at the time) "I must not venture farther than the Promenadenhaus."

"You may rely on my discretion, Madam," I replied, "I will do my utmost to blend instruction with amusement. As the learned Senhor Moustaff observes"——

"What!" cried the Baroness, "is not he the quizzical dark young man, with broad shoulders, and bandy legs, the husband of a tall Spanish-looking woman, with the most splendid eyes and earrings I ever saw? Is he a friend of yours? He was pointed out to me yesterday by Mynheer Vandronk."

"The same," said I, "and it is a wise remark of his, that"——

"He is a famous fellow, and so is his wife,"

interrupted the Baron, "and they have cured the Emperor."

"Muller," said the lady, "it is all very well. The Baron may consult Senhor Moustaff about his dog, but his own health must not be trifled with by these empirics. Thank goodness, he wants no doctors at present. If he should, my friend, Dr. Spurs, is the man." This motherly effusion over, she left us to ourselves.

"Now, my boy," said I, "you have her ladyship's permission, and I have an engagement. Let us be off."

Having seen the Baron and the Emperor a little way on their road to the house of the Renovator, I set out to pay a visit to the children of Israel. Again I stumbled on the eternal Dr. Spurs, who had been received on his first appearance with open arms by the Abednegos; and as I entered, I caught the accents of his plausible tongue recommending the baths, and

an occasional airing on horseback, and holding forth good hopes of success to the anxious couple.

I am 'de trop' here, I said to myself, and proceeded to visit the Hannas. The papa and mamma were delighted to see me, but Elizabeth looked shy and doubtful. Captain Hanna had that very morning departed for England, and they were sadly in want of an escort, poor helpless old souls. As usual, my good-nature prevailed, and I volunteered to be of use to them. We strolled along, and I found, to my satisfaction, that my hopes had not been deceived in the Baroness. They were loud in her praise—"so beautiful, without vanity,—such exalted rank, and high breeding, without hauteur,—such a motherly affection for her son," &c. &c.

But the great cause of this eulogium was soon explained. The Baroness had, on the preceding evening, joined her stock purse with Mrs. Hanna, who was ignorant of the games. This

pretty partnership had been crowned with success, and the result had been a clear profit of eighty napoleons to each. It is true that the Baroness had also condescended to play a quiet game at écarté, when the public tables were too crowded to be agreeable, and that she had carried off two thirds of her partner's winnings; but then she had such luck, and held such cards, as astonished herself.

“ I have no wish to check your intimacy with such a friend, or to interfere with your amusements, my dear,” said the pompous old Scotchman to his wife, “and for the few weeks we shall be at Baden, you may try your luck with all the gold in the portfolio; I should not like to see Mrs. Hanna of Hannakirk stake silver, like the foreign ladies we meet; but the letter of credit we must not infringe upon.”

“ My dear husband,” said the lady, “why all this? You cannot think that I ever could be a gambler. But the Promenadenhaus, and the

tables, are the only amusements here ; and then, the dear Baroness !”

“ True,” said he, swallowing a slight qualm, with which the enemy had afflicted him, in his love of rank.

We continued our walk till the afternoon, when I took my leave. I found the young Baron at home—very thoughtful. “ Well !” said I, “ how is the Emperor ?”

“ The Emperor is quite well,” said he, “ but I was not thinking of him.”

“ What were you thinking of ? may I ask ? You need not have any secrets from me ; although, now that you are out of petticoat government, and under my charge, I think it as well to tell you, that there are some things which a *man*” (I laid great stress upon the word) ought not to mention to a lady. I mean, that you need not go about like a baby to vex your mother with every thing you see, and do, at Baden.”

“ Do you know, Count Muller, that I think I love Senhora Moustaff even more than my mother? Is not that very wrong? But she is so good, and so kind, and so beautiful, and—and—and—she has done the Emqeror so much service,—but he is not quite well yet, and I am going again to-morrow.”

I said nothing more, but dived into his bosom, to see the events upon which his memory was dwelling. I found that upon his arrival, Senhor Antar Moustaff had shewn the good breeding I expected. He had gone out, for the purpose, as he said, of culling simples; he must have meant simpletons, for he generally picked up a patient or two in his walks. La Coscolina had made the Baron very happy in his absence, and had given the Emperor another platter full of rich cream. The Baron, with the true generosity of a Felsheim, had emptied ~~his~~ purse (no bad haul, for I took care to keep him well supplied) into her lap, and promised to return daily.

“Come, come,” said I, “we must not cut the Baroness altogether. Let us go to the Promenadenhaus.”

We found her there, seated between Mynheers Vandronk and Vanbeerst, betting pretty freely with both, and winning, of course. There had never before been any jealousy between these two Dutch friends, but now the case was altered, and each strove to outdo the other in making the agreeable ;—and there is no road much shorter to a woman’s heart, than losing money to her with a good grace.

The young Baron, now fully aware that he was a man—both from my hints, and recent circumstances—and proud of his newly acquired self-respect, was very anxious to do manly things, and had taken a great fancy for introducing people to one-another,—which, truth to say, he did very gracefully. He now caught a glimpse of his friends, the Abednegos,—and nothing would satisfy him, but he must, and

did immediately, present them to the Baroness, and Mynheers Vandronk and Vanbeerst to them ; and, as if there could not be too much of a good thing, he finished by a slight mistake, and introduced the Dutchmen one to another.

“ What are you about, Baron ?” said his mother, laughing,—and the general titter had only the good effect of removing all formality between the parties.

Here I thought it advisable to throw in an influence,—and in a whisper to the Jew's heart, which appeared to him to emanate from his own breast, I said,

“ What a mummy is old Sarah, in comparison with this beautiful Baroness of Felsheim !”

His business was done and clenched ; while the young Baron, who really deserved a premium for his readiness, was entertaining Mrs. Abednego Davis,—she was listless and preoccupied in her manner,—smiled languidly on him, but said nothing.

The Dutchmen were obliged to relinquish the field, though not without a struggle, to Abednego. Their goddess, by an evident carelessness of their gallantries, soon let them know, that like Fortune, she kept her favours for those who were already fortunate, the rich. She knew by instinct, that the purse of Davis was heavy, and that his youth and admiration placed it at her command. Besides, the triumph was greater in fastening a married man to her side.

Vandronk kept up the struggle the longest. He was partial to the sex in general, as well as to her ladyship. Vanheerst commonly preferred his liquor and his pipe; and it was no slight compliment to the attractions of my Baroness, that she, for a few weeks, made him unfaithful to his old friends. Vandronk, for one month, doubled his stakes, and made heavy bets, offering the lady large odds; but in vain. The intoxicated Jew doubled the offer, the Baroness allowed him to squeeze her hand under the

table, and Vandronk retired from the contest. The two friends, who would at one time have cut one another's throats for the syren, shook hands, and returned to their former intimacy. But I am anticipating.

It is not to be supposed that the golden shower fell wholly to the share of the Baroness. The Bankers, of course, reaped the noble harvest; but I took care that such a useful and pains-taking ally, as that lady had turned out to be, should always leave the table a winner, and that when the bank did not succumb to her exertions, heavy bets, and a little by-play at *écarté*, should gladden her heart with success.

While the young Baron was talking to Mrs. Abednego Davis, and endeavouring to get a word or two from her in return, but without making much progress, my eye happened to fall upon Elizabeth Hanna. I saw the lovely girl, unconscious of my observation, listening eagerly to the conversation of my pupil. Her large blue

eyes were fixed upon his countenance, with every appearance of the most intense interest. The case was clear enough; her heart was either gone or going to the young Felsheim, and I could scarce help pitying her, for the boy had no heart to give in return; his affections, if they deserved the name, being at present devoted to La Coscolina. He presently came to her side, giving up his hopeless stupid Jewess, and I could see a delicate flush come over the features of Elizabeth, as he addressed her. Old Hanna looked extremely pleased at the attentions of a baron to his daughter. He handed out his heavy purse, with a complacent smile, to his wife, when she asked him for it, and wished her success. She had dissolved her partnership with the Baroness, and settled herself to 'rouge et noir' as naturally as possible.

"What a happy man I am!" said the old gentleman to himself: "I possess an unencumbered estate in Scotland, a spirited son in the

Guards, a beautiful daughter just coming into life, and my wife enjoys the friendship of the high and fashionable Baroness Felsheim. Count Muller," said he aloud to me, for he wanted an auditor for his self-gratulations, "what say you to a walk? I see you do not play."

CHAPTER V.

It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true ;
It is good to have done with the old love
Before you begin with the new.

OLD SONG.

I HATE to see things at a stand still, and began to think Senhora Moustaff was too much honoured by the Baron's constancy. The lovely Elizabeth Hanna, a girl of his own age was pining for him ; that was a pity.

I took the only method of putting things right. Instead of reading my pupil a moral lecture, I stopped his supplies. I told him that he had exceeded his mother's liberal remittances, and that he must content himself with looking

forward to another quarter's allowance, and that the present must be withheld till the arrears were made good. He sighed, and to comfort his little heart, I reminded him, that if Senhora Moustaff loved him as he deserved, she would not be less affectionate, because he had no more gold to pour into her lap.

I knew how it would be. She heard from himself his confession of poverty next day. She shewed no sign of surprise or coldness. She kissed him, and hoped he had never suspected her of being mercenary, and they parted as usual.

The very day after, when he repaired on the wings of love to the Renovator's house, the door was opened by a servant, who had often, to ensure a 'tête à tête,' apprised him of the goings out and comings in of the Senhor Antar Moustaff, but on this occasion, quietly answered,

"The Senhora is at home to no one, except Mynheer Vandronk."

The young Baron, furious with disappointment, and wounded pride, insisted upon hearing the odious words from the mouth of Coscolina herself.

He was quickly satisfied. As he stood lingering near the entrance of his paradise, he received a shower-bath of the Renovating Fluid, unfiltered, from an upper window, while the voice of the enchantress spoke thick with suppressed merriment,

“Be cool, my child, be cool. You have have received the contents of Number One,—Numbers Two and Three are in readiness for you, if the cure is not already perfected.”

Shame sealed his lips for ever on the subject of this adventure. My supernatural scrutiny alone revealed it to me, and I made no comment.

Mrs. Abednego Davis took a short ride daily in the neighbourhood of Baden, attended by Joseph, the black footman, and the Baron of

Felsheim occasionally honoured her with his company.

The excursion was not to his taste, but the arrangement was made for him by his mother, and answered the double purpose of relieving her from her son's observation, (no mother likes to lose the respect of her child) and of releasing Abednego from the duty of attendance upon his wife, while the Baroness remarked, with a smile, that it was impossible to be jealous of such a boy as the Baron.

The boy got so tired of it, however, that he finally took the easiest way of emancipating himself. He told his mother daily that he would go, and that he did go, and ride out with Mrs. Davis, while in reality he remained, until the affront he received so unexpectedly, secluded with La Coscolina, leaving my time entirely at my own disposal.

I have a favourite haunt near Baden; the vulgar call it the Devil's pulpit. And it is true

that a few centuries ago, I used to hold forth there occasionally, to persuade some rebellious subjects of mine to burn one another, in which I succeeded. But of late I have only used it, like any poor mortal, as a station from which to enjoy the beautiful prospect around.

I had sauntered one day through the Gernsbach-gate on my way to my pulpit, when Mrs. Davis passed me on horseback. She honoured me with a very slight recognition, having a soul above the society of bear-leaders. She was followed by Blackey mounted on a sorry hack.

A mischievous thought occurred to me. I owed Sarah a turn for her superciliousness. I walked quietly by the side of Joseph's horse, and with a sly wink addressed him,

“Any hopes, Joseph?”

The African looked at me with inquiring eyes. I pointed to the lady, and continued, “A young Jew! an heir! you understand.”

“I do not know, I have not heard, I believe not,” he replied.

“ You ought to give your master a little assistance, Joseph. A fine well-made fellow like you, (the black looked complacently at his legs) would do more for that matter than all the German doctors and waters in existence, and every body can see how fond she is of you, taking you out alone with her everywhere.”

“ Ah ! master, master,” said he, “ you are a very bad man.”

I laughed, and wished him a pleasant ride. That very day Joseph gave the Jewess a squeeze of the hand, when he helped her to dismount. If he afterwards did not profit by his opportunities, it was no fault of mine.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and the head of my pupil was in this respect very natural. He preferred the society of his English friends to the strange medley of foreigners at Baden, and even to his own countrymen.

In the course of his intimacy with the Hanna family, he began, young as he was, to perceive

that all that glitters is not gold,—so every passion that a woman could inspire, might not deserve the sacred name of Love. He discerned in his own feelings, without analysing them very minutely, that his growing admiration of Elizabeth Hanna bore the same resemblance to his affection for Coscolina, as light does to darkness. His first flame, he began to think, debased him, his present attachment exalted him. He wondered how he could have been so much enamoured of the bold gypsy. Perhaps his recollection of the method she had taken to extinguish his ardour, assisted these sentiments a little. They were very fine sentiments in their way, and appeared to him noble, and disinterested. He looked back with disgust upon the selfish nature of his former feelings, his thoughts now dwelt upon future arrangements for the happiness of his beloved; before they only ran upon the means of procuring his own gratification. It is a nice distinction !

But of what use are all the finest thoughts in the world without language to express them? In this case, no advances were made to him, and he was unpractised enough to be ready almost to blame the gentle Elizabeth, for not giving him any hope. She need not, thought he, throw her arms about me, as Coscolina did; I do not think I should love her so much if she did, though it would be very delightful; but she might sometimes say, that she was glad, when I arrived, and sorry when I took my leave. What a pity it is that women, who, as Muller tells me, excel our sex so much in the arts of conversation and letter writing, do not break the ice, when they have, and see they have, a bashful lover like myself! But perhaps Miss Hanna does not care for me, perhaps she despises me as a backward boy, and has a 'penchant' for some bold, brazen, British blackguard. No! Elizabeth Hanna never could love a blackguard. I may have a rival, though. I saw

some very complimentary verses in her album one day, written in a free manly hand. I will look at them again, and tax her with it, if I can muster courage enough.

He had, to say the truth, a wonderful share of courage, for a boy of fifteen. I believe nothing but a woman possessed the power of daunting him.

Poor Elizabeth! She had not an idea of what her lover expected from her, or that any one of her sex could have given him such a bad precedent to go upon, as he had experienced at the residence of the Renovator. But she did love the young Baron with all her heart, fondly, and, as she thought, innocently. She dwelt upon his expression, his accent, which, to her ear, actually improved her own language, his good looks, and his attention to herself. Happy and satisfied with the last, she was in no hurry for any 'denouement,' and neither sought for, nor regretted, the delay of a declaration of love,

which she could see every day in his eyes. She would have considered it little short of blasphemy, to have communicated on the subject, even with her mother.

However, it came at last. One day, when the youthful pair were alone together, a circumstance frequently brought about by the neglect, and not by the manœuvring, of the mamma, who spent all her mornings at the gambling table, a sudden resolution came over the Baron. The album, to which his thoughts had often recurred, was lying on the bookshelf, in all the customary splendour of green and gold. He took it up, and, opening at the verses which had given him the first pang of jealousy his short existence had afforded, he said, while a crimson blush overspread his features, and his young knees knocked together,

“Are you very fond of poetry?”

“I am very fond of it, Baron,” she replied, and I am sure so are you. Perhaps you com-

pose,—do write something for me in that book, English, French, or even German, no matter, though I do not comprehend the latter, it will remind me of you.”

She could hear, then, to be separated from me, thought the Baron, ‘c’est dommage;’ but she wishes to be reminded of me, ‘cela console.’

“I am afraid I am no poet,” he replied, sorrowfully.

“But I will persecute you,” she continued, in a fashion well known to the misses of all countries, who cherish an album, “till you do.”

“Were these lines the effect of persecution?” he asked, and proceeded to read, with as much perspicuity as they deserved, the following stanzas :—

TO A LADY.

ON PRESENTING THE "FORGET-ME-NOT" ANNUAL
FOR JANUARY 1, 1830.

THE flower that with this volume shares
Its often quoted name,
By wint'ry weather nipped and chilled,
Is gone from whence it came ;
In rural shades it bloomed and died,
Obeying Nature's laws,
That gave it, while it lived, the hue
Of the beautiful turquoise.

FIT emblem of thine own dear self,
Whose lot it is to dwell
In Northern clime obscure, though formed
By Nature to excel :
And when you lift those eyes of blue,
With truth it may be said,—
The poor turquoise had better hide
Its own diminished head.

As he concluded, his mind was so agitated by
vexation, at the progress he conceived his
imaginary rival to have made, and at his own

want of presence of mind, and eloquence, to reproach her, as he intended, with having stolen his heart, when her own was bestowed on another, that,—pardon and pity his youth,—he burst into a flood of tears.

“ Good Heavens !” said the frightened girl, “ what is the matter ? Are you ill ? Speak, shall I call for assistance ?”

“ Oh ! No ! Nothing ! Pray—sit—still,” he slowly articulated.

And she did sit still, not knowing very well what else to do ; and as he continued to cry, from sympathy, I suppose, she also commenced weeping, and there were these silly creatures, whose united ages scarcely amounted to thirty, and who were only too happy, if they knew it, in their mutual love, enjoying, as I have heard it called, the luxury of woe, in great perfection.

I was an invisible spectator of the scene, and high fun it was for some time, but a long lachrymose affair bores me, and I was rejoiced

when I heard the Baron, with a recovered, and tolerably manly voice declare,

“ And I would have loved you, cherished you, and adored you a hundred times more than the ‘petit maître’ who wrote those doggrel rhymes, if you would have married me.”

“ Dearest love, and so I will !” she exclaimed, throwing off all reserve, and foreseeing no difficulty whatever ; “ Be comforted ! those lines were addressed to me by my brother George, in Scotland, long ago.”

An ‘*éclaircissement*,’ free and easy enough, no doubt, after what had passed, took place, but I did not stay to hear it. I hate sugar-candy.

“ Neego !” said the Baron, some time after this, to his mother’s Jew friend whom he had begun to quiz a little, “ Let us make a party to the Jagdhaus some day this week. Muller says it is beautiful, it will do us all more good, than vegetating continually in the Promenadenhaus.”

The Israelite looked at his idol before he

presumed to answer. For a wonder, the Baroness declared she should like nothing better. Dr. Spurs, the Hannas, and Mrs. Davis would be delighted, and the excursion was fixed for the next day. I set off to make the necessary arrangement for the cavalcade.

In the delightful environs of the Jagdhaus, the young Baron and Elizabeth Hanna, arm in arm, and heart in heart, enjoyed the short moments of unalloyed happiness, which are permitted to our poor short-lived, and short-sighted subjects. I did not care either to make or mar the business. To say the truth my picture required a sunny fore-ground, like the aspect of this innocent pair of lovers, indulging in honourable hopes of a happy union, to give sufficient depth of colouring, to the dark waves, which were preparing, by my direction, to engulph the fortunes of the other actors in my little drama at Baden.

The picnic was prepared, and the whole party

did justice to my catering. It is a proverb, that the material is supplied from a quarter I will not mention, and that we are in the habit of providing the cooks. If it is so, those for whom we provide, ought to be very much obliged to us, and in this instance I received the grateful thanks of every one.

But, (for there is always a but in these arrangements) some unfortunate dish happened to disagree with Mrs. Davis, and on a sudden, while Mrs. Hanna was holding forth, and endeavouring in vain to explain in delicate language to the Baroness the mysteries of a Scotch haggis, Sarah was taken ill, faint, and qualmish. The Jew was obliged to repair to his neglected post, at her side. The party broke up, and we returned to Baden. I ventured to congratulate Mr. Davis on the prospect of being a papa, of which this little indisposition might be the herald. He thanked me coldly; Joseph overheard the observation, caught my eye, and grinned.

Months rolled on. The Baroness gave her consent to her son's marriage with Elizabeth, if the parties remained of the same mind, (of which she thought there was small probability) till the Baron was of age, a period of nearly five years !

Mr. Hanna agreed with gratified pride ;— Mrs. Hanna was delighted ; and the Baroness fleeced her every evening in the most condescending manner possible, and soothed her during the operation, by sounding the praises of her future daughter-in-law.

The happiest man in Baden, was Dr. Spurs. His patient, Mrs. Davis, was now large in the family way, entirely owing, as he modestly proclaimed, to his skill and attention ; and the good physician revelled in golden dreams of the multitudes of wealthy English fools, who would resort to Baden to profit by his treatment.

CHAPTER VI.

Hermia.—Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lysander.—Away, you Ethiop!

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

WHAT dolts are our subjects! What fools, asses, beasts, idiots, they make of their own precious selves! It is no wonder that we find it so easy to persuade them to their ruin, when they will permit their own fellows to put rings in their noses, and lead them at will!

The pretensions of Moustaff were, at his commencement, nothing more than a fertile subject for the ridicule of the whole medical fraternity at Baden, a pleasant mirth, with which to regale

their patients at his expence. By degrees these very patients joined less heartily in the amusement, and in the end, they went over in shoals to the enemy. True he could not boast of such a victory over sterility, as Dr. Spurs had exhibited in Mrs. Abednego Davis, but, 'en revanche' the Senhora herself appeared in a fair way to give to the world a young Moustaff; thus proving to the satisfaction of their partisans, that the ladies alone were in fault for not applying to the Senhor to produce a similar result. La Coscolina herself, came into public more than formerly, to display her condition, of which she made no secret, at all places of resort. She was generally attended by Mynheer Vandronk, who was vain of her Moorish beauty and gorgeous attire, and too glad of every opportunity to shew off the source of his consolation, to his former flame, the Baroness of Felsheim.

That lady had hitherto enjoyed an uninterrupted career of success. She was now rather

bored by the regular appearance of Senhora Moustaff at the Promenandehaus, and the searching glances of her Moorish eyes. She felt rebuked by the presence of a master-spirit like herself, and while she affected to look down upon her as a person unworthy of her notice, she was aware that by many the attractions of Coscolina were preferred to her own. No woman ever forgives this offence; and by a series of petty slights and detractions played off upon her rival, she displayed her own uneasiness. Coscolina vowed revenge, and soon found her opportunity.

Play had reached its highest zenith at Baden. Large sums of money had changed hands. Abednego was cleaned out, one Frenchman and two Englishmen had bolted, a Sicilian Duke had cut his stick, and a Russian Noble had set off in pursuit of him, to enjoy the satisfaction of pulling his nose, in case he failed of recovering his due. The Muscovite and the Sicilian,

in a fit of sublime friendship, had exchanged snuff-boxes; the former had in his simplicity parted with a massive gold antique,—the latter had handed over a fine specimen of pinchbeck, and left his debts of honour unpaid.

Mrs. Hanna was the picture of anxiety and woe. Even old Hanna tried in vain to console himself for her losses, with the prospect of the Baronial alliance, and talked pompously of giving the squirrels notice to quit on his estate in Scotland, while the still small voice of the enemy within whispered that his timber was in the same state as at the time of the immortal Dr. Johnson's visit to his grandfather. Reports of a strange nature had reached England, and George Hanna returned to Baden.

He determined to feel his way gently. He disapproved of his sister's engagement with such a boy as the Baron, though he would have no objection to the alliance in proper time. His mother's losses at play were, he thought,

irretrievable ; but he was still in time to prevent more misfortunes of that kind.

He mildly recommended to his father an immediate return to England ; and strolled into the Promenadenhaus, to see what they were all about.

To his astonishment, he recognised an old acquaintance ; and without hesitation, for he always spoke and acted naturally, he thus addressed Coscolina, while the surrounding spectators gaped with wonder.

“ Hillo ! my merry little ‘ bolt the spit,’ can this be you ? How are you ? What the devil brought you here ? What are you about ? Speak, don’t you know me ? ”

The Senhora Moustaff bowed gravely, “ hoped she saw him well,—he must excuse her, she confessed her memory was treacherous.” Carelessly, at the same time, she placed her forefinger on her lips, and looked at him with a deprecating expression.

“ Not remember me !” he said, “ Hanna of the Guards ! Well, that is very ungrateful, to say the least. I should never forget you, were I to live a thousand years. Don't you remember——”

“ Pardon me, Captain Hanna,” she interrupted, as if suddenly recollecting herself ; and regaining self-possession while she spoke, she added, “ I am so glad to see you again ; and if you will do me the favour to call upon me this afternoon, I should so like to talk over old stories, and Senhor Moustaff will tell you what we have been about since we last met in England.”

“ Senhor Moustaff ! Who the devil is Senhor Moustaff ? What part of the service does he belong to ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! Have you brought your sword with you ? Ha ! ha ! ha !”

Laughter is infectious. Every body laughed, and Coscolina took advantage of the noise to whisper—

“ For the love of heaven do not expose me !

I never injured you ; and if you will call on me this evening, I will tell you something of the greatest consequence." A tear stood in her large dark eye.

" Something of consequence to me ! pooh ! I will not fail, however, to come," he answered, ' sotto voce.' Then said aloud, " I shall have great pleasure in renewing our acquaintance."

Mynheer Vandronk looked grave, and retired to smoke a pipe with Mynheer Vanbeerst.

The passion of gambling absorbs all other feelings ; the company returned to their game, and soon forgot the interruption which had amused them. George Hanna had the satisfaction of seeing his mother lose another hundred upon credit to the Baroness at écarté, before he could persuade her to return home.

Poor Abednego Davis ! His money was gone, his mistress had become cold ; his neg-

lected wife's chamber and a solitary walk were his only resources.

He was a wandering Jew! and his sole tie to existence was the speedy prospect of an heir, which might reconcile the 'millionaire' to his losses, upon promise of reformation. With this hope he meekly endured Sarah's reproaches, which were the very reverse of angel visits; they were neither few nor far between. But a gleam of joy broke upon his heart, as he dispatched the black in haste, to bring Dr. Spurs to his wife's assistance, when the critical time arrived.

The anxious husband awaited the event in an adjoining apartment. A loud cry was heard,—strange to say, not the voice of a woman in her agony, but a cry of astonishment and horror bellowed forth by the Stentorian lungs of Dr. Spurs. Abednego could not mistake, could not control himself. He rushed into the room,

and saw a new-born infant on the bed. But, horror of horrors !

It was black !

Not that it displayed the jetty colour of an African, but that tint which indicates the mixture of a black and a white parentage. The unhappy Jew staggered back, and fainted ere he reached the door.

A lucky thought struck Dr. Spurs. He was a man of decision, and he acted upon it immediately. Mrs. Davis and the babe were left to the care of the affrighted female attendants. He raised Davis in his arms, carried him into the room he had so lately quitted, and with the assistance of cold water soon brought him to himself.

“ My friend,” said he, taking the afflicted man tenderly by the hand, “ I deeply sympathize with you, but you must not give way to your feelings, think of what is to be done in such an

emergency. My advice and assistance are at your service ; use them freely.

The miserable man for some time maintained an obstinate silence. The Doctor repeated his offer. The Jew then broke forth in a frantic laugh,

“Ha! hah! Assistance! who talks of assistance?” then added, in a low demoniac whisper, “Will you strangle the imp, and rid me of the mother?”

“Nothing short of your distress of mind can excuse such an audacious proposition to a man like me,” replied Spurs, “but I am willing to consider it a momentary aberration of intellect. The utmost I can do in this sad affair is to promote your revenge upon the author of this calamity.

“Revenge!” said Abednego, “revenge upon whom? If I were to tear that filthy negro limb from limb, I should scarce feel any relief.

To think of Sarah's intriguing with a servant !
Oh !"

" My poor friend, you mistake. Joseph is as innocent, I will stake my existence, as the king of Prussia. I can understand your surprise, and you may possibly feel some self-reproach at having neglected the society of Mrs. Davis so much, as to be ignorant of circumstances which are the common conversation of Baden. Moustaff is the culprit. Every one is aware of their intimacy except yourself. You were too much in attendance upon the Baroness of Felsheim. The infant, if more evidence were required, has the true Moorish tint. I am a judge of these matters. Rely upon it the child is no Guinea man."

" Wonder upon wonders ! you astonish me," replied Abednego. " But recollect yourself, Dr. Spurs, you are my physician, and not my monitor. I do not acknowledge any right of yours to reproach me with my past conduct.

Something must be done immediately ; I will make enquiry, and, if your surmises prove true, I shall lose no time, depend upon it. Good morning, Dr. Spurs."

The doctor, glad to see his friend in such a pugnacious mood, left him to chew the cud of his bitter thoughts. As he was about to quit the house, the frail Joseph opened the door for him, and looked up timidly, but enquiringly.

"Cochon de nègre," said Spurs to him, continuing to use the language with which, as the universal medium, he generally addressed his foreign patients, "Qu'avez-vous donc fait ?"

The African, through ignorance, did not appreciate this compliment. He bowed, and said,—"Inglis, if you please, Sar !"

"You dam black rascal," said the doctor, translating as well as he could his intended communication, "you have done this very bad action. Your chien de corps ne vaut pas hang or shoot. I have save you, Goddam, I have save you,—comprenez-vous, traître?" (the negro

nodded.) Keep your own secret, *taisez-vous*, prenez l'air d'innocence, and obey me. Your master much injured, will one grand enquire. Tell him that *Senhor Moustaff*, voyez-vous, that Moorish Docteur, which you call quack, was here toujours, always, *perpetuellement*; that when you did ride your lady, this Moustaff met her, not par hazard, in the woods, that you did think no evil, knowing that he was doctor, parlez, jurez comme je vous dis, that is, swear all very much; autrement, allez-vous-en, Goddam, allez vous bruler avec Monsieur le Diable votre propre père."

Joseph understood, as people generally do contrive to understand what is for their own safety; he called down blessings upon the head of his adviser and benefactor, whose motives he neither knew, nor thought about. He danced and laughed, banged the door, and merrily skipped upstairs to attend the impatient summons of his master.

CHAPTER VII.

La nouvelle que j'apporte,

Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,

La nouvelle que j'apporte,

Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.

Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,

Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,

Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,

Est mort et enterré.

Je l'ai vu porter en terre,

Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine.

"The news I bring, fair lady,"

With sorrowful accent, said he,

"Is one you are not ready

So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I'm hurried,"

Added this page, quite flurried,

"Malbrouck is dead and buried,"

(And here he shed a tear.)

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!

For I beheld his 'berring.'"

THE PROUT PAPERS.

THE result of all this was a challenge, penned by Abednego, and delivered by myself to the Renovator. Words cannot describe his astonishment at the cause of such a proceeding. He protested his innocence, but evinced no disinclination to fight. On the contrary, his Moorish blood liked a ruffle. Besides, the duel might

give him notoriety, and Vandronk agreed to k
to the Senhora, and
who had cut him out

I did not intend t
child's play. Abedne
and his suicide would
the opinion I have
example.

Moustaff objected t
to swords. Vandronk
I proposed the happy
provide each of the co
one hand, a pistol in t
twelve paces, and let t
method is uncommo
made.

I rather wished to
I therefore gave him a
quarrel. He exceeded

George Hanna, so that the two were spectators at a distance.

They met : Moustaff, through the medium of his second, once more protested his innocence, denied that he had ever wronged Mr. Davis, and therefore intimated that he should not fire in the air, which would injure the character of the lady, but should defend himself to the best of his ability.

“ He is a liar !” said the desperate man.

We measured the ground, laid their weapons at their feet, and retired. I observed that Davis seized his sword with his right hand, his pistol with his left. Moustaff did precisely the reverse.

Two shots were fired, with an interval of two seconds. The Jew fell to the ground dead : the ball had entered his forehead.

The case was this : a tremulous motion of the left hand, unused to a trigger, had discharged Davis's pistol before he had elevated it. The

ball entered the ground close to his own foot, and the report gave the welcome intelligence to Moustaff, that he had nothing to fear. Brought up in Spain, amongst the Matadores, (he would have been one himself, if his legs had developed muscles in proportion to his body) he knew his advantage over his antagonist when it came to cold steel. Carelessly, therefore, without aim and without malice, he let fly his shot, intending to do the magnanimous when he had disarmed his adversary, hand to hand.

But that random discharge settled the dispute. Much less time was taken up by the affair itself, than by the account I have given of it.

Moustaff and Vandronk shrugged their shoulders, and left the ground. The Baron and George Hanna approached to assist me with the corpse; but I perceived that they were so horror-struck by the sight, that I could do better without them. They left me at my own request. I procured assistance, and conveyed

the body to the residence of Mrs. Davis. There are Jews at Baden, they are 'bons pour quelque chose' these people, they managed the funeral decently and quietly.

"Baron," said George Hanna, when the two young men were alone together, "I have something to say to you. Your Count Muller is a devil incarnate," (he was nearer the truth than he was aware) "and the Baroness of Felsheim has cheated my mother out of a large sum of money at play."

"Cheated! Cheated! Did you dare to say cheated! You are mad! Cheated!" And the young noble stood erect, and enraged, like a young tiger at bay.

"Listen to me," said Captain Hanna, "before you interrupt me." The boy, choked with emotion, could not interrupt him.

"Let me entreat you to control your feelings," continued the young Guardsman, "I have a proposal to make to you. You love my sister,

you also love your mother. I blame not you. But I disapprove of my sister's alliance with a foreigner, although a baron. I disapprove still more of a protracted engagement. If, by the evidence of your own eyes, I make good my assertions, the Baroness shall, nevertheless, retain whatsoever sums she has realised, giving up all claim to the money for which my infatuated parent stands indebted to her, and the secret, mark me, shall be kept. You must also forego your engagement with my sister, but may remain at liberty to renew your addresses when of age. Should I fail in the clearest proof of what I have said, I will render satisfaction to you with my life, with the most abject apology, with a ratification of your contract with my sister, and the prompt payment of Mrs. Hanna's engagements. Now, answer me."

"I deny your assertions! I give the lie to them and you! I deny your authority over Miss Hanna's affections! I hate you!" vocife-

rated the Baron. "But I accept your proposal, and will postpone my resentment. When will you," he added, "vile pretender that you are, come to your boasted proof? No dallying, no delay, you understand."

"Perfectly," answered the other. "We will go this instant to the Promenadenhaus. Depend upon it, I will not lose sight of you till I have made my words good. The baroness must not be warned of her danger by her affectionate son."

The boy gave a gulp, and swallowed this fresh insult in the anticipation of his revenge. Besides he was but sixteen, and the corpse of Abednego might have made some impression.

No more words passed. I was at the Promenadenhaus as soon as themselves, having dispatched my business, and we found the unconscious Baroness of Felsheim calmly playing at *écarté* with her victim, Mrs. Hanna.

We stood near them for some time. I made

a trifling bet or two upon the English woman, and won. A croupier from the rouge et noir table sauntered carelessly towards us. These people are jealous of private play, and considered themselves in some degree defrauded by it.

The luck was against my old friend. Her hour was come. Frequent success had made her careless and slovenly in her 'métier.' She tried the effect of skill against the perverse run of the cards.

Suddenly, George Hanna gave my pupil a cruel pinch on the fleshy part of the arm. Covered with blushes and heedless of the consequence, the boy stooped down, and whispered in the ear of the Baroness,

"Mother, you have slipped a card, you are observed, come home, say nothing." The lady looked up. She saw the eyes of her son, George Hanna, the croupier, and myself, fixed upon her. She fainted, and was carried home.

There was a buzzing rumour in the 'salon,'

but nothing was clearly understood. Mrs. Hanna was quite unconscious, and, fortunately for the fame of the Baroness, loudly expressed her grief at the indisposition of her friend; and finally, seated herself at the rouge et noir table.

“Captain Hanna,” said the Baron, deeply moved, when the two young men had reached a spot sufficiently retired to talk over the event, “you are just, nay more, you are generous. I cannot doubt you will keep to the terms of our agreement. Tell me, how did you come to a knowledge of my mother’s infamy?”

“I could not, even when you were offended with me, use so harsh a term, why then should you, her son, do so? Let us endeavour to forget the past, and do you, my dear friend, pardon the pain I have given you. I could not act otherwise. My informant was your quondam friend, Coscolina. I will tell you all about it, and her. She is an old acquaintance of mine, and the story may divert your thoughts and

amuse you. I knew Coscolina in England. She appeared at our Ascot races with a troop of mountebanks and jugglers. She was their principal attraction. She danced on the tight rope, she danced on the slack rope, she stood on a bare-backed horse at full gallop, performed the sword exercise, and concluded the spectacle by swallowing the weapon she had wielded so well. She paid us several visits at our barracks in Windsor, and I shall never forget the fright she gave to Ensign Papeater, by taking his sword from him, and threatening to swallow it, when he wanted it for the parade. We called her little Bolt the Spit ever afterwards, and a great deal of amusement she gave us in one way and another. But I lost sight of her, until our rencontre here, where she is doing the respectable matron. She hates the Baroness, wherefore I know not, and partly from that motive, partly from fear of my disclosures, she communicated to me the result of her observations.

Cheer up, my boy, all will yet go well." The Baron held out his hand in silence, and they parted.

The compact was adhered to. The Hannas returned to Scotland. Elizabeth had an interview with her lover, and they renewed their vows. The Baroness was no more seen at Baden. She returned with her son to Berlin, leaving behind a great name, tarnished, but not irretrievably lost.

Moustaff, Vandronk, and I, received a hint from the authorities to make ourselves scarce. A sanguinary duel is not commonly thought much of thereabouts, but the way in which I armed the combatants was considered incorrect.

My business was over, and I was not sorry to go; for Moustaff began to smell a rat, and was enraged at the triumph of Dr. Spurs, who had so ably got rid of his dangerous rivalry.

Before the departure of the Renovator and his fluid, Coscolina achieved one 'coup de maître.'

Mrs. Davis lived in the greatest seclusion. Whispers, injurious to her, were abroad, but Spurs held his tongue, and nothing certain was known. One day she was informed that a lady wished to speak to her. The Senhora Moustaff was introduced.

“Madam,” said Coscolina, “I have no time for ceremony. I wish to be of service to you. I know all. I have just recovered from my own confinement. My brat is as much too fair for my reputation, as your babe is too dark for yours. They are both boys. For a consideration, I will make the exchange this very night. My son will make as pretty a little Hebrew as you could wish. He is rather dark, but will pass. Both children, for our sins, have taken, it seems, after their papas. Say, what will you give.”

The bargain was struck. I defeated the enemy in Sarah's breast, her ‘amour propre’ assisting. The price was large, and the exchange

was made at midnight. Sarah's maid got a bribe, and the frail Joseph keeps the secret for his own sake. A Baden Jew advanced the money upon Sarah's bond. She is at home with her adopted child, and has been kindly received.

The Senhor Antar Moustaff is now a clerk in the Lottery Office at Hamburgh. The Senhora is an assistant-superintendent of a Spielhaus. She, who abandoned all her own offspring, is rearing the little mongrel to act the part of a familiar at her elbow, when she next takes to the profession of a fortune-teller. The worthy couple are indebted for their present situations to the valuable influence, and affectionate interest, of Mynheer Vandronk.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOPHIA.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOPHIA.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis the land of the East, 'tis the clime of the sun.

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

MEPHISTO paused, filled his glass with Johannisberg, drank it off at one pull, lighted his cigar afresh at his eye, and settled himself in his chair, hugging himself in apparent comfort and self-gratulation at the conclusion of his task.

It may be worth remarking, for the curious in such matters, that while Sophia sipped her sherbet, and Mephisto quaffed his Johannisberg, I observed that Nicholas indulged in Port wine,

Mouvement in claret, Hans drank brandy, Obi drank rum, and Pol drained bumpers of Burgundy, 'in all its sunset glow.'

"I cannot think," said Sophia languidly," addressing herself to Mephisto, "why you took so much trouble about that Jew."

"The trouble was a pleasure, I assure you," he replied, "and, to put a stop to your criticism, it is my turn now to call upon you, my proud beauty, for your influence."

The fair sex require little pressing to set their tongues loose. The magnificent diablesse was quite ready, and thus commenced.

—Since the days of my dear friend, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, I have never met with any woman sufficiently interesting to engage my attention, beyond the little necessary assistance we are all obliged to afford to our subjects to keep them in the paths we mark out for them.

The women generally, throughout my domi-

nions, are such a silly uneducated set, that they go through their dull routine of life, without inducing the men to do much of either good or mischief.

I have long envied you, my friends, the useful tools you possess to work out your ends, in the well-educated and accomplished females of your upper classes ; and that reason, more than any other, has induced me to encourage the European costume, in the hope that a few of your nice little European habits may follow in the suite of stays and straw bonnets. I do not despair of seeing, in my capital of Stamboul, in the course of the present century, my literary ladies, my manœuvring mothers, my mercenary misses, my Almacks, my Operas, and my Doctors' Commons.

Such will, I trust, be the consequences of our first step, the introduction, in the Ottoman army, of tight-fitting breeches. Do not be shocked, Nicholas,—nor let your refinement of

delicacy, my dear Pol, take the alarm, at my mentioning that article of dress by its right name ; it must keep its original appellation with me, or it will lose half its value.

Whatever has been said about the matter, my authority, of course, cannot be doubted, when I affirm, that the repugnance of the Janissaries to the new uniforms proposed for them, was the cause of their abolition and massacre by my friend the Sultan. These terms are synonymous with us ; so much so, that the Sublime Porte believes, and no one dares to contradict his opinion, that he has witnessed a parallel case in the abolition of slavery by the government of England. He complacently observes, that King William, dreading a servile war in the West Indies, profited by his example, and gave orders to his troops to massacre all the slaves, at the same time giving twenty millions of money to indemnify their owners. Be this as it may, I influenced his Highness to adopt *his* measure

with regard to the Janissaries, who unanimously refused to have *their* measure taken by the infidel architects of pantaloons.

One of the recusants, who survived the sanguinary edict, interested me by his appearance, high spirit, and independant habits. He was the model of the young men of his own class. Everything he wore became him ; and with the finest eyes, the softest curling beard and moustache, and a slight and delicately proportioned figure, he was the perfection of a Turkish dandy. Not that his character was, or is, frivolous ; he is of a bold, adventurous, and reckless spirit. His name is Selim. His parentage is not worth mentioning ; in fact, it is so obscure, that he has been suspected of being an alien. He was reared as a kind of assistant to one of the many who gain their livelihood by the trade of an interpreter, having been found one night at the door of the dragoman, when he

was about six years old, in a most destitute condition.

Going with his master, who has been dead many years, into the houses of the great, when he ripened into manhood, his handsome appearance was remarked, and at an early age he was enrolled as a Janissary. At the period of the destruction of that body, he was twenty-three years of age. He had been so much admired by the ladies, that his dress and manners were, of course, copied in a great degree by the young 'aspirants' of his own sex; and in order to promote my own views, and those of his Highness the Sultan, I determined to make a convert of him to the European costume. The loss of his place as a Janissary threw him into the greatest poverty, and he had no resource but to return to his old trade as an interpreter. He offered himself at the mansion of the French Chargé-d'Affaires, M. Dupuis, but without success.

A young gentleman, who held the situation of Under-Secretary to the above-mentioned functionary, happening to be the person commissioned to decline his services, saw the sorrowful face of the young man; and hearing from him, upon enquiry, that the immediate cause was his state of utter destitution, (all which was expressed by the Mussulmaun in very tolerable French, picked up in his childhood at the Dragoman's) offered to take him into his own service, more as a companion than an attendant, if he would teach him the Turkish language, clean his pipes, of which the 'attaché' had a splendid variety, and carry his notes and 'billets' as his 'chasseur' to the ladies of his acquaintance, wearing the customary uniform of a 'chasseur,' viz. a cocked hat, tight pantaloons striped with gold lace, and Hessian boots.

The pride of the Moslem was still uppermost, and the situation was rejected on the score of the impossibility of laying aside, even for a

time, the flowing robes enjoined by his religion ; for the Turks, poor creatures, think the turban inseparable from the Koran.

The under-secretary, M. Charles Devisme, gave up the point, and took Selim upon his own terms, viz. that he should carry notes, clean pipes, make coffee, and teach the Turkish tongue, in return for his most exorbitant wages.

The first occasion on which the Turk was employed in his new capacity, was to carry a little pink perfumed note, folded in a mysterious manner, to a beautiful Greek lady, who lived in a suite of apartments within the precincts of the Embassy, under rather equivocal appearances.

Her name was Parada, and she was generally considered the mistress of M. Dupuis ; but he, poor old gentleman, had never even seen her, although he connived at her residence under the sanctuary of his roof, because she was, in fact, the protégée of his spoiled pet nephew,

Capitaine Varennes, who commanded the French ship *Espiègle*, then at anchor in the Bosphorus.

Selim was ushered into the presence of the beautiful and unveiled Parada, delivered his 'billet' in a stiff, stately manner, folded his arms, and awaited further instructions. He made no salutation, or inclination of either head or body, conceiving such courtesy worse than unbecoming from a Mussulmaun to a Greek slave. The circumstance of her being unveiled, however magnificently dressed, in the presence of himself, a stranger, was sufficient to destroy all respect for her, if a Turk ever had such a feeling towards a woman. But they shall learn better manners, I am determined. These arrogant Mahometans shall yet bow the knee, and bear the yoke of petticoat government. The ingenuity of the sex has, under all disadvantages, occasionally reversed the Salique law in

the Haram ; I shall take especial care that the same license shall extend to the throne.

Selim could not, however he might be wanting in respect, help admiring the extreme loveliness of Parada. He thought it a pity that she was an infidel, and the property of an infidel, and wondered how she got there, as the white slave market is a sealed book to all but true believers. He wished he was a rich man, that he might buy her for his own private amusement. He began estimating her value, and calculating the price of her dress, and had got into a tolerably coherent train of thought for a Turk, when she interrupted his meditations.

“Thy name is Selim, is it not ?” He nodded his assent.

“And thou art the bearer of M. Devisme’s amorous messages, it seems. I knew not that a Moslem would stoop so low. But perhaps thou art only masquerading, and in reality dost

the work of a follower or spy of the Christians, as these Frenchmen call themselves."

"Lady," replied Selim, "I came not to account to thee wherefore I am the bearer of that paper; it suffices that I have borne it to its destination. I await thy answer; I expect that thou wilt give it to me, or dismiss me."

"After all," said she, "I meant not to offend thee, and there is no love between Devisme and myself; at least, if there is, it is entirely on his side. Tell him, however, that Davidoff, the Russian attaché, and Varennes sup with me to-night, and that I shall be glad to have the pleasure of his company. Take this ring for your trouble," giving him a very handsome one from her own finger, and looking meekly up from under her long dark eyelashes, she added, "and forgive poor Parada."

"Lady," said Selim, much softened, but not abating one inch of his solemnity, "I return you my thanks. I have nothing to forgive, and

if I can at any future time be of service to you, only say the word. I am a Moslem, I was a Janissary. I hate the Franks, but necessity compels me for the present to eat their bread. I follow in the train of the French Devisme, but in no menial capacity. I am his companion at his own request."

He moved out of her presence, in as stately a manner as the shuffling slippers of a Turk would permit, and returned to Devisme with the message, his head full of thoughts of Parada's beauty, and the delights of being rich.

'Inshallah,' said he to himself, these Franks are all wealthy, and they are but fools in the hands of one of the faithful. Thanks to my early benefactor and father by adoption, I know a little of all their languages. They part with their money freely, these swine, and I will bleed them copiously in the name of the prophet.

CHAPTER II.

—— *Coenam, non sine candidâ puellâ.*

HORACE.

IN a suburb of Constantinople, and in the most retired part of that suburb, resided an old woman of the name of Thrapsia. She was a native of one of the Greek islands, and in the younger part of her life had seen many vicissitudes.

In her old age, however, she lived in as much comfort as her avarice would permit. When no longer possessed of sufficient attractions to bring upon her any more persecutions on the score of Love, she determined to turn that passion—the source of all her early miseries, into

a channel of profit. She had, by an unflinching regard to her own interests, and by turning a deaf ear to the cry of mercy, realized a large sum of money. No one could get a beautiful Greek, Georgian, or Circassian girl into such condition for the market, after the sufferings and confinement of a sea voyage, or other causes, as old Thrapsia. No one could inform a merchant so readily of his best customer for a superior article,—no one could so satisfactorily fulfil the conditional order, no beauty, no pay, for importation, as herself.

She had in her time, before she was so well established, and, in consideration of the fees she punctually paid to the authorities, so well protected, followed the Turkish camp in Greece as a suttlar. She had also been in the habit of supplying the various ships of various nations lying off Seraglio Point with necessaries, in the humble capacity of a bumboat woman, but was now too old for these vagaries. She had a

great predilection for Europeans, because, as she said, they paid better than the pompous Turks; and by the sailors, especially the British, she was generally known by the name of Mother Traps.

It was through the agency of this worthy member of society, that the beautiful Greek girl had come under the protection of M. Le Capitaine Varennes, a gay lively Frenchman, who was exceedingly attached for the time to his Bird of Paradise, as he called her, although a thought or two, as will appear, had crossed his mind, about the price he should get for her, when the *Espiègle* received her sailing orders.

The 'petit souper' at Parada's apartments, was attended by Devisme, Varennes, Davidoff, and a young English attaché, whose name is not worth mentioning. The conversation was kept up in French. Selim was also of the party, and when the repast was over, in which he joined most voraciously, not even scrupling to

receive repeated bumpers of forbidden wine, at the hands of the lovely Greek ; he filled, and presented a splendid pipe to each of the guests, arranged one for himself, and then sat down like a Turk, as he was, to enjoy his present comfortable situation, and feast his eyes upon Parada's unveiled countenance.

“ What shall we do to-night ? ” said the young Englishman. “ Shall we draw old Dupuis ? ”

“ Have the goodness to speak more respectfully of my uncle,” said Varennes.

“ Have the goodness to remember that you are speaking of my patron,” said Devisme.

“ Do not forget that you are speaking of a ‘ Chargé d'affaires,’ ” said Davidoff.

“ And bear in mind that you are speaking of one of my kindest friends,” said Parada. “ But for him should we now be here ? If he did not believe, and let me add, if I did not believe that you mon Capitaine,” (turning to Varennes) “ en-

ertain what you call a 'grande passion,' for me, as you used to tell me, should I be here?"

"What an old house I have brought down about my head," said the Englishman. "But you are all so testy about respect. I have the greatest possible respect for M. Dupuis, but if any of you had proposed 'chez moi' to draw the British ambassador, I should only have laughed, and said, 'Do so if you dare.' By the bye, Davidoff, you need not have joined the cry against me, if your Anglomania is as strong as it used to be,—and, now I think of it, are you going to buy my yacht? You will never have a better offer, and you can man her well enough here for a cruise in the Archipelago. But it is now or never, for I shall not have such another opportunity, as I happen to have at present, for sending home her English crew. She is registered in England as the *Lively Peggy*, but if I were you, I should give her a new name,

in honour of our noble hostess here. Call her the 'Bird of Paradise.' "

" I dare say I shall agree with you about her, if you are not unreasonable," answered the Russian, " but, with all admiration of our fair friend here, I mean to name the yacht, ' The Empress Catherine,' if she becomes my property."

" You need not be a Petruchio to manage her," said the Englishman: " she will answer her wheel as true and as free as the mouth of an Arabian horse."

" The craft is not amiss," said Varennes. " Come all of you on board the *Espiègle*, to-morrow, you shall have a ' *déjeûner à la fourchette* ; Parada will do the honours ; we will then take a cruise in the *Lively Peggy*, and you shall conclude your bargain over a bottle of my best Bourdeaux. But, Devisme, bring your silent friend with you, for he is the best manager of a *chibouque* I know.

“ Yes,” said Devisme, “ certainly,—you will come, Selim, will you not ?”

“ Surely, surely,” said Selim, “ though I like not the sea, I will attend.”

“ I wish,” said the Englishman to Selim, “ you would mix a little more history with your liquor, my friend ; bumper after bumper, and pipe after pipe, but the devil a word.”

“ Selim does not sufficiently understand the French language, to join in the conversation,” said Parada ; “ but he will improve.”

The ex-janissary looked gratefully at the Greek who had taken his part. The company broke up early, and as they were retiring, Parada said to Selim :

“ Find an opportunity, when these Franks are engaged. I want to speak to you : the sooner the better.”

“ Devisme,” said Varennes, when they had left the room, “ what do you think of my bird

of paradise? They tell me you are in love with her."

"Think of her? I think very much of her," was the reply, "and very often, and I think of you, too, and what a lucky fellow you are to have got such a prize."

"Why, yes, I have had some success in my time, but '*passe pour cela.*' Do you know that I should be jealous of you, if it were worth my while to be jealous of any body, and jealous of my old uncle Dupuis, perhaps. But one is never jealous, when one has ceased to love. I will tell you a secret, Devisme. I do not care one pinch of snuff for Parada, which I am sorry for, as I believe the little woman is '*eperdument amoureuse de moi!*' Cure her of that, Devisme, if you can. You will find it difficult, for I make a strong impression, but not impossible; and when the *Espiègle* spreads her wings, I will bequeath the lady to you. No

trifling legacy I can tell you, she cost me a very long price."

"You jest," replied the other, "do you not know when you are well off? But I will take you at your word, and take her, too, with pleasure, If she will accept me; though I doubt if old Dupuis will favor me with such a suite of apartments for her, as he accords to his favorite nephew. You have another string to your bow I suspect. I have heard of your visits to Thrapsia, and of her new filly, the beautiful Hermione. One good turn deserves another; if you give me free ingress to Parada, I will assist you in the other affair if I can."

"You have hit it, boy, you have hit it, and you can do me a service. But it is one, few men like to be asked for, even by their best friends. You must cash up, and the sum you pay me for Parada, will go a long way to make Hermione mine. After all, it is only a loan, for I will make interest with old Dupuis to

promote you in your profession, and what a happy fellow you will be, when you are Secretary of Legation, and possess the Bird of Paradise into the bargain !”

“ Wait a little, till Davidoff clears up his score with me, for his lessons at *écarté*. I have not done with him yet, and he is as rich as Croesus. There is nothing like mutual accommodation.”

This pretty agreement concluded, the Capitaine returned to his ship, and the attaché to his couch, and they slept soundly upon their bargain, with all the self-complacency of men who have recently performed a virtuous action.

“ What ! Selim ! not retired yet ?” yawned out Devisme, as the Turk’s flowing robes swept near his bed, causing a horrid cold draught of air in the chamber, within which was a smaller one allotted to the Mussulmaun.

“ The Moslem keeps not the same hours as the Frank,” answered Selim, “ he has his devo-

tions, which must not be offered up under the roof of the infidel, but rather under the canopy of heaven. Nevertheless, I grieve to have disturbed your rest."

"Yaw, yaw, yaw," rejoined the sleeper, in a tone between a groan and a grunt.

"Goodnight, thou unbelieving son of a Nazarene sow," muttered the Mahometan.

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CHAPTER III.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search, and vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

MAZEPPA.

THE time devoted to the private conversation of Devisme and Varennes on the subject of the ladies, had not been idly employed by Parada.

No sooner were these heroes well out of sight, than Selim had gone back to the lady's apartment, bearing his slippers in his hand, and gathering his dress about him as compactly as possible, to avoid noise and observation.

"I wish," said Parada, "that you had condescended to adopt the costume of a Chasseur,

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which Devisme tells me he requested in vain of you; it makes much less commotion; and, besides, if you will not wear a European dress, instead of that greasy turban, you can be of no use to me."

"Lady," replied Selim, "I understand you not. Nor does it become you to abuse the turban. Much as I admire you,—much as I love you,—much as I would do to please you,—if you again, by such remark, make trial of my forbearance, you see my face no more."

"Inshallah!" he added, working himself into a passion, "am I always to be tormented about this accursed European habit? It has already been my ruin. Speak no more of it. Dost thou love Selim, lady? and if not, wherefore am I here?" And suiting the action to the word, he took her hand and kissed it.

"Selim," she replied, calmly and seriously, without withdrawing her hand, "there is no room in my heart for love. Every pulsation of

my blood, every passion of my soul, beats high for revenge. I think of it by day till my brain whirls,—I dream of it by night in the fullest anticipation, and in the minutest detail, of my success. Help me to gratify this dearest wish, and I will deny thee nothing. Gold I have none to give, but the result of my design, if prosperous, will heap it upon thee.”

“ Who am I, that I should refuse aught to thee, if thou wilt not deny me? Who am I that I should hesitate to acquire wealth? Open thy heart, and if thy design is such as is not unbecoming a servant of the Prophet, I will do it, even to the shedding of infidel blood. I have said it.”

“ Infidel blood must indeed be shed, and the crimes of those who have wronged the Greek girl Parada, be rewarded according to their deserts, but not by thee.”

“ Not by me! Lady, you speak in riddles. What is to be done, then, with this Frank, thy

lord, thy betrayer, whom his crew and countrymen call Capitaine Varennes?"

"Nothing," replied the Greek, "I care not for him. I neither love him, nor hate him. Yet I like not to see another usurp my place, before my very eyes, even in the affections of such as he: but I intend him no evil. Know you one Thrapsia, an old Grecian crone, a tigress, a she devil, an avaricious, murderous woman, a disgrace to her sex, and to humanity? Do you know her? I say."

As she spoke, her eyes flashed, her mouth and nostrils became distended, her little hands were clenched, and she stamped in impatience for his answer. None could have recognised in the young Fury, the soft, lovely Parada, the ornament of the late Symposium.

"Allah Akbar! Allah Kerim! Bismillah! Be pacified, thou Greek woman," said Selim, frightened for the moment out of even his propriety, "I know of whom you speak, be paci-

fied. What of her? She is the nurse of the slave-dealers, but I have never exchanged speech with her. What is thy wish respecting her?"

"Listen," said Parada, in a deep low voice, "she murdered my father and mother, in their beds, weak and sick of the wounds inflicted by thee, and such as thee, in the desolation of war. She followed the track of blood as a purveyor to the wants of the soldiery, and like the obscene vulture, gorged herself with prey, when the surge of slaughter swept on, and the dead and dying were left to the greedy hands of the followers of the camp. Me alone, she spared, to sell to the best bidder, and she has not saved me for that only, the hour of retribution draws near,—I will revenge the murder of my parents. She is rich. Her store we must detect. Thou shalt possess the gold. Her blood, is the share I claim."

"I will not murder a woman in cold blood,"

said Selim, thoughtfully. "In time of war such accidents may happen, but here in Stamboul, where life is protected, no, no."

"Who asked thee to murder a woman? None shall put violence on Thrapsia, none shall infringe my rights of her. She is mine. Once I was her's, and she sold me. I will sell her, and for her own money to the destruction she merits at my hands. I ask thee, Selim to assist me. Thou shalt have her wealth. Thou shalt have thy desires of me, or thou mayest possess thyself of the beauteous Hermione. Hermione! my new rival with this, Varennes! ha! ha!" and a hysteric laugh concluded her speech.

"Lady," said Selim, "it is enough. At a future time disclose thy plans to me, I will serve thee. In so doing I serve myself. Depend upon me, but remember, I have nought to do with shedding woman's blood."

"Again, I say, who shall step between me and Thrapsia? hateful name! We are agreed,

for the present we part. Good night." And Selim passed to his apartment, but not, as I have already mentioned, without making his devotions an excuse for disturbing the first slumbers of Devisme.

A few words must be said about Hermione—the present stock in trade of the detested Thrapsia. She was a tall girl, about sixteen years of age, and had grown very plump under that matron's care. She was a Georgian, and the property of the owner and commander of a slave-ship, who had confided her, during the term of another voyage, in a still unmarketable state, from ill health, to the beldame's best attentions, but with no power to dispose of her. Her proprietor had been so long at sea, that his vessel was supposed to have been lost. She had been seen by few, and those only Europeans, and her greatest admirer was Varennes. She had large blue eyes, a very clear complexion, thanks to old Thrapsia's skilful discipline, and a

profusion of flaxen hair, while her little feet and ancles appeared scarce able to support the weight of her person, now grown so comely, as to be almost in danger of being too much 'embonpoint,' another reason, in the experienced eye of the old woman, for disposing of her without loss of time ; but her principal object was to pocket her price, and persuade the merchant, if he returned, of the death of his slave. For this purpose, it was necessary that she should become the property, if possible, of a stranger, who would remove her from Constantinople.

The morning came, and the gay party held their 'réunion,' according to appointment, on board the 'Espiegle.' Davidoff purchased the 'Lively Peggy,' for a large sum from the young Englishman, and took great delight in substituting the Russian colours, for the flag of the English Royal Yacht Club. Parada cracked a bottle of Varennes' claret upon her prow, naming

her the 'Empress Catharine,' while Selim looked on in distress, at seeing so much good wine thrown away. The party took a short cruize in the new purchase of M. Davidoff, but the rolling of the small vessel on the turbulent waves soon had a painful effect on Selim and Parada, and they were sent on shore at their own request, in one of Varennes' boats, while the rest of the party adjourned to the 'Espègle,' for a carouse over the recently concluded bargain.

"After all," said Parada to Selim, as they returned to their residence, "the uniform of the Franks is not so bad, what think you?"

"The dress of the officers is not unbecoming," he replied, "but it must be painful to him whose limbs have had free play in the garb of the East. With our flowing garments, our turbans, and our yataghans, we conquered Asia under the standard of the Prophet. Why, therefore, should we not, in like manner, retain

our conquests? Unfortunate was the day, when the Sultan put faith in beardless boys, with shining muskets in their hands, for ever since the appearance of these playthings of his adoption, victory has forsaken the Crescent, and the tried servants of the prophet, the Janissaries, have been sacrificed to the impiety of our monarch."

"Victory did not desert his arms on that occasion," said Parada. "The Sultan only destroyed those who would have destroyed him." Selim frowned, which the Greek girl perceiving, added quickly, "But what is all this to thee and me? Listen to me, Selim, thou must procure, and at times condescend to wear the uniform of a Russian officer. It is no use to hesitate about such a trifle. Dragoman as thou art, thou wilt easily pass for that which thy new garb will denote, with Thrapsia and Hermione. Visit them at their dwelling, speak chiefly like an ignorant Russ, by signs, cease to use thy

Turkish interjections Wallah ! Billah ! Inshallah ! if thou canst practise this self denial, propose to purchase Hermione, propose privately to Hermione, when thou hast made inroad sufficient on her heart, to make her thy wife instead of thy slave, (start not, thou needest not keep thy promise) persuade her to seek out the hiding-place of Thrapsia's gold and fly with thee. Avoid, of course thou wilt most carefully, a meeting there with Varennes, and others who know thee to be a Moslem ; come and relate thy progress in love-making unto me, and I will give thee farther instructions. Be active, be discreet. I know that Thrapsia has enormous wealth, I only reserve the sixth part thereof for my own use."

"You speak freely and easily," replied Selim, "of a task which I shall find hard to accomplish. How much is there not to be done ? To win love, and to find concealed gold, is easier to conceive than to attain. The disguise also is

an abomination, but the prizes you tell me are valuable. I will set about it without delay. Farewell."

"Inshallah," said he to himself. What a young lioness it is ! Why should she have the sixth part, or any part of the old hag's wealth ? But yesterday, she wanted nothing but revenge.

CHAPTER IV.

CASSIO. She is a most excellent lady.

IAGO. And I'll warrant her full of game.

OTHELLO.

“WELL, my dear child,” said old Thrapsia one afternoon to the lovely girl sitting at her feet ; for like the cruel domestic cat, which cherishes the little animal it is about to devour, she made a practice of coaxing and petting her victims, to prevent them from spoiling their looks by the indulgence of sorrow or painful reflections : “well, my dear child,” said she, “why do you sigh to-day ? What would you have ? Tell me your favourite sweetmeats, or the repast you long for, and whatever the cost, you shall be

indulged. Come my little poppet, pluck up your spirits, I want you to look well to-day. Capitaine Varennes is coming to see you. He used to be a favourite of yours, and I am sure you are a great favourite of his."

Here the spirit of contradiction operated a little upon the apathetic beauty, and folding her large round white arms, she said, "I do not like your Varennes, mother; last time he came here in what he called his blue-water jacket, and he smelt of tar."

"Nonsense, my little love," said the old crone, "there are worse smells than tar in this world. Besides, if he should take a fancy to you, and you know I cannot keep you always with me, fond as I am of you, would it not be much better to follow the fortunes of a light-hearted sailor, than to be shut up all the rest of your life in the harem of an old despotic Turk, with tobacco instead of tar, to regale that little fastidious nose of yours? Such would have

been your lot long ago, I can tell you, if you had not fallen into my motherly hands.—But Inshallah! Holy Virgin! I mean”—(Thrapsia's ideas of theology were rather confused) “what noise is that? Softly, whoever you are, you will beat my house down. True that I have not the protection of the red door, but that is no reason why you should make such a noise. Softly, I say;—who are you? and what do you want here? Hermione, dearest, retire to your own chamber, you must not be seen,—do, there is my own love.”

Thus tenderly entreated, Hermione obeyed, and three or four voices, of that peculiar intonation which denotes an age between boyhood and manhood, were heard simultaneously to exclaim:

“Hillo! Mother Traps! Hillo! Open the door! Hillo!”

“Let me have a run at it,” said one of the puny voices, “I will soon turn Mother Trap's

trap inside out; I'll soon knock her front parlour into her back room!"

With this friendly salutation, clothed in such big words, came another assault upon the barrier, which, to the shame of the boaster, still held good. I need scarcely say, that the above elegant salutes were expressed in the genuine English language of three or four half-tipsy midshipmen belonging to a British man-of-war.

Thrapsia, at last, recognised her noisy assailants for what they were, and kept silence till she saw the bolts and hinges about to give way, when she made a merit of necessity, and opened her door, saying, in broken English:

"Too much beat, too much knock, old woman always friend to British officer; no more beat;—what come to do British officer?"

"I come," said a pompous little fellow about fourteen years of age, dressed in a blue gold-lace coat, and white trousers, with a bit of steel about the size of a breakfast knife by his side,

“ I come to have a look at the small craft here, which you have got in tow.”

“ Come, mother, man the yards !” said another of the young heroes.

“ None of your nonsense, old Traps,” said a third. “ One of the mids of the French ship has seen her, and swears there is nothing like her either in Toulon or Bordeaux ;—so let us have a peep, there is a good old girl !”

“ Shake a reef out of your tongue, you old bummer, and tell us where she is,” exclaimed a fourth, the ruffian of the party.

“ In, to, in to, shakareef ! Old woman Thrapsia not know, not in to, not shakareef,” cried she, loudly, resting her hands on her hips, in the attitude of one who neither could nor would understand, but could strike a blow or two in her own defence, if necessary.

“ Let us go aloft,” said one, “ if this heifer is on board, we shall soon smell her out.” They searched the room, but so well was the door

concealed, in anticipation of similar emergencies, that no approach to the other apartments could be discovered; perhaps their purblind groggy condition prevented them from hitting upon it.

"Never mind," said the pompous little gentleman who spoke first, "Damn the door, I will frighten old Trapestring a bit." He produced a pocket pistol. Thrapsia was an old campaigner, and not yet dismayed, till she saw the boy, instead of presenting it at her head, as she expected, set about fastening one end of a yard or two of whipcord to a misshapen bullet, which, with a charge of gunpowder large enough for a musket, he very composedly rammed down the barrel.

"Now, then, Jorrocks," said he, addressing one of his young companions, "while the others hold the old bumboat, do you belay the end of this to any of the loose tacks in her jaw-bag you can get hold of, give her the handle of your dirk for a quid, it will keep her mouth open, and

prevent her from biting. I will have every grinder clean out of her head, in the style of the village farrier, who set up for a dentist, if she does not deliver up her stolen goods. Now for it! Bring her head up to windward!"

Thrapsia had seen enough of a field of battle to know, that the teeth of the slain were part of the spoil, when skilfully drawn by the low Jews, and other harpies, who stripped the dead, and although she had never heard of this method of extraction, she understood enough of the discourse to find it high time to attempt a victory in detail, before the united forces of the tipsy midshipmen were brought to bear upon her, by the orders of their young leader, whose tactics alarmed her.

She began, therefore, by extending her brawny arms, and proceeded to cuff her young persecutors, right and left, with all her strength, bawling at the same time oddly enough for mercy, in a manner which would soon have

brought Hermione, and perhaps her drowsy neighbours, to her assistance, when a tall young man, no less a person than my friend Selim, attired in a Russian uniform, walked into the house with great dignity, commanded silence in tolerable French, (the language a Russian always tries first with strangers) and demanded the cause of the uproar. The youngsters, at the sight of a pair of epaulettes, did not stop to enquire to whom they belonged, but, fully aware of their danger, if detected in the act of raising a disturbance on shore at Constantinople, during their short leave of absence, made a speedy retreat, taking the signal from the pompous little fellow, who had been so prominent in their sport. And well he deserved their confidence, for, with the presence of mind of a young Nelson, he threw a handful of gunpowder, which was loose in his pocket after loading his pistol, upon the hot ashes which had regaled old Thrapsia with their genial warmth,

in a small stone jar concealed under her drapery, and, in the explosion and smoke which ensued, the youngsters made their escape, unimpeded and unobserved.

“Blessed Virgin ! what a deliverance !” said Thrapsia, addressing the stranger in as indifferent French as he himself had uttered. “It is to you, Sir, that I have to make my acknowledgments. How can I sufficiently thank you ! If these imps belonged to the *Espiègle*, I would have them all soundly whipped, that I would. My friend Capitaine Varennes would do that much to oblige me. Perhaps I am speaking to one of his officers.”

“I am a Russian officer of the navy,” said the lying Turk ; “I heard your cries, I came to your assistance. Say no more. You owe me no thanks, for I have done nothing. If you wish to oblige me, let me have a bottle of wine, and allow me to sit down here, and drink it with you ; it will compose you after your fright.”

"Willingly, said Thrapsia," and, as you are an officer, and of rank in the service of Russia, as I can perceive by your uniform, you shall have more company than you expect. By our lady, I would do anything to please you. Hermione! Hermione, I say; come down, my heart! Come down! there is nothing to fear!"

And Hermione came down.

"Thank our brave deliverer," said Thrapsia. Don't be shy. Thank him, my love, he deserves it. Some young ruffians would have committed I know not what violence on your poor old mother, but for this Russian officer's timely interference."

"Merci, Monsieur," lisped out the beauty, who had learned so much of the language of 'La Grande Nation' from Varennes.

The heart of Selim came into his mouth with rapture, as he gazed on the lovely Georgian, but this convulsion did not prevent the wine from going down his throat. However, he

forgot everything,—forgot Thrapsia's gold, forgot even Parada, and her designs,—and gave himself up to the delight of contemplating such a glorious object.

There is such a thing, after all, as love at first sight; nay more, it is sometimes, though rarely, mutual, and such was the case in this instance, for Hermione, having imbibed a little of my influence, was only restrained by the presence of Thrapsia, from throwing herself on the bosom of the 'soi-disant' Russian.

But there is an end to everything,—and there was an end to the solitary bottle of wine. The old crone did not seem in any humour to 'encore' it, and Selim was too good a judge to make himself tedious on his first visit. He spoke carelessly of his great wealth, of his ship-of-war in the Bosphorus, (here he laid himself open to detection) of his friend the Count, and his patron the Czar, hinted that he was an illegitimate scion of that royal stock, and went on in a strain

of exaggeration so great, as almost to raise a doubt of his veracity in the breast of the old woman, while Hermione swallowed it all greedily, and looked upon him with eyes beaming admiration and encouragement.

He obtained leave to renew his visit, and took his departure.

CHAPTER V.

Meantime that old black eunuch seems to eye us,
I wish to God that somebody would buy us.

DON JUAN.

I DO not know how it is, said Selim to himself, when he had divested his person of his borrowed plumes, but I found no such immediate success with the women before I' became a Russian officer. Parada must have bewitched the uniform I wore, to make it so killing. When I was a Janissary, I thought myself a pretty fellow, but yet the little barber's wife gave me a vast deal of trouble; and the hairy young Jewess, who succeeded her in my affections, relieved me of all my loose cash, and shut the door

in my face when I could no longer afford to buy gold earrings for her. But this voluptuous Georgian doats upon my beard. Inshallah ! she is worthy of a little trouble, but I am nearly choked with that accursed tight collar round my neck. It reminds me of the bow-string. There is no fear of my success,—am I not Selim the courageous ? I must bear with this disguise, for as that dog of a Christian, whose bread I eat, says in his beastly language, ‘ Il faut souffrir pour être beau ! ’ What a wine-bibber have I become ! but that will be forgiven me, for the Prophet knows my motives : I would tear the blood and gold out of the hearts of these Giaours.

“ Hist ! Selim, hist ! ” said the now well-known whisper of Parada, “ art thou alone ? ”

“ Lady, I am,” he answered, “ the Franks are out on their midnight carouse at Davidoff’s ; the swine that they are, may the juice of the

grape be their poison, it is too good for them." And he admitted her.

"I have no time to lose," said she hurriedly, "I must not be seen here. How hast thou sped on thy errand?"

"Well, lady, well. The fair *Hermione* loves me, if woman ever loved man at the first opportunity of admiring his countenance; and *Thrapsia*, she also treats me with confidence, and considers herself beholden unto me."

"Thou coxcomb! But the gold! Knowest thou where to seek for the hag's deposit of treasure?"

"Not I indeed," said the Turk, "that matter passed from me, when I sat basking in the sunny eyes of *Hermione*. But had it occurred to me, *Inshallah*! what could I do on so short an acquaintance?"

"After all," said *Parada*, "a woman's wit is worth all the calculations of your dreaming

heads. Gold makes gold, and the particles of the precious metals are drawn to one another, as it were by a magnet; else why does the miser's store increase, while the coin of the spendthrift makes to itself wings to fly away, and join its fellows in the moneybags of the wealthy? Take this purse, it is heavy, it is all that I have remaining of the generosity of Varennes, in the dog-days of his passion. Bestow it, as thou seest fit, in occasional presents to my enemy. Instruct thy new love to watch carefully where the avaricious she devil disposes of it. Do this, when thou canst trust her, and the delay will not be long, if thy vanity has not misled thee. Farewell. By the bye, Selim, you are not so pressing with poor Parada, as on a former occasion. It is the second time that the bright blue eyes of Hermione have robbed me of a lover, but I make her heartily welcome to you both, ha ! ha ! ha !" and before Selim could make up for his want of 'empressement,' the laughing girl had vanished.

In a short time Devisme returned, rather elevated, singing gaily, and 'in great good-humour, having that night won a considerable sum from Davidoff.

"Selim," said he, as they sat down to enjoy a cup of coffee, and a comfortable pipe, before retiring for the night, "do you think the little Parada cares for me? She is very 'piquante,' and her little 'minauderies,' have made me take a fancy to her."

Selim made no reply, for this good reason, that he knew not what to say, poor fellow.

"Perhaps," continued the voluble Frenchman, "you admire her yourself, you are so silent about her. But I can tell you she hates Turks mortally, she has no patience with your greasy turbans, as she calls them, your shaven heads, your shuffling slippers, your four wives by law, as if any man could manage one woman, much less such a number as that; and your cruelty to the sex in general; with your harems, your

-

sacks, your poisoned coffee, your daggers, your yataghans, and trumpery; poor Selim, I pity you, it is no use."

This was more than Selim could bear, yet he was too wise, and had felt the pangs of penury too severely, to quarrel with his bread and butter, and with his brilliant prospects, of which the crisis was so near at hand. Gathering up himself and his trumpery, as Devisme called it, he muttered something about "Inshallah! we shall see, we shall see in a short season," and retired to his couch.

"I suppose I have affronted Monsieur Mahomet," soliloquized Devisme: "Well what do I care! Let him make coffee, and clean pipes, he will do that as long as I pay him, I suppose. And now I must copy these letters for old Dupuis before I go to bed," taking up a bundle of papers. "What a pity it is that Selim cannot write,—I would make him do all my dirty work. It is a shame that a Frenchman should have

any thing to do, but to make love, and play at écarté."

The next day Selim set out to visit Thrapsia's dwelling, but hearing the voice of his friend and acquaintance Monsieur le Capitaine Varennes, speaking loud within the house, he retired faster than he came, as the discovery of his very lame personation of a Russian naval officer would have reduced him to despair, and he had been too often in the company of the commander of the 'Espiègle' to escape detection. Unable, however, to control his impatience, he returned to the spot where his affections were concentrated, in the evening, after sunset. He had taken the precaution to conceal his uniform under a large cloak, with a cape, of which he fastened one corner over his face; and his undress uniform cap, with a few locks of false hair stitched to the lining, so as to fall on his cheeks, was pulled over his eyes in a manner to defy all scrutiny. He left the sword of the Franks behind him, as

utterly useless, and grasped his sheathed yataghan under the folds of his cloak.

Having arrived at the house, he again stopped to listen. The casement was open on account of the heat, and he caught a glimpse of the two females, and Varennes, who occupied the comfortable seat which he had himself filled on the first evening of his introduction. Wondering at the unconscionably long visit of his rival, he retired to a convenient distance, whence he could hear their conversation, without running the risk of being seen. Varennes and Thrapsia were in deep consultation. Hermione had fallen asleep upon her cushions. The following dialogue, which Selim overheard, was not less interesting to the listener than to the speakers, for he soon was aware that he himself was the topic of their discourse.

“If you will not give the money,” said Thrapsia, “I know who will. There is a Russian naval officer of my acquaintance, who

has more money in any one of his pockets, than all the French officers in the Mediterranean put together, and he shall be the man. The girl is worth a King's ransom, and I must be paid for the risk I run, by disposing of her, in case her owner should reappear and claim his property."

"A Russian naval officer, and rich, here in Constantinople, and I do not know him ! The thing is impossible ! What is his name ? What is he like ? What is his ship ? But come, come, it is all nonsense, a project to raise the price, but it won't do, Mère Trapsie, it won't do."

"But it is true," said Hermione, rousing herself, when she began to understand that her dear adopted mother's word was doubted, and the very existence of her Russian hero questioned.

"I had rather deal with you than with him at any rate," said Thrapsia, who had her suspicions, "I know the colour of your money, and after all, will you give the price ? Yes, or no ?"

Many more words went to the bargain, and at last it was settled definitively. Varennes was to send a boat on shore the ensuing evening for his prize. Thrapsia and Hermione were to await its arrival on the beach, and the former was to receive the money in hard cash when she gave up her ward. The two women were to be well muffled up in scarfs and veils, and the watchword, by which they were to be known to the petty officer who was to have the charge of escorting the young beauty to the 'Espiègle,' was to be Zoe.

Hermione understood but little of this. The bargainers spoke so rapidly in French, of which she possessed a knowledge scarce worthy even of the term a smattering, that she was bought and sold, poor thing, before her own eyes, without care or consciousness on her part, like all other articles of live stock which are made the subject of barter, while philosophically chewing the cud, in any European market.

CHAPTER VI.

Then hey for the lass wi a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

BURNS.

ALTHOUGH Hermione remained in blessed ignorance of the fate to which Thrapsia had consigned her, without any consideration of the abhorrence she had lately expressed for the perfume of the Capitaine Varenne's blue water jacket, my friend Selim had made himself master of the whole arrangement, even to the necessary watchword agreed upon by the amorous officer and his confederate.

There was no time to be lost ; and the first idea of the ex-janissary was to report the concern to Parada immediately, and to draw upon

her fertile brain for an expedient to counteract the consummation of this death to all his hopes. I happened to hold an invisible position at this time near his elbow, which I gently jogged, and reminded him, as if the idea had sprung up in his own empty understanding, that he had better see Hermione in private if possible, and tell her what had passed. He might then, after feeling her little pulse on the subject, try how far her new passion for himself, would induce her to be a party to some daring enterprise for her delivery.

Engaged in these reflections, he silently awaited the departure of Varennes, nor was his patience severely tried, for that gentleman soon made his appearance at the door, and, without casting a glance around him, walked off with triumphant steps, considering in his own mind how he should make the most of his state-room in the *Espiègle*, to render it worthy of its intended inmate.

No sooner was he out of sight, than Selim abandoned his place of concealment, withdrew the cape of his cloak from his countenance, gave his cap a twitch, that his eyes might again see, and be seen, boldly walked up to the door, and gave a loud knock with the handle of his yataghan.

The moon was shining brightly, nor was the evening far advanced. Thrapsia reconnoitred him from the casement, and hastened to admit the hero who had so opportunely delivered her from the annoyance of the young midshipmen.

As soon as he was seated, she came over the whole story again, with reiterated expressions of gratitude, wondered what ship the young mischief-makers belonged to, and whether she could have them punished for their violence, adding, rather abruptly, (for a suspicion crossed her mind in consequence of Varenne's conversation)

“ By the bye, my dear Sir, what is the name

of the ship which has the honor of sailing under your command ? And now I think of it, I vow, I forgot, before this moment, to ask you to whom I was indebted for my release from those imps, whom Allah and the blessed Virgin confound !”

Selim had expected this short catechism. His answer was already cut and dried.

“ I am of the Orloff family,” said he, making use of the only Russian name, besides Davidoff, that he could trust himself to pronounce, “ and I am the captain of a small, but elegant, vessel of war, called the ‘ Empress Catherine,’ which you may see, when the sun arises, riding at anchor between the shore and the French ship ‘ Espiègle.’ You will then see the Russian flag, under whose auspices I hope for glory at a future day, when a large ship of the line, which is now on the stocks, and of which I have the promise, is placed under my command. But tell me, mother,” he added, getting more

familiar, "canst thou cure the toothache? I am suffering grievously."

"Indeed," said the experienced old woman, "I pity thee; I believe the only cure is the one from which thou didst save me thyself, when it was about to be executed in a manner somewhat ruffianly;—but there is a medicine which gives temporary relief; would to the Virgin that I had it in the house. Stay," said she, recollecting herself, "there is a Frank pedlar who sells it. His dwelling is at some distance, but thou hast done me a service, which it is my duty to repay; I will set out immediately and procure the remedy. Stir not till I return. Hermione will entertain thee in my absence, as well as her ignorance will permit; and the night air would but increase thy malady, thou shalt not go thyself. Stir not, I beseech thee."

There was no beseeching necessary. A little mock modest resistance to Thrapsia's grateful intentions was exhibited, and Selim was persuaded to reseat himself till her return.

“ Here, mother,” said he, “ the remedy will be cheap to me at any price, take these ten pieces of gold. That which remains after your purchase shall be yours ; only be quick, for I am in torture.” And he made a wry face or two to corroborate his assertions.

The old woman departed, and with her disappeared Selim's pretended sufferings. The eyes of the young couple encountered each other, and it matters not what they mutually read therein, for in one moment they were clasped in each other's arms.

But there is a time for everything, and Selim was aware that his task was no trifle. He was ignorant of Hermione's language, and her speech was made up of the strange mixture of Greek sentiment, and Turkish slang picked up in daily intercourse with Thrapsia, occasionally seasoned by a scrap of Varenne's genuine Parisian, barbarously articulated.

The two passions of love and avarice are, without doubt, more than a match for all the difficulties in their way, and when combined, the experience of ages has proved that they carry all before them. With the assistance of signs, the lovers managed to understand one another, after several unsuccessful attempts.

Selim did not find it so difficult to inform Hermione that he had been listening anxiously to the conversation which had passed before he entered, that he had, by so doing, come to the knowledge that she was actually sold to Varennes, and to be delivered on the ensuing evening, nor was it by any means impossible to make strong protestations, and still stronger demonstrations of love, and to raise the hope of escape from a fate, which was of itself too arbitrary to please any woman.

But it was, indeed, up-hill work to discuss the mercenary topic of old Thrapsia's wealth,

and the necessity of relieving her of the burthen. Several times Selim was on the point of giving it up, and persuading the lady, of whom he was now deeply enamoured, to take an immediate flight with him to another country, but was restrained by an occasional private influence from myself, demanding what his resources might be with his beautiful, but penniless, bride in a foreign land.

At last the pretended Russian officer produced a handful of the gold, with which Parada had furnished him, and going to the hard, clumsy, and tattered ottoman upon which Thrapsia had been seated, thrust several pieces into the rents of its covering, and having called Hermione's attention, pulled the gold, bit by bit, out of the recesses in which he had placed it, in a rapid and anxious manner, thrusting every alternate piece of money into her hand, while he repeated in every language that he thought she could

possibly understand, "more, more, where? where?"

A sudden light seemed to break upon Hermione's puzzled thoughts. To own the truth, they had for some time been woolgathering, and endeavouring to account to herself, why her ardent lover should expend time, in the dry duties of a teacher of languages, which might be devoted, without fear of interruption, to the little endearments for which she had lately acquired a taste.

But the dumb show displayed upon the ottoman explained her lover's difficult meaning. As to honesty, she had not the slightest conception of that sublime virtue; nor is it wonderful, since her own liberty had been disposed of without her consent; that her idea of *meum* and *tuum*, was confined to a wish for the appropriation of Selim as her *meum*, and herself as his *tuum*, who was about assisting her to escape

the hated *sum* of Varennes, and his blue water jacket.

How she had become acquainted with Thrapsia's secret is of no consequence ; probably the old woman had counted too much upon her ignorance and apathy, for the Georgian suddenly returned the gold she had received into the hand of Selim, and lifting up some of the loose covering of the ottoman, showed him a clumsy ill-concealed lock, and by signs and example induced him to try and move the lumbering piece of furniture itself. This he endeavoured, in vain, to accomplish. It was fixed to the spot on which it stood by the weight of its interior economy, and Hermione, taking the hand of Selim, and pointing to the gold in his palm, made him comprehend that the object of his search was in the homely case of Thrapsia's accustomed seat.

The hand of the old crone on the latch of the door, scarcely allowed my hero time to throw

himself upon this valuable specimen of upholstery, to thrust a napkin into his mouth, and turn up his eyes like one in the greatest bodily affliction, while Hermione held his head in both her hands, with a look of compassion and amiable sympathy on her countenance.

The young man submitted with a tolerable grace to the application of some beastly compound of alum and ether to his gums, expressed his gratitude to Thrapsia in strong terms, regretted that his complaint should have made him such bad company, and taking his leave, walked off with the now half empty vial in his hand, declaring it to be the most sovereign remedy in the world for the toothache.

CHAPTER VII.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil ;
I'll give thee, ah ! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the Devil !

GOLDSMITH.

How often have I wished that in addition to our powers of invisibility, of ubiquity, of searching the hearts of our subjects, and of suggesting our influence, we possessed the inestimable gift of prescience, and that we could foreknow the result of our own well-arranged schemes !

For a century I have held an equally balanced opinion, between the advantage of introducing European habits into my dominions, and the

safer, though less enterprising policy of adhering to our old customs, under whose consistent sway, covetousness, violence, lust, and homicide, have so long flourished, in the uncompromising dignity bestowed on them by the sedate demeanour of the Turk. But these golden days are gone by, nor would the Holy Alliance in this age, when the offences against humanity perpetrated in one corner of the globe, are circulated in black and white through every other region, have permitted, for any length of time, the pranks of my subjects to have escaped their friendly interference. Powerful as we are, we must swim with the tide, and endeavour to turn it to our own account; and though you may wonder that I should trouble myself so much with the fortunes of such as Selim and Hermione, remember that the mole undermines in silence, and in secret. If I, therefore, could not expect much longer to gratify the fish in the Bosphorus with the carcase of a rich Jew, or a rebel

Pacha, legally bowstrung, to satisfy the covetous, —of a faithless denizen of the harem, consigned to the deep in the suffocating sack, I can, and will substitute the freethinker's loose conversation, for the dogmas of the Koran, and the judicial robberies and oppressions of the clean-skinning courts of law, for the individual tyranny and rapacity of Cadi, Pacha, or Sultan. This humble Selim shall, under my guidance, do more by precept and example, in the sphere to which I mean before our next meeting to have raised him, he shall do more, I say, to unturk the Turks, than the Sultan Mahmoud himself. But I am wasting time with this idle declamation.

To return to my story. Early on the following day, to that in which Selim had acquired so much necessary information, Varennes paid his once fondly loved Parada a visit at her apartments in M. Dupuis' house in the suburb of Pera. She received him with

composure, but without any affectation of tenderness, or reproach for his frequent absence from *her*, who had no tie to any one in this world but himself.

She had been informed by her confederate of the result of the visits made to old Thrapsia on the preceding evening by Varennes and himself. She guessed, with the ready wit of a woman, the object of Monsieur le Capitaine's present appearance in her chamber. She conceived rightly, that he came, if not absolutely to quarrel with her, (a course which the 'galanterie' of your subjects, Mouvement, scarcely allows) to find some plausible excuse for informing her, that she was superseded by another in his inconstant heart.

Such was actually the case. But a task of this kind is both difficult and ungracious. Varennes found it so. He was unwilling to wound her feelings, for his vanity, so often a deceitful guide, whispered that she yet

deeply loved him, notwithstanding his neglect. He had pondered over the subject as his boat glided across the placid waters of the Golden Horn, and had finally decided, not being able to please himself with any neatly-rounded period of his own composition, to make use of the expressions provided by his favorite author M. Duclos, for an occasion like the present. He put his design into execution, and, relying on his memory, thus began:—

“ On s'ennuie de tout, mon ange, c'est un loi de la Nature, ce n'est par ma faute. Si donc, je m'ennuie”——

He had got thus far, and, whether his parrot-like reminiscences would have borne him out to the end of the long, eloquent, and insulting, tirade, in the celebrated work he had quoted, must remain a mystery, for the Greek girl interrupted him with the Turkish monosyllable

“ Bosh !” (nonsense.)

This interjection destroyed the thread of

Varennés' recollections, and a short pause ensued. The gay deceiver took a pinch of snuff, and determined to try back.

"On s'ennuie de tout, mon ange, c'est un loi"——

"Monsieur le Capitaine," she again interposed, "there is no necessity for any tedious explanation. I love you as little as you love me; but you have been a kind friend to me since the avarice of Thrapsia placed me under your protection. You wish to get rid of me; I have a word to say on that subject. You will give me my liberty, for your right, as a stranger, to a slave of my complexion, purchased in Constantinople, is doubtful. I ask no more. I can provide for myself. Let us part friends. One kiss to the memory of our departed loves, and I resign you to my rival Hermione. You see I know something of your proceedings. There go," (a slight expression of malicious merriment twinkled in her large dark eye)

“go, and enjoy the success you deserve. Leave me to console myself with the only sentiment you and your countrymen are capable of feeling, —‘Vive la bagatelle!’”

This harangue was all but lost upon Varennes, so busy was he in the endeavour to brush up his quotation, and having, as he thought, succeeded, he continued to this effect:—

“Je t’ai pris avec plaisir, je te quitte”——

“Sans regret,” again interposed the lady. You see I know it all as well as you, so don’t distress your poor puzzled head any more.” And the laughing girl took hold of his shoulders, and, with a gentle violence, to which he willingly submitted, fairly cleared the apartment of the poor Frenchman, who, unable to resist the display of the last faint glimmer of his treacherous memory, shouted out, as the door was shut in his face,—

“Je te reviendrai peut-être!”

Devisme was aware of his friend’s intention

to take this opportunity of breaking his chain. He waited patiently till Varennes appeared, and thus accosted him :

“ Well ! is the coast clear, and the little frigate without a commander ? Is it my turn now ? ”

“ Yes ! ” was the reply. “ Everything is in my favor. Hermione is mine, and I shall not need the assistance of your purse. The old bummer chose to show her talents by driving a hard bargain with me ; but I intend to play her a trick in return, for her ingratitude to the best customer she ever had in her beggarly existence.

“ Oh ! I understand. The sailing orders are arrived. Is it not so ? ”

“ Exactly. But the secret must be kept. If the old woman had a suspicion on the subject, I should be called upon to pay the price before my lovely cargo was laid in. As it is, I have managed, as usual, so well, that Thrapsia must, perforce, take my full sails as full payment.”

“ Well !” replied Devisme, “ you are a clever fellow, and I wish you joy with all my heart. I dare say the old lady will make a row ; but if she comes to our embassy to complain, I shall make it known that she alone is in fault, for offering property, entrusted to her care, for sale, on her own account.”

“ I have thought about that, too,” replied Varennes, “ and, perhaps, with a view of saving M. Dupuis any annoyance on my account, I may treat the old girl to a cruise as far as one of the islands, but that will depend very much on her behaviour on board.”

“ At all events, I may pay my court to the forsaken one, I presume.”

“ You may do your best or do your worst in that affair, Devisme, it is all the same to me. I wish you joy of her, and I wish her joy of you. I can tell you one thing : you have met with your match in the article of constancy,—I never knew such a fickle vixen as it is in my life.

She cared no more for receiving her 'congé,' than I feel in changing my linen."

"Nevertheless, you have no right to find fault with her on that score," said Devisme, observing, that like all vain men, his friend was a little disappointed at the easy 'nonchalance' with which Parada had resigned him.

"Success to you !" said Varennes. "I have no time for idle argument now. Depend upon it, if she could handle me in this manner, when she is tired of you, she will throw you off like an old glove. But you have yet to win her before you can wear her,—you are welcome to to my old shoes. Adieu !"

"Conceited coxcomb," exclaimed Devisme, when his friend was out of hearing, "If he was not nephew to old Dupuis, I would not put up with his insolence."

The 'amour propre' of a Frenchman, is like the heel of Achilles, it is his only vulnerable point. Am I right, Mouvement ?

CHAPTER VIII.

The burthen ye so gently bear
Seems one that claims your utmost care,
And doubtless holds some precious freight
My humble bark would gladly wait.

GIAOUR.

THE conspirators had not been idle. Their plans were deeply and skilfully arranged by the revengeful Parada. Her feelings were strong, and although she gladly suffered her mind to be distracted by mirth and gaiety from the painful scenes of her early recollection, she never lost sight of her vindictive purpose. The very name of Thrapsia would throw her off her guard, and betray the deep emotions of her soul at any time; while it recalled to her memory, in characters of blood, the fearful spectacle of her

dying parents, butchered by the brawny arm, and remorseless knife, of the avaricious old woman, the follower of the Turkish army in Greece.

The night was calm and serene. The 'Espiègle' reposed on the smooth waters, in all the majesty of still life, and the silence was scarcely broken by a verbal order delivered to the officer of the watch, on deck, to man the Captain's small pleasure boat with a petty officer, and two able seamen only, by name Paule Petit, and Henri Dumas, and to await further instructions.

These two men belonged to the picked crew of Capitaine Varennes' gig, and were commonly employed by him on any affair relating to petticoats, for the very good reason that they were the most taciturn and reserved characters to be found in his ship.

Dumas had lost the sight of his right eye, and if the curiosity of his messmates brought

inquisitive remarks upon him concerning the Capitaine's nocturnal, or otherwise mysterious, expeditions, he invariably answered that his left eye was on duty on his own account, and that he had no spare daylight to set on the look out for squalls.

If any one presumed to question Paul Petit, which was rarely the case, on account of his well-known determined character, he placed his hand upon his heart, and replied,

“Mon Capitaine reposes confidence in my honour. I am a Frenchman.”

The young officer who was to have charge of the boat, was a relation and dependant of Varennes, and devoted to the service of him who had obtained for him his appointment on board the ‘Espiègle.’

Being summoned to the Capitaine's cabin, he received orders to row up the Golden Horn, to lay on the oars off the landing-place on the Galata side, till two women muffled up in scarfs

and veils appeared, and if one of them uttered the name 'Zoe,' to assist them into the boat, and convey them on board. If no women, or craft of any sort, hailed the boat by that watchword, before daylight, his orders were to return, and in either case to answer no questions, or hold any conversation, even with the expected females themselves.

The little bark proceeded on its errand, and impelled by the very cleanest strokes of the almost noiseless oars, scarce produced a ripple in the waters of the Golden Horn. As they neared the shore, the crew perceived two dark figures seated near the water's edge, apparently females, one of whom rolled herself about in a singular manner, occasionally leaning or pushing against the shoulder of the other.

The tiny splash of the oar ceased, and the more composed of the two figures arose; and the watchword, 'Zoe' was heard faintly articulated through the thick folds of the speaker's

dark veil. The boat immediately glided to the shore, one of the men jumped out, and while he held the little skiff steady with one hand, with the other he beckoned to the female figures to enter.

But one of the mysterious pair still remained rocking herself to and fro on the ground ; and the other, by signs, intimated that the sailors must assist her. They did so, and lifted a helpless, but by no means inanimate, burthen into the boat. They were again summoned to take charge of a heavy leathern bag, with a long cord attached to it, which being accomplished, the more active female, aided by the arm of Paul Petit, stepped lightly in, and the little craft was put in motion to return to the ' *Espiègle*.'

In the well-appointed state cabin, refulgent with wax lights and pier-glasses, on a luxurious sofa, reclined M. le Capitaine Varennes. He was attired in a flowing dressing gown, made of

the richest Cachemere shawls, and was endeavouring to beguile his impatience by alternately reading 'Voltaire's *Candide*,' for the hundredth time, and whistling a few bars of his national anthem '*Voulez-vous danser Mademoiselle?*'

His thoughts wandered,—his own music fatigued,—he ceased, and as he threw aside the volume, exclaimed in the usual energetic tone of soliloquy,

"And Parada too! '*pauvre petite!*' what will become of her, I wonder! She has no means of subsistence except her beauty. If she would but condescend to lower her topsails, and become *femme de chambre* to Hermione! It would be very convenient, and would keep her out of harm's way for a time. And when we arrive in Paris she may go on the stage. She would be a rare tragedy queen, and speaks French like a native. No wonder, did not I teach her!"

"*Monsieur! les voilà!*" said the valet who

now entered, followed by the stately figure of one female, and two sailors carrying with difficulty a huge, shapeless, but apparently human mass, enveloped like the first, in a dark veil and scarf. They deposited their load gently on the sofa, and withdrew.

“So you are mine at last!” said Varennes, addressing himself to the muffled-up figure on the sofa. “Believe me, dearest, I am enraptured with delight at receiving you here. Welcome, my Hermione, welcome to the ‘*Es-piègle*,’ welcome to your home upon the deep.” He scarcely looked at the other lady, who stood bolt upright near the door at which they had entered.

“But, good Heavens, Thrapsia,” continued Varennes, “how you have wrapped her up! Ah! the night air, right, right. But, *mon Dieu*! why you have made fast her arms and legs! what! what is all this? oh! some foolish resistance, or idle scruples, I suppose. But you

have knotted her veil in such a manner under her chin, that she can scarcely breathe. Speak to me, dearest Hermione, speak to your own Varennes! tell me you do not hate me for this!"

Then changing his tone, he added, turning a little to the other female, "Come here, you old faggot, and help me to relieve her from these accursed bandages; I declare you have swathed her up like a bale of goods. What the devil did you do this for? how dared you do it? she moves, or I should think she must be suffocated, and as the case is, if she does not recover entirely from this unnecessary cruelty, and beg you off, by God, you shall walk the plank!"

The two set to work, and unrolled a strong linen bandage of incalculable length, which, beginning at the feet, was wound round and round the whole body of the woman, confining the legs together, and securing the arms to the sides of the victim, continuing round the neck, acting upon the mouth as a complete gag, a

large knotted portion of the linen being forced between the teeth, and leaving the nostrils free, the folds encircled the face, covering very closely both the eyes and the ears; while the whole concern was ingeniously fastened with a large skewer on the crown of the head.

The industry of the Capitaine and his assistant triumphed over this extraordinary obstacle. But what features were those, which greeted the eyes of the irritated lover?

CHAPTER IX.

Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
 Our course has been right swiftly run,
 Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
 That one of us— • •
 • • • •
 Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
 The calm wave rippled to the bank.

GIAOUR.

“Sacre ! you old fool ! how did you get into this plight ?” exclaimed the astonished Frenchman. “Who, and where are your enemies ? ‘Pardi,’ you have been in the hands of the Philistines, my good woman.”

“I am robbed and ruined, robbed and ruined ! Mercy ! mercy ! pray have some compassion upon a poor old creature ! my gold ! my slave !

my all ! gone, gone," sobbed and hiccupped Thrapsia, recovering her voice and senses by degrees, for it was no less a person than that bel-dame, who had been so carefully protected from the night air.

Varennès folded his arms, and mastering his inclination to fire a volley of interrogatories, awaited farther information in silence.

The old woman continued for some time her sobs, hiccups, and jeremiads, when a sudden light seemed to break upon her mind, and she screamed out,

"She did it ! she did it all !"

"She !" repeated Varennès, "Who the devil is she ? where is my Hermione ? Answer me, you old miserable wretch, answer me, I say, or I shall believe this is all a plot, a design of yours to cheat me, for a higher bidder ; what have you done with her, Thrapsia ? She cannot surely have served you thus, the gentle Her-

mione ? can she ? has she ? where in the name of wonder, is she ?”

“ She did ! she could ! she is there !” groaned Thrapsia, pointing to the other woman, who had all this time remained silent, erect, motionless, and veiled like the ancient Goddess of Egypt.

“ Is she ?” exclaimed Varennes, with a cry of joy and surprise. “ Then I do not care one —”

He turned while he spoke, and rushed upon the tall silent damsel, took her unresisting in his arms, twitched of her veil—and beheld

“ Parada !” he cried, in a tone of disappointment and disgust.

“ Yes,” said that lady quietly, “ Parada. I understood, Monsieur le Capitaine, that you expressed a wish for female society this evening.”

A long whistle was the only reply. She continued :

“ You have reaped the success I wished you when we parted, Varennes,—the success you deserve. Truly you have selected a blooming

substitute for my humble self. But you are grown wondrous cold, methinks, to the charmer you so tenderly welcomed to her home upon the deep. Pray go on, I beseech you, do not let my presence be a restraint on your endearments. I am not jealous, I assure you. But you are impatient for a 'tête-à-tête.' Well then, permit me the use of your boat to return to Pera. It is the last favour I shall ever ask of you." Thrasia now fell upon her knees before him, and implored his assistance.

"Lend your aid to an injured old woman, my brave captain," she said, "and we will punish them. The pretended Russian officer with several of his gang, and this accursed woman, broke into my house this night; they carried off Hermione, they took all my hard-earned gold, they bound me, they brought me here. Woe! Woe!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Parada.

Varennas at last broke silence. "If that is

the case," said he, "if Hermione is gone, I am a stranger here, and have no power to pursue her. If she is really gone, why then, 'voyez-vous,' you may go too, old lady, and you also, you mischief-making minx, and the sooner the better, 'à tous les diables.' My boat shall land you together at the place where you were taken up, and then, 'sacre,' you may fight out your own quarrels as you please. Your hands are not tied now, Thrapsia, and I do not care if my old love feels the weight of them. It was a scurvy trick. Bon soir."

Having concluded this oration, he gave the necessary orders to an officer, and retired to his solitary couch in very bad humour.

The brave and vindictive Greek girl had no apprehension from the arm of the old woman. It is true that her countenance was now changed from the arch look of triumph, which had overspread her features while she spoke, to a deadly paleness, such as might be supposed to arise from

fear, but in reality derived its origin from the consciousness of a strong and awful determination.

As politely as before, Paul Petit handed the ladies in silence to the boat. They took their seats near the stern, side by side, like friends on a party of pleasure, ignorant alike of each other's intentions. Revenge was the all-engrossing sentiment in both their hearts. Vague projects of manual violence upon her companion, of application to the Cadi, and of recovering her gold, floated in the busy brain of Thrapsia. She leaned her head upon her hands, in an attitude of deep thought. The moon suddenly shone out with great brilliancy, and the leather bag previously mentioned, (Parada's stipulated share of the spoil) caught her eye.

"Mine !" she exclaimed with joy, recognizing her treasure, and seizing it. Then addressing the Greek girl in a low tone of voice, she added, "And if this is all I can recover, you shall pay

me the rest with your skin." She clasped her recovered prize with eagerness. The boat was still some distance from the shore.

"Sit still!" exclaimed suddenly the officer at the helm, "you will overbalance the boat, with that bag, this is little better than a 'caique,' and you treat it like one of your lubberly Turkish gallies."

The attention of Thrapsia was now taken off her gold for a moment; in which the Greek, without rising from her seat, caught up, with both hands, the heavy bag of money, and exerting all her youthful energy, succeeded, before any one could interpose, in swaying it over the side into the depths below. It is difficult to describe the occurrence which followed. The cord attached to the bag, was terminated, not without design, by a long sharp hook, which Parada, in the darkness, had fastened in the old woman's dress. The sight of the bag in the girl's hands had made her spring up, though too

late to save the treasure. It is dangerous, at any time, to stand upright in one of these skiffs; the gunnel was all but even with the water, the cord attached to the sinking bag jerked the victim backwards by the head; up went her heels, and very little assistance from the arm of her, whose parents she had murdered, sent her to the bottom, bound, by the insidious cord in death, as she had been by avarice in life, to her ill-gotten gain. The boat was nearly upset. The scuffle passed so rapidly, that the sailors could not interfere, and the heavy weight of the bag precluded the possibility of saving life. Such was the end of my old friend Thrapsia.

I was not sorry to get rid of her. She had been useful in her time, but was past her work. Besides, she had, to my knowledge, some foolish idea in her head, of retiring, with her wealth, to one of the islands, and becoming a devotee.

“Ventre bleu !” said Henri Dumas, when

the last bubble occasioned by the old hag's immersion had burst, and the three men had recovered a little from their amazement.

"Quelle tigresse de fille !" said the officer.

"Le sac d'argent ! C'est dommage," said Paul Petit, who, with all his chivalrous feelings of honour, had a regard for the pleasures to be bought for money.

A consultation ensued. Parada maintained a profound silence. It was at last decided by the officer, in the old and easiest way, that the less that was said about it the better. It would grieve their 'cher Capitaine' to hear of such a crime, of which they supposed he was somehow or other the cause ; and the lady would hold her tongue for her own sake. After all, it was only an old woman the less in the world, and they themselves were innocent, and need not feel any remorse.

The boat touched the strand, and the Greek

girl was suffered to depart unmolested. Paul Petit did not, however, offer his assistance as formerly. These men have some feelings.

My hopeful 'protégé' Selim, has realized his utmost wishes. Assisted by some of his old friends, ex-janissaries, like himself, who had by the same good luck escaped the fate intended for them, he had placed his newly acquired treasures—his bride and his money-bags—in a place of security, for which piece of service he paid his allies nobly. But his happiness met with a slight check, when suspicion fell upon him, through the foolish babbling of his companions, and he was summoned before the Cadi, to be examined with regard to the disappearance of the old woman from her house and haunts.

The summons, as he was now considered to be possessed of a little money, was, he well knew, equivalent to a sentence of death. A compromise only could save him. I gave the

benefit of my influence to accomplish that result. He consented to give up all his effects, and to serve in the Turkish army, now undergoing the process of being new modelled upon the Frank system. By this sacrifice he was admitted to the clemency of the greedy functionary of justice.

The bargain was made, and though Selim only gave up one half of the spoil, the amount surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the Cadi. My ex-janissary is now an officer; and owes that elevation, partly to his own activity and intelligence, partly to the judicious application of some of Thrapsia's gold, but chiefly to the elegant appearance he makes in the new uniform, to which he is quite reconciled. The great English dramatist has said, that—

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

Selim has taken his tide at the flood, and I will swell it high for him, if I can.

Parada was never suspected. Her history up to this moment may be told in a few words. M. Dupuis took it into his old head to see the unfortunate victim, as he called her, of his nephew's passions. He saw her, admired her, and pitied her. Pity is well known to be akin to love. The old *Chargé-d'affaires* became amorous. He forbade Devisme to plague her with his visits, having heard from herself that she disliked the young coxcomb, and preferred his conversation. This flattered him, and he was delighted and surprised at her proficiency in the French language. In short, on his recall, he brought her with him to Paris, and married her. I understand that Madame Dupuis is much admired in your capital, *Mouvement*, and that she is on easy terms with her old friend Varennes, who invariably addresses her by the style and title of 'Ma belle Tante.'

THE INFLUENCE OF OBI.

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THE INFLUENCE OF OBI.

CHAPTER I.

Kiss rhymes to bliss in fact, as well as verse,
I wish they never led to something worse.

DON JUAN.

“You look sad, Obi,” said Pol, “I suppose you are in fear that your kingdom in the West is passing from you.”

“Even so,” replied the black demon, tossing off a large goblet filled with the best rum that ever did honour to a punch-bowl.

“Come, cheer up,” said Nicholas, “you can put a heavy drag upon the education of your lieges, and by their ignorance retain your power.

My rebellious subjects have given it a shake, I own, but what signify a few thousand niggers? You still possess a larger empire than any of us, in Africa. There is no liberty of the press at Timbuctoo, to interfere with your dominion over the Children of Ham."

"Cannibals! are they not?" said Hans. "Think of that, Obi, and be comforted, I confess it makes me jealous."

"Sophia," said Nicholas, "you have got quite into low life; you used to entertain us with the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of Sultans, Beys, and Pachas. But you have the call. Who shall be the next to monopolize the conversation?"

"I am sure," answered Sophia, "no lady ever wasted so much breath to amuse her friends, for such small thanks as I receive this evening, unless, indeed, she were very ugly. Try Obi, and let us see if he will amuse you

better; he has only once opened his lips this night, to say in a desponding tone, 'Even so!'" (mimicking him.)

Obi sighed, scratched his curly head, and obeyed the call.

—————"Why him not take little black wife for little time, like other Buckras?" said one fat old female house slave to another of the same sisterhood, as they sat at work in the Mansion House of Tempest Hollow, in the island of Jamaica.

"Him quite ripe, him take little black wife quick one day," answered the other. "Him hab plenty choice. There is him Phoebe, him Cleopatra, him Josephine, him Pamela, him-him-Mary Magdalen, him"——

"Him hab Mary Magdalen," said the woman who spoke first, "if me Buckra, me lub Mary Magdalen. But him moder make fuss."

The old negress was right. Mr. Inkson, the proprietor of Tempest Hollow, a most promising

young Jamaica planter as ever cursed **Bowell Fuxton** and his disciples, had recently taken possession of his estates, which even in these bad times afforded him an ample fortune. His mother resided with him, and saved him the trouble of domestic cares by superintending his household. The property was managed with fidelity and success by the head clerk, who had held the same office under his father, when **Mr. Inkson**, senior, in the capacity of an agent, had amassed a large fortune, and finally bought most of the lands and live stock committed to his charge. He bequeathed the whole, without reserve, to his only son.

The young man had, therefore, time enough on his hands to make him feel the misery of idleness; and having scarcely a wish that was not immediately gratified, he was much puzzled to know, why he was not as happy as the day is long.

Where honest industry is not required to

procure subsistence, competence, or even luxury, for the want of the latter will stimulate many a man to exertion, there are few who do not turn their hands to mischief. Mr. Inkson happened one day to cast his eyes upon the young girl called Mary Magdalen. She was a slave but a highly favoured one; being in regular attendance upon his mother, who had brought her up from a child.

The old lady had purchased her when an infant, with the intention of educating her usefully and well; and proving, by this example, her often repeated assertion, that the Blacks are as capable of mental cultivation, and religious knowledge as the Whites,—a doctrine much disputed if not altogether denied in the West Indies. By this trait in her character it may be observed that the old lady was in some degree bit by the saints, and might be considered a blue light by the opponents of her theory.

Mr. Inkson was astonished to see the child

of his mother's philanthropy so improved in her personal charms ; for he had paid no attention to the gradual developement of her young beauty. He had always thought of her as a child, if he thought of her at all ; and had scarcely ever bestowed a glance of inquiry as to the prettiness or ugliness of the child. What were children to him ?

But the little Mary Magdalen now appeared to him what she really was, a very lovely specimen of the bud of the black rose. She was very plump, but at the same time very elegant in her proportions, she had a full bust, piercing eyes, and features uncommonly regular for one of her race.

The ' *Veni, vidi, vici* ' system is almost always the only process that takes place, in an amour of this nature, between master and slave ; and although Mr. Inkson was not in the habit of enforcing his ' *droits de Seigneur,* ' owing to constitutional coldness, or other causes ; he ad-

mired Mary Magdalen extremely, and one morning, having sought, and found her alone in his mother's apartment, he put his arm round her waist, and gave her two or three hearty kisses on her lips, before she recovered from her surprise sufficiently to make any resistance. But when she did recover, she made up for loss of time by crying out lustily, as soon as the withdrawal of his lips left her little mouth at liberty, and by something more exquisite still, for, in order to induce him to remove his arm from her virgin waist, she ran her needle, without any 'retenu' whatever, deep into that part of her assailant's person which is most susceptible of insult.

A loud Oh ! and a still louder oath, escaped the lips of Mr. Inkson,—and his mother, his blue-light mother, sailed into the room, like a majestic line of battle ship, and forthwith fired a broadside at her son's immorality.

"Charles," said she, while her large face and

huge double chin, bulged up in colour and distortion, like the gills of an enraged turkey-cock, "I am surprised at you."

Charles was accustomed to pay the greatest deference to his mother. He therefore did not attempt any defence, but stood before her, like a great naughty boy, who had been severely disciplined by his pedagogue, rubbing the afflicted spot with his hand.

"I saw you, Charles; I saw you. I heard you, Charles; I heard you," continued the sententious old lady.

"What did you see, my dear mother?" said he, gently.

"That which it grieves me to speak of to my own son," she replied; "I saw you, Charles, take liberties with my slave, mark that, Charles, a slave of *mine*; and I heard profane words spoken by that voice, which I myself have taught to utter better things. I grieve, Charles, for you, and for myself; I am humbled," (she looked

all the time like a firebrand) " I am humbled to think that my lessons have taken so little root in your heart. Since you are so bad, Charles, so very bad, I am not sorry that I have been a witness of what has taken place. It is some comfort to see that my example and instructions have not been altogether thrown away upon this young girl. She resisted you, and your temptations. She resisted you powerfully; and I approve of your conduct, Mary Magdalen; I commend you."

" Powerfully, indeed, and sharply, with a vengeance to her," muttered Inkson, as he slunk abashed out of the room." " My mother may approve of a needle, by way of a searching remedy for my sins, but while she enjoys the use of my house, and of my slaves, it is a good idea that she should make such a fuss about a kiss, and lay such stress upon her rights over the little Magdalen. But I will be even with them both by and bye. If I don't have my own

way in my own house, may I ——” and I am afraid that more profane words escaped those maternally-instructed lips.

“ My dear Mary,” said Mrs. Inkson, when the delinquent had left them alone together, “ I spoke harshly, for I thought the occasion required it ; but I hope you did not encourage my son to take the liberty with you, which you afterwards so properly resented.”

“ Indeed I did not, my dear Madam,” said the girl, who could not suppress a smile as she spoke, at the recollection of the manner in which she had shewn her resentment.

“ I believe you,” replied the lady ; “ and yet I know not what to think ; for, although my son is now twenty-one years of age, I never heard of his having any such disposition as he shewed towards you to-day.—Do I see you laugh, Mary ? Do I see a smile upon your countenance ? Such things are no subject for merriment, I assure you. I hoped that you knew

better, Mary; what can you be thinking about?"

"Dear Madam!" replied the girl, I trust I shall never prove unworthy of your kindness. I was thinking of—of"—

"Tell the truth, Mary."

"I will, madam; when I smiled, that had nothing to do with my young master. I was thinking of George."

"Of George!" cried Mrs. Inkson. "By the by, Mary, recollect that my son is not your young master, nor may you so call him any longer. You belong to my own self; and now tell me,—what made you think of George? You need have no reserve from me, for I only wish for your good in everything I do, or have done, for you."

"George writes a very good hand now, Madam," said Mary, "and we sometimes speak to one another, and when we cannot speak he writes this one letter to me. George will not long be an apprentice, and as he has been in

the book-keeper's office, he is more pleasant to talk to than any one else."

"Give me the letter," said the lady. Mary Magdalen produced a slip of paper, warm from her bosom, where it had been cherished, as the first love letter generally is, by young ladies whether black or white. Mrs. Inkson read aloud:—

"Oh dear lovely Miss Mary Magdalen.

"You have beauty. I have much love. I think you like it, for you look sometime at me when you pass me writing at my desk window. I wish I had much beauty, and you had much love. When I last spoke to you, you spoke to me. You did not tell me that you had not love, you did not tell me that you would not marry me when my apprenticeship is over, and your apprenticeship is over. But that is all one, for Mistress she love you very much indeed, and would marry you well any time. I am very

well and can marry you very well, for I book keeper have more learning, more read, and more write, than other poor negro. But mistress has teach you better read, and better write, and better speak, and better every thing than I. But you teach me Miss Mary Magdalen. Mistress not teach you better love than I, your true and sincere lover, and does well wish—

“MR. GEORGE.”

“A very excellent honourable letter, Mary,” said Mrs. Inkson. “You have done well to shew it to me, and if George conducts himself well, I will speak to my son, and he shall set him up a little in the world, when the time comes.”

“I’ll be damned if he does!” growled a voice near the open window at which the girl was sitting with her work. It was young Inkson, who had gone round the house to a convenient station for listening to the version the girl would

give of his attack upon her. He hoped that, influenced by her vanity, she would make excuses for him, and was disappointed and angry that she did not.

“Oh dear! Madam, what was that?” cried Mary Magdalen.

“I heard a voice,” said the lady. “I suppose it was somebody passing the window. There is nothing unusual in that. What are you afraid of? You are not superstitious I hope, like your poor benighted country people?”

“Oh no! not at all,” said the young negress; and here she told a lie by way of a change: but a feeling of shame induces most people to deny their fears when questioned by any one, who they suspect does not happen to share them.

Such was the case with Mary Magdalen, and such is the case with every negro on the face of the Earth. They think, poor creatures, that I have no power over any but their own race. Yet with regard to themselves and their fortunes,

from the wild African idolater, to the most civilized black footman in London, all acknowledge with reverence the dread Influence of Obi.

Nevertheless, without seeking to be acknowledged by the sufferers, I have played smoke with many a palefaced planter and placeman in my dominions, as you all well know.

CHAPTER II.

A gentleman, nurse, who likes to hear himself talk.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

I thought it necessary to give Mr. Inkson a little assistance. There were two reasons for my interference, first, it was a shame for such a young man, who was every way independent, at the age of twenty-one to be in leading strings held by his sapient mother, and secondly, because I was of opinion, that a respectable humdrum marriage of George and Mary Magdalen would be a bad example to the jolly negroes, whose habits have hitherto been very unsophisticated.

All young men, when they first grow up have

somebody about them, of their own selection, to whose greater age, experience, and acquirements, they pay the compliment of referring their difficulties both great and small. Mr. Partlett, the head clerk, an old bronzed debauchée, held this situation in young Inkson's counsels.

This gentleman had been a very valuable assistant to the father of my young hero. He was strictly honest, indefatigable at his business, moderate in his ambition, and much attached to the family. He was an old bachelor, but report said truly that his exertions had made many additions to the live stock on the estate of his patron. He was fond of sangaree, when the business of the day was done, and over his liquor became communicative, but never failed to stop in time. He often cautioned young Inkson against excess, and against angry violence, to which the spoiled child was prone, but he never sported any highflown morality in regard to the other sex, [for where he would say is the use of

precept without example ? you cannot get any good from it, any more than you can have rum without sugar. The day after the rape of the kiss, and the penalty of the needle, the young man and his old Mentor entered into conversation over their friendly glass. Inkson related what had passed, and wriggled a little upon his chair as he descanted upon the pain he had suffered at the hands of this black Lucretia. The old gentleman chuckled amazingly at the recital, and replied,—

“ You are a lucky fellow to have attained your present age without suffering any thing worse than that from the women, I can tell you. Before I was eighteen, I broke my arm by a fall, crawling like a cat from my house top to the garret window of my first love, my second nearly killed me with a large dose of jalap, out of pure jealousy, and the third, the one on whose account I was so cruelly physicked, burnt a hole in my hand with her candle, when I was

trying to undo the chain of the half opened street door, and I had the satisfaction of hearing the jade and a new lover, my rival and successor, laugh like the devil at my agony. Talk of a needle ! pshaw !”

“ Well, Partlett,” said the youth, “ you did not suffer all this for nothing.”

“ No, my young sir, no more shall you. Depend upon it you will have your turn. I have often wondered at your carelessness of the women. To be sure there are none but blacks and mixed breeds at Tempest Hollow. Now, when I was in London serving my time to Messrs. Jew, Screw, Wallop and Company, I made the most of my opportunities, knowing that I should spend the greater part of my life in these parts, and I am now so accustomed to Tempest Hollow that I hope never to quit. I have no home sickness. That is a disorder from which all those who have no home are exempt, I presume.”

“ Oh ! yes,” said Inkson in an absent manner. Partlett stared.

“ Oh ! no,” resumed the youth, calling to memory the words of his friend which had fallen without meaning on his ear. “ You must never leave us. We could not get on at all without you. But tell me, what shall I do ? my mother makes such a fuss about this girl, and besides she is going to be married to your understrapper George.”

“ Married to George !” cried the old gentleman. “ I will understrap, and overstrap him well, if he presumes to interfere with his young lord and master. I will strap him to his desk. But softly, I forgot the Compensation Act. I will tell you what to do. Set one of the old women at her. These old gossips are the best decoy birds in the world. A little flattery, a good natured address, a few glass beads, and the girl is your's. As to George, he can marry her, you know, when you are tired of her.

But don't be cross to her, as if you bore malice, and do not be rough, if she does not encourage it, neither black nor white like that. It spoils their dress, and you see the only puzzle is, that she is better dressed, and better educated than niggers in general. So you must treat her better than other niggers, that is all."

"I will set old Sappho at her," replied Inkson. "She is sharp enough, if it pleases her to do her best. But she hates us all, I think, because my father punished her severely long ago for getting drunk, and using improper language to my mother."

"She is not the less likely to oblige you, and she will not care to offend Mrs. Inkson, as others might. Set on, my lad, set on."

To Sappho, therefore, the young man applied; an old negress, who was as wicked, and as actively mischievous, as her enormous corpulency would allow. Inkson did not tell her of the rebuff he had received, but only mentioned

that he had taken a fancy for his mother's slave, Mary Magdalen, and that, as that lady was very careful of the girl, he could not very well get at her. Sappho was the old female slave who had enumerated the various black beauties amongst whom her young master might pick and choose at his leisure; and when he requested her services, she pricked up her old ears with delight, and promised to do what he wanted as a thing of course. Her old withered heart rejoiced in the prospect of seeing her young master set up a mistress in the mansion of Tempest Hollow, and she foresaw, that if the little Mary Magdalen was installed in that situation, the scruples of Mrs. Inkson would soon deliver them all from her strict superintendence. Her pride was gratified by the share she would have in ejecting the old lady, on whose account she had formerly suffered a disgraceful punishment; and when this new arrangement was made, the old negress looked

forward to her own increased importance in the household. Nothing less than her promotion from a laundress to a housekeeper, would satisfy her ambition, and then, fêtes and dances, dissipation and riot, extravagance and waste, she intended, should glorify her reign over the establishment.

She went on her way, rejoicing in these anticipations, when by a singular coincidence, George, the book-keeper's apprentice, who was not aware of the confidence his love had reposed in her kind mistress, sought the old negress on an errand somewhat similar, though more honourable than that in which she was already engaged. "Good morning, Madam Sappho," he said, "where are you going in such great hurry, I want much speak with you."

"Must speak quick, Massa George. I carry message from him young Buckra to him young girl Mary Magdalen."

Inkson had neglected to impose any restraint

upon Sappho's tongue, and she herself never dreamed of mystery in such an affair, and was bursting with desire to let every one know her increased importance as the go-between of the Buckra. George did not understand the drift of this, nor did he suspect any treason ; it appeared very natural that the son should send on some household business a message to his mother's attendant, he therefore answered very innocently,

“ That is the most lucky thing, Madam Sappho. You will do this to oblige me ; give Mary Magdalen my love, and this letter along with your message. I never can see her, she is so shut up with Madam Inkson, but I love her, and I think she love me, and that is all right you know, Sappho ; and if you do this for me some time, as you have my secret, though I do not care that it should be secret, I will give you, Sappho, some of the rainbow ribband I have got for Mary Magdalen.”

George thought he did well not to conceal his honourable love any longer, and at any rate he knew that the old gossip would out with it, now that she was employed in the business, whether he gave or withheld his permission.

Sappho was at first inclined to laugh in his face, and tell him that he was a fool for his pains, that his chance was gone, that Mary Magdalen was meat for his master, and such other delicate consolations. But then the rainbow ribband ! She might as well have that first, and there could be no harm in taking his letter, and giving it to the young Buckra instead of the young slave. Sappho was not the first agent who has taken fees on both sides, and then sold the humble to the wealthy customer. So she laughed, and replied,

“ Ah, Massa George, this your trick, gib lady rainbow ribband, very good, gib me letter, and mind to keep your promise, Sar. I expect one yard for ebbery letter, and one yard for ebbery

lub, that I take for you, and I grandee generous and gib you ebbery letter and lub, him Mary shall send you, for nothing at all. You owe Sappho two yard of rainbow ribband for this, Massa George."

"Ah! massa Partlett," said she, descrying another auditor in the book-keeper, whose apprentice had just left her, "fine doing, Sar, fine doing. I hope you are well, Massa Partlett, I go, Sappho go to Miss Mary Magdalen with lub and letter, letter and lub, letter and two lub, Sar."

"Pooh! pooh, old Snowdrop," said the head clerk, "what are your letters and loves to me? I have business, Sappho, I have business. (He did not care to be mixed up in the affair publicly, although he had so willingly done duty as a chamber counsel. "I think it is about time for you to have done with loves, and patch up your old soul, if you cannot whitewash it."

"Ah, Massa Partlett, Massa Partlett, you

not speak so to old Sappho twenty long year gone by. It was then, nice Sappho, good Sappho, pretty Sappho, and no old Snowdrop. But 'ebbery dog hab him day.' You one old dog, one sad dog, Massa Partlett, you hab had day."

"And you are one old black —" Before he could conclude this retort with a compliment more sincere than polite, the negress had waddled away.

"Well, these boys are great fools," he continued to himself, "what the deuce possesses my young lover to write to his black beauty? I must give him a hint on that subject." He was joined in his walk by young Inkson.

"Charles," said he, "you know the old proverb, talk of a certain personage, and you are likely to see him, I was speaking of you this moment, and Sappho tells me she is the bearer of a letter to the little object of your affections."

"A letter !" exclaimed Inkson, "surely you

mistake. I gave her no letter. I told her that I had a fancy for the girl, that I wished to have her for my mistress, that I would set her up, and give her lots of fine clothes, and half a dozen women to attend upon her."

"Tush," said the positive old gentleman, "I saw the letter in her hand, it is no use denying it, and let me tell you, it is a very foolish thing to write letters to women, or indeed to any body. If a man of fortune like you can sign his name to a receipt for money, that is all the skill he needs in my opinion."

"You would have made but an indifferent clerk, if that had been the sum total of your acquirements," said Inkson. "But seriously, I wrote no letter, why should I? or why should I deny it? if the old woman is playing me false—but no, she dare not, it is her interest to please me."

"They are as cunning as foxes, these negresses

after a certain age," replied Partlett. " Here she comes, and I shall take my departure. I recommend you to shake the truth out of her, before she has time to invent a lie for the occasion."

CHAPTER III.

She sees a genius in this form of evil,
Or, mercy on me, takes me for the devil.

FAUST, TRANS. BY LORD F. L. GOWER.

THE unconscious Sappho came rolling up in her fat majesty to her young master, and, with the newly-acquired familiarity, to which she considered herself entitled by virtue of her recent employment, began,—

“ Massa Buckra, I see Mary Magdalen ; I tell her that him buckra make her fine lady, I tell her ebbery ting.”

“ Did you give her a letter, my old deceiver ? Did you give her a letter, I say ?” shouted Inkson, taking the corpulent dame by

the shoulders, and shaking all the breath out of her old carcase ; for, having a great respect for Mr. Partlett's experience, he fulfilled his recommendation in the most literal manner.

“ What for treat old Sappho that way ? ” exclaimed another voice, for the sufferings of the old negress had been witnessed by the old woman with whom she held her conversation about Mr. Inkson's taking ‘ little black wife like other buckras. ’ This personage was a kindred spirit to the other, and rejoiced in the name of the first parent of our subjects, Eve.

“ What for treat poor Sappho this way, and him do all to serve you, sar ? ” said Sappho herself, having recovered her wind a little.

“ Did you give her the letter, I say again ? ” exclaimed Inkson, endeavouring to raise his voice above the noisy duet of the two grumbling old women.

Sappho spoke sullenly, with offended dignity.
“ You no deserve, Sar, that I do so well for you,

Sar. Here is letter, which Massa George gib me for Miss Mary, Sar. I too good gib it you, Sar. I gib next letter to Miss Mary himself, Sar."

"What letter is that make so much fuss?" inquired Eve, with all the curiosity of her namesake. While Inkson was reading the letter, which he made no scruple of doing, Sappho, with recovered lungs, indulged her garrulity in telling her gossip all about it;—how young buckra sent her to Mary Magdalen, how Mary Magdalen said that she would not offend young buckra, the son of her kind lady, for all the world; how she was very much sorry and ashamed that she hab stuck big sharp needle into him young buckra; how she thanked him much for praising her face; how she had been taught by mistress, that it would be berry wicked, berry wicked indeed, to live with young buckra; how George Bookkeeper lub her; how she was going to marry George Bookkeeper,

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when him apprentice-time done ; how she cry, and beg old Sappho nebber, nebber, bring lub-story to her, except from him apprentice George.

“ I know all now,” said Eve. “ Mary Magdalen poor nigger ; George, him dam nigger, hab put Obi on him Mary, or him Mary nebber lub George, when buckra say, Come.”

“ What hinder young buckra put Obi on George,” replied Sappho ; “ make him dam nigger fool go mad, go bad, not cross buckra more in any ting ? Then Mary Magdalen hab sense, and lub our massa, and hate him George.”

“ Oh dear ! Oh dear !” exclaimed Eve, trembling, “ not hab do with Obi ! him berry terrible, berry terrible, to poor nigger. Sappho ! buckra ! Not hab do with Obi ! Him do much grandee great harm. No talkee of him ; I too much hab fear.” And old Eve hobbled away.

“ Never mind, Sappho,” said Inkson, “ I am sorry I was so rough with you ; you are a good and willing servant, and I will pay you well.

But what did Eve say? I am not afraid of what you call Obi; and if you can frighten the girl out of her foolish attachment, and play my slave George, who calls himself an apprentice, a trick or two, so much the better. I will have my mother's slave, and that is the long and short of the matter."

"Come here this time to-morrow, massa, or later in the evening, I will try what I can for you. I forgib you my shake. Poor old Sappho bear much more from you, my dear young massa. But if we take Obi, we no talk. Him berry angry, if poor nigger talk about him. Tell you more to-morrow night, Sar."

Notwithstanding all the threats of those who are dressed in a little brief authority, I still have a few priests of my persuasion in the islands. They are not, perhaps, as numerous as they used to be, for the enemy has been busy in those latitudes, but, to make up for that, they are much more dexterous and cunning than for-

merly. The fact is, that the conjuror must suit his tricks to the faculties of the spectators, and light enough, I am sorry to say, has dawned upon the West Indies, to make the darkness visible. The coarse impositions of magical love draughts, and the infliction, by witchcraft, of personal sufferings, will hardly pass current now-a-days, even in Jamaica. Nevertheless, my ministers do their work by a well-laid conspiracy and a judicious selection of accomplices, so that after consummation of a plot, the partial discovery of the train at a fitting time produces the effect of supernatural agency.

The priestess, who, as you will hear, took a share in the affairs of Mr. Inkson, was a person of great courage, and still greater talents. She was not aged ; but having been brought up to the trade from her infancy by her father, she had been very successful. Her father was a runaway slave, who took refuge in the bush, and was so good a woodsman, that neither the sol-

diers, police, nor even maroons, could ever catch him. He had, somehow, acquired the art of making gunpowder, which accomplishment brought runaway or revengeful slaves, and scoundrels of every description to him, when murder or rebellion were intended or anticipated. His infant daughter, and successor, Hecuba, whom he brought with him to the bush, he taught by the time she was twelve years old, to disguise herself like a little deformed old woman, and to prowl about occasionally in country or town, whenever he required information, or the ingredients of his powder manufacture. By the time she was eighteen, the hard life she had led, the miserable diet, and frequent ill-usage of her brute of a parent, had really made her what she had learned to counterfeit,—a crooked, hump-backed, shrivelled woman, old in appearance and craftiness, though not in years, and hard in mind and body, as a flint.

She could scarcely be said to belong to the

softer sex. Feelings, she had none ; and when her father died, which happened suddenly, she neither knew nor cared wherefore ; she stripped him of the tattered blankets and handkerchiefs which composed his attire, and set up for herself as a magician and Obi priest ; assuming the male sex for the remainder of her life ; and her shrivelled face being adorned by nature with not a few stray grizzled hairs, she passed quite as well for an old man as an old woman. She took up her temporary residence in different parts of the bush, according to her purposes ; and those who had once applied to her, were directed to cut a notch in the bark of a certain tree when they again required her services, and on the seventh day following, she was to be found in its neighbourhood. No trick, no trap succeeded in apprehending her, for she shrewdly reconnoitred the place before she appeared. When the pursuit, consequent upon the many villanies, which dying criminals accused her of sharing,

became too hot for her, she retired to a great distance, through the almost impervious tangle, and took refuge, for a time, in one of the many dens, which her father had used in his trade of a compounder of gunpowder. There this strange creature hoarded the spoil of many a robbery, and the money she exacted for her pretended assistance ; and there she still possessed a large store of her father's manufacture, though she made no attempt to turn it to account. She called herself by the great name of Moses ; and discarded her female name Hecuba, as well as her womanhood. Considering her, therefore, of the epicene gender, by the name of Moses I shall designate my priest in the sequel of this story.

Moses, then, I say, was at this time about forty years of age, his fame had gone abroad, the nurses threatened their naughty children with his displeasure, and when the investigations of a court of justice discovered his share in the annual returns of robbery and murder, a fresh

attempt was made to secure his person, but was soon abandoned as unavailing, while each abortive scheme for apprehending him, only served to invest his name, in the minds of my subjects, with more awful sanctity and supernatural resource.

Fifteen years before the time of which I am speaking, Moses had been summoned by Sappho to her assistance. I have already mentioned the occurrence which gave rise to this resolution on the part of the old negress. She, a house-slave, and as she considered herself, a person of importance in the family, had been flogged, by her master's order, for getting drunk, and reviling his wife. She kept her place by promising future good behaviour after her correction, but in the same breath, inwardly, vowed revenge. She held a consultation with Moses, who told her to be pacified. "Within twelve months," said the priest, "your buckra Inkson, will have no more slave to flog." Sappho, had

heard something about emancipation, and conceived that this prophecy alluded either to a measure of that nature, or to Mr. Inkson's bankruptcy and ruin. But it was fulfilled in a very different way. Within six months after this prediction, the planter died of a 'coup de soleil,' which he received, while assisting, at the head of a few slaves, a party of police and maroons, in one of the vain endeavours to deliver up the mischievous Moses to the vengeance of the law. The circumstance of his death, when engaged in such an undertaking, created a great sensation in Tempest Hollow. Sappho pondered over it, and never could make up her mind whether she ought to blame herself or not. At all events she held her tongue. Even the sagacious Mr. Partlett, on the melancholy occasion, declared that he would rather face the devil, at any time, than be looked upon by the man Moses, "who," said he, "will be damned to all eternity, and that is our only comfort."

I need scarcely mention, that my only share in the success of my priesthood, is to throw the bait into the mouth of the greedy, to put the mischievous weapon of witchcraft into the hands of those who are mischievously inclined. For this cause I insinuated into the head of Moses an idea that his services were likely to be useful in the neighbourhood of Tempest Hollow.

With an anxious heart, and unwieldy frame, but determined spirit, Sappho set out to cultivate her old acquaintance. She plodded on for many hours, her fat melting in streams of greasy perspiration by the way, and at last reached the tree, known throughout the country as the talisman of Obi. She gazed about her, quaking with fear, shuddered at the noise of her own footstep in the ragged herbage, and looked timorously for the notch she herself had carved when she was fifteen years younger. But many a one had been at the shrine since that period, and her own performance was not to be distin-

guished from the work of other hands, while the growth of the bark had nearly obliterated many of these memorials. Conquering her apprehension, she drew out her ready knife, and had just completed her intention, by making a very evident incision, when she heard a rustling in the compactly twisted boughs above her head. The knife dropped from her hand, and her breath was suspended by agitation: another, and another rustle took place, and a large faggot of mixed dry and fresh brushwood fell at her feet. She stared at this object with the fixed gaze of fatuity peculiar to an animal, when fascinated by the fiery eyes of the wily snake. She saw the faggot shake, untouched by external force, she saw the broken twigs divide and fall to either side, and little Moses popped up his ugly, black, woolly, filthy, matted, curly head, and laughed. A ragged blanket was the only covering of this extraordinary little creature. Its bare arms gained their liberty through two

tattered slits therein, and the folds of a dirty red cotton kerchief confined the garment round the waist like a girdle, in which a formidable knife, and one small, old-fashioned, brass-barrelled pistol, were secured under each arm. Moses was not altogether deficient in a taste for ornament, but the selection was eccentric. A necklace, and bracelets composed of human teeth, perforated and strung upon a thin leather thong, so tightly wedged together, as not to rattle when he moved, set off the jetty hue of his neck and arms in as perfect contrast as a new laid egg in a coal hole. Such was my priest, whose laugh called old Sappho to her senses. Thus she invoked his aid.

“ Massa Moses, Massa Moses, Sappho not expect to see you so soon. Sappho come from Tempest Hollow, want love physic for young nigger girl. She take love physic, Sappho make grandee rich. Pay for him well, Massa Moses. But Sappho little fear, not

expect see you so soon Sar, not for sebben day, Sappho hope you well, Sar."

In a deep drawn whisper, resembling the shadow of a voice, such as may be heard here in London from the night waterman of a stand of hackney coaches, Moses, sitting quietly on the bundle of twigs from which he had never moved, replied,

"Me one grandee devoted priest of great Obi, Me never well, me 'suffer for him sake. Me want ebbery ting. What this Sappho gib for lub draught for young nigger? Lub draught not do Sappho good any more. Lub draught kill old fool Sappho. For young girl, good; for young man, good; for him dam nasty fader, moder, rival lubber, hate draught berry good. Priest of Obi can gib, but him must have two blanket, two kerchief, two piece of silver, two man's teeth, and him gib one lub draught, and one hate draught."

"Sappho gib all, but two man's teeth. That

bery hard bargain Massa Moses. Not know where get man's teeth. Priest of great Obi ask berry much. Him give Sappho fifteen year gone all she ask for one piece of silver."

"You old customer, Sappho. Bring oder ting here, me forgib you teeth. Come by himself, or priest swear by great Obi that you, and them you lub, and them, if any lub old Sappho, get bad botch and worm and die. Begone Sappho, from my tree."

CHAPTER IV.

He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar.

SCOTCH PROVERBS.

It is certain that at this time Mr. Inkson passed more of his leisure hours in domestic attendance upon his mother in her drawing room than he had formerly been in the habit of bestowing in that manner. He was quiet and good-humoured in his discourse both to her and her humble companion of sable beauty, who did not now make a fuss about such a trifle as a kiss, though, to do her justice, she remained constant in heart to George, and as pure in mind as any young slave in Jamaica ever was, or ever could be. Old Partlett seeing his young patron so

tranquil, concluded as a matter of course that he had already succeeded, and hinted to him that he was right to take it coolly, for a conquest over his mother's black girl was nothing to boast of, compared to his own achievements in London when he was serving his time to Messrs. Jew, Screw, Wallop, and Company.

On pretence of visiting her daughter, who had been sold as a slave on a property in the neighbourhood of Tespest Hollow, Sappho again set out for the Bush, heavily loaded with her offering of two blankets, two squares of red cotton, and two pieces of silver money.

After hours of toil she found the Priest of Obi sitting at the foot of his tree, expecting her arrival. She presented the gifts, and requested the promised medicines of love and hate. Moses handed over to her in silence the skin of a rat which was converted into a sort of bottle, and distended with some liquid.

“ Massa Moses,” said Sappho, “ this him lub draught, or him hate draught ?”

“ Hate,” answered Moses.

“ Where him lub draught, wise Priest of Obi promise to me for all this ?” inquired Sappho, pointing to her offering.

“ Take what him hab,” he replied. “ Obi not gib any ting more.”

As he perceived the negress about to reply, he placed his hideous hand upon the knife in his red girdle, and croaked aloud, “ Begone from my tree !”

“ Sappho remonstrated in fear and trembling. “ Pray, pray, Massa Moses, not be angry ; gib me lub draught, or Sappho do no good for young Buckra Inkson, or for himself.”

At this name Moses pricked up his ears, and fixing his basilisk eyes upon the old woman, said,—

“ Sappho, young Buckra Inkson send you

here to trap me for white man law. You make little mistake, Sappho ; you not lib to tell tale." And the long knife was drawn, and held to the breast of the wearied old negress, by the little monster of the bush. Sappho fell upon her knees before him whom she considered the mighty Priest of Evil, and whimpered out,

" No kill, no kill ! Buckra him gib many blanket, much ebbery ting. Him want gib poor nigger Mary Magdalen hate draught ; for hate George poor nigger, him want gib lub draught, for lub himself, when Mary Magdalen hab hate dam nigger George, him young slave, him apprentice."

" Sappho, swear to me by great Obi this true, or die now."

" I swear by great Obi this true, ebbery ting true I say."

" Gib kiss to my tree."

Sappho ratified her oath by kissing the tree.

" Tell him Buckra, if him dare come to Obi

man, I tell him one way to hab all him desire, much quicker than lub draught, or hate draught. You show him this tree, Sappho. Buckra must bring nine pieces of silver, and lay them down here. Then you go little way away. If you hear what Priest of Obi say to him Buckra, you, old Sappho, get botch, and worm, and die."

"Oh, Massa Moses," exclaimed the old woman, wringing her hands, "not do this. Perhaps you kill, you harm young Buckra. Sappho not do this. Sappho hate Buckra fader, moder, but not hate young Backra, hab nurse him piccaninny."

"Fool! old fool!" replied Moses. "If great Obi hab cause, him Priest hab long arm, reach to Tempest Hollow to do harm. I swear by great Obi not do him harm; do him good, do him desire. Bring him here in three day. Begone from my tree."

It was late on the following day, when Sappho returned to Tempest Hollow. With an air of

mystery and triumph she related to her young master all that she had done and suffered in his service, all that the Priest of Obi, had said, and promised, and she offered him the ratskin, adding with a low curtsy,

“ Make him Mary drink draught to your good health, Sar.”

“ And this beastliness is all you have to shew for two of my best blankets, is it? You have stolen, and sold them, you know you have; with your cock-and-bull stories about Obi men, and hate draughts.”

Sappho succeeded however, in persuading him to the contrary; but when she left him alone with his ratskin, the first thing he did, was to fling it out of the window as far as possible, where some pigs, leaving their oranges, came up, and made short work of it, without, as far as I know, imbibing any hatred for their usual predilections. This, his own good sense prompted him to do, though his good-nature prevented

him from letting the poor old woman see in how little esteem he held her dearly-purchased charm.

He was a brave young man, as well as sensible and good-natured, nor did he share the common apprehension of a little hump-backed old man, as the redoubtable Moses was said to be. If, thought he, this Obi man should ever again do harm to me or mine, it will be well to know something about him and his haunts ; and if he can frighten black George a little, till I have got hold of my mother's slave, what do I care ? I will go to this wizard at the appointed time,—but I will go well armed, for fear of accidents, and I will tell old Partlett about it, that he may raise a hue and cry in the proper direction, if I do not return in reasonable time, safe and sound.

He found the head clerk smoking his cheroot in the shade of a large tree on the lawn, the business of the day being over. Eve, the

assistant laundress, and favourite gossip of old Sappho was squatting by his side.

“I wonder,” said Eve, “when Sappho will come back. She gone to see her daughter.”

“I wonder,” replied Partlett, “if you old black women could possibly hold your tongues for one hour in the day. It is only because you have not got Sappho to gossip with, that you come to chatter in my ears ; all black and clack as you are like an old jack-daw.”

“Me not take offence at any ting you say, Massa Partlett, but me tink old white woman talk as much as old black woman. Why not ? We all hab one moder, my namesake.”

Old Partlett is a bit of a freethinker in his way, and turning to the old woman, he replied, “And do you really pretend that you are descended from Eve ? Come, that is a good one. Adam and Eve were the father and mother of all Christians, and bred no black cattle, depend upon it.”

"Not bred black cattle!" sharply echoed Eve.

"No to be sure," said the clerk. "If Eve had been black, Adam would never have eat the apple to please her; you may swear that, snowdrop."

"Me no swear such a ting. Me know better. Listen you and get wise in him old age, from poor nigger woman. Adam and Eve were both black, and——"

"Adam and Eve black! ha, hah! Come, I owe you one for that. Go on."

"Yes, sar, Adam and Eve both black, and when Eve done berry much wrong, and eat bitter apple, she berry far gone with him Cain her son, and she hab much fear, and infant Cain turn pale with fear in him womb. When him Cain born, and grow man, him fader of all the pale faces. Him fader of you, Sar, and all white men. Cain berry bad man, berry; but him grow berry strong, and him and him sons make

the children of his broders and sisters, children of the true colour, that is black, slaves to him and him white children, make them plant and crop sugar for him and him white children ; and then we, ebbery one, black and white, call that plant sugar-cain. This all true, Sar."

"And pray where might you pick up this dirty teaspoonful of divinity, Mistress Eve?"

"Me not know what you mean, Sar, by dirty teaspoon. Me hab learn ebbery ting piccaninny, from old nurse Venus. She lead piccaninny gang long year ago. She dead and gone, but she always speak true."

"So she did, mother of all living," interrupted Inkson, who coming up unperceived gave the old negress a slap on the back, "as true as that my lady mother has been calling you this last half hour, so you had better be off." And the petticoat puzzletext curtsied to her young master and retired.

When Partlett heard his young friend detail

his intention of repairing to the bush to meet the Obi man by appointment, he shook his head mournfully, and endeavoured by every argument to dissuade him from his perilous resolution ; a course, which, long experience ought to have taught him, was more likely to confirm the young man in his rashness. He anathematized old Sappho by all the opprobrious names he could think of, or invent, and swore that if he had known that she was capable of setting on foot a communication with any Obi man, he would have had her flogged to death or hanged long ago. He believed there was mischief in the wind. These Obi men, he said, were always at the head of rebellion and robbery, and it boded no good when one of that brotherhood was even heard of near the peaceful settlement of Tempest Hollow.

Inkson declared that as old Sappho had sought this incarnate demon, solely with the intent of serving him in his foolish fancies, he must pro-

tect her from punishment on that score, and that, as she had been about him from his infancy, he could not believe she intended him any harm.

“I do not know that,” said Partlett. “Your father flogged her, and afterwards lost his life in the pursuit of an Obi man. These people are very revengeful, and they think their turn is coming now.” He did the old woman injustice. She had no design but that of pleasing her young master, and increasing her own importance in the family.

“Well, then,” replied the headstrong youth, “I will go, but I will go well armed. What can a single old man do against me, young and strong as I am, with a brace of double-barrelled pistols in my belt, and a sword stick in my hand? If there is, as you say, mischief in the wind, perhaps I shall be able to fathom it and prevent it. If not, I will hear what the wicked one has to say about my love affairs, such as they are. I go, the day after tomorrow, and if I do not

return in twenty-four hours, you, my friend, will please to raise the hue and cry of 'a babe in the wood,' and set the maroons to work to find me out."

"Once more, my dear young master," said the Clerk, who was really alarmed, and scared by this wild design out of his habitual philosophy, "let me entreat you not to go near these sort of people. They are in league with the disaffected, and always were. Think of your mother's grief, should any accident occur, and believe me, the friend of your father, and no less of yourself, this is rashness, desperate rashness. Damn that old Sappho!"

The headstrong impetus of youth prevailed. The young man's transient passion for Mary Magdalen was almost forgotten, in his eagerness to see the notorious Moses, and in anticipation of hunting him down hereafter, himself perhaps the hero of the chase, if the old Obi man should give any cause of offence.

On his return to his mother's drawing room, Inkson encountered the honourable rival of his dishonourable designs, Black George, coming out of the apartment. He wondered what could have possessed Mrs. Inkson to confer the honour of an interview upon the bookkeeper's apprentice; and when he entered, finding her alone, he enquired the cause.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that it is a shame to throw any impediment in the way of the marriage of this black pair of lovers; they can serve their time out just as well married as single; so, my dear son, I sent for George, and gave him a very learned discourse, I assure you, upon the duties of matrimony, so little understood by these promiscuous negroes; and I told him that I would speak to you, to gain your consent and bounty on the occasion, for which I received his most grateful thanks."

"Mother," said the young planter, "I wish you would not spoil these people. What are

their loves and marriages to me? I give no consent. Let George stick to his books, and not waste his time running after the women, or I will have him up for being refractory. You forget that their children will be free. If the young fry were to be a part of my goods and chattels, there would be some sense in promoting their propagation; as it is, pray do not trouble me any more on the subject. And tell your pet slave, Mary Magdalen, that I will marry her myself in a small way, if she is in such a devil of a hurry."

"Oh fie! oh shame! Charles, to speak to your mother thus. I grieve that you are capable of uttering such sentiments; but I will hope you are incapable of acting on them. Fie, Charles, fie!" replied Mrs. Inkson, colouring.

The next day the youth made his preparations, loaded his pistols, and told old Sappho to be ready for her walk. She was to start four hours before him, on the road through the clear coun-

try, to avoid suspicion. Inkson was to be answerable for her absence without leave from the laundry. Her instructions pointed out his route to him, till he arrived at the commencement and entrance of the woody labyrinth. There he was to wait for her company, in case he arrived before she had dragged her fat body so far. But, as she remarked, her condition was improved by her two previous expeditions.

To this spot he intended to ride, and advancing a little way into the wood, to tether his horse in a shady place carefully marked, that he might find him in readiness to return, after his interview with Moses, at the Talismanic tree of Obi.

CHAPTER V.

Could I with life an image warm,
 (Impertinent! you saw the charm,)
 Or tear down Luna from the skies,
 Or bid the dead, though burned, arise,
 Or mix the draught inspiring love,
 And shall my art on thee successful prove?

FRANCIS, TRANS. HORACE.

THE appointed day arrived. It was hot and sultry, but the indefatigable Sappho trudged briskly on her way. She succeeded in raising her spirits by the consciousness of doing her best to please her young master, and by anticipation of the delights of power, as the Duenna of the household, when the immorality of Mary Magdalen should cause the departure of Mrs. Inkson from Tempest Hollow.

The planter, after a tiresome solitary ride,

arrived at the place of meeting agreed upon with Sappho, but could see nothing of her ; and having secured his horse, he sat down in the most shady place he could find, to await her.

Meanwhile, Moses, whose activity and hardihood were inconceivable, and who had good reasons of his own for decoying the proprietor away from his home at the present time, was aware that treachery on the part of Inkson or Sappho might accomplish the event he had so long and so skilfully warded off, his apprehension, and consequent trial and execution, for the many misdeeds recorded against his hated name. He had, therefore, watched the neighbourhood of Tempest Hollow for the departure of the young man, and the old negress, on their wild purpose of visiting himself. He sometimes crept on all fours, sometimes ran, and sometimes climbed a tree to escape detection, and by means of short cuts, and almost supernatural speed, kept Inkson in sight during the greater part of

his ride. While the horseman reposed in expectation of Sappho's coming, and looked rather ruefully at the tangled mass they were, as he understood, obliged to perforate for many a mile before they attained the shrine of the priest, Moses unseen had come up with him.

The Obi man paused, to take breath, after his fatiguing exertions, and determined to accost Inkson before Sappho should intrude her unnecessary self upon the 'tête-à-tête.' The youth, stimulated by eager anxiety, had enjoyed but little sleep on the preceding night. He was now overcome with the heat, and a gentle slumber took possession of his languid frame. He dozed for a few minutes, of which Moses took advantage to climb the tree under whose shade Inkson reclined.

Some small hard substance fell sharply on the nose of the sleeper. He started, but seeing nothing, composed himself again for a nap. Another little lump fell upon his bare hands,

which were folded on his breast, but this time it failed of disturbing him in the least, so sound was his repose.

Down the tree slipped Moses, and with a gentle touch took the double-barrelled pistols from the belt of the unconscious youth, removed with great delicacy a clumsy sword-stick from his powerless grasp, gathered up the two human teeth which he had let fall from above to try the depth of Inkson's slumbers, and altering his purpose of accosting him at this time, he set off to the tree of Obi, to deposit the spoil in a place of concealment, and to prepare himself for the reception of Inkson and Sappho, if the robbery of all weapons of defence should not deter them from seeking that shrine of imposture.

In the course of an hour the young man awoke. As may easily be supposed, he was both angry and unhappy when he perceived his losses ; for he depended much on his fire-arms, for safety in the dangerous excursion. His

eye sought in vain for the robber; but it lighted with satisfaction on his horse, which was still, as he had left it, secured by the bridle; and his first thought was to mount, and make his escape from such a treacherous neighbourhood.

As he was on the point of putting this design into execution, Sappho came hobbling up, and though tired with her walk, the heat had less effect upon her, than upon her young master, who had rode the same distance.

She was very much distressed and frightened at the theft of the pistols and sword-stick, and implored him not to ride away, and leave her there; assuring him that the priest of Obi could have nothing to do with the robbery, the shrine being a long way off; and that by persevering in their intended visit, he was more likely to recover the things that were missing than by any other means.

Inkson was ashamed to confess his fears to an old woman; nor was he, as I have before said,

cowardly by nature. He, therefore, broke off a stout branch of a tree, to serve both as a walking-stick, and weapon of defence; and they proceeded, after Sappho had rested her weary limbs for a few minutes.

After a painful struggle through the tangled brushwood, they arrived at the tree; nor was any suspense added to their perplexities. There was the little humpback like a bird of evil omen sitting on a branch above their heads, swinging himself backwards and forwards, and croaking aloud some old end of an indescribable tune with the greatest perseverance. Nor did the little wretch take any notice of their presence by discontinuing his guttural music, but glanced at the comers with an air of vague unconcern. Inkson was puzzled how to begin the conversation, at the same time his courage quite returned to his heart, when he beheld the contemptible size of the creature that was said to inspire so much awe.

Sappho broke the ice by falling on her knees and saying, "Grandee great Moses, buckra him hab come see Priest of great Obi. You promise, Sar, do him buckra good."

The little Moses dropped down from the branch at once upon his very hams, neatly if not gracefully, and not only appeared unshaken by the fall, but in as composed a manner as if he had been seated on a throne to give audience to his votaries, said with his faint ominous voice, "Sappho, begone from my tree."

"Yes, go," said Inkson, perceiving that the dame hesitated, "and leave me to confer with Moses. I will give a loud whistle when I am ready to return."

Moses plunged at once, 'in medias res.'

"Charles Inkson, you want nigger girl, nigger girl not belong to you, nigger girl hab one black George she lub, me put George out of him way, not kill, not harm, put George out of him buckra way for nine piece of silver."

“ Sappho has told you all this,” replied Inkson. “ But she has not told you that somebody robbed me of my sword and pistols this very day in the bush while I was asleep.”

“ Me tell you little ting about them, if great Obi permit, for oder nine piece of silver,” said Moses, “ but now for him little spell, can you write, and can you write George as him George write him name ?”

“ Yes, certainly I can,” replied he. “ George is my book-keeper’s apprentice, and of course can write, and I know his signature well.”

“ And you will write him name like him George ?”

“ I dare say I could, but I do not intend to forge the name of my slave, and as to putting him out of the girl’s head, or putting the girl out of his head, I had more curiosity to see you than care about that. But, on second thoughts, I will write his name to please you, if you wish it, for the fun of the thing.”

The humpback clapped his hands with glee. "Rare fun ! rare fun !" he exclaimed, and drew out his long knife.

Inkson involuntarily stepped back. Moses took no notice of him, but, with apparent carelessness made a slight puncture in his own shrivelled arm, out of which the blood slowly oozed, and then pulled out of a slit in the dirty blanket which covered him, a small roll of sheepskin, and an old stump of a pen. Without unrolling the parchment, he held it up with one hand, and dipping the pen in his blood, said,

"Write George there, like him George write him name, and him not trouble you with him lub, for little time."

"What mummary is this ?" said Inkson.

"Not mummary. This one little Obi spell not kill, not harm ; can grandee harm, if him like, if him angry."

"I am not such a fool, as to believe in your pretended sorceries."

"Will him write?" said Moses.

"I will write," replied Inkson, "if you will help me to recover my pistols, and hang the rascal who stole them, and answer one or two other questions about yourself. Nay more, if you will promise not to make any more mischief among the negroes by your pretended prophecies, and in particular will refrain from doing evil to my own people, you shall always have shelter, and a comfortable meal at Tempest Hollow. You poor old creature, I am sorry to see any human being in your wretched situation. There is not one of my slaves who is not far better off."

A grim smile overspread the features of Moses, when Inkson talked of hanging the rascal who stole his pistols, but was succeeded by an unwonted expression of surprise at the first words of kindness towards himself, that ever fell upon the ears of the Obi man. This soon passed away, and without comment Moses

again held up the roll of parchment, repeating, "Will him write?"

"Yes," said Inkson, "but I hope some day you will forswear this nonsense."

"Put down," said Moses, "your nine piece of silver at the foot of my tree."

He did so, and returned to where the hump-back squatted on the ground, under the branch from which he had alighted, and wrote the name of George in blood upon the roll, the other contents of which, if any, he did not enquire about, and of course did not see. He wrote, however, in his own round bold hand, without any attempt at imitation of his clerk's signature. It would have saved him much trouble, if he had paid more attention to the lecture inflicted on him a few days before by Partlett, on the folly of writing any thing but a receipt.

"Now, you hab done all, when you hab bring to me the nine piece of silver you hab offer to great Obi, at the foot of him tree," whispered Moses, in a solemn manner.

Inkson turned to the stem of the tree, and cursing all this mummary, as he again impiously denounced the ceremonies ordered by my Priest, gathered up the money he had thrown down there.

“ Here is your coin, ” said he, as he picked up the last piece, “ and a dear bargain it has been to me, I have lost my pistols and —”

He turned round while speaking, and the humpback was gone, vanished, and Inkson stood alone, looking about him like a fool, with his money in his hand.

“ Hallo ! Moses !” he cried, “ where are you ? Devil take it, will you go without your money ?” He waited for an answer, when Sappho came creeping up to him from a little distance.

“ You call, buckra,” she said. “ So glad, so fearful all alone here. Not do it for all him world for any one but you, Sar, so glad see you safe. Moses hab gib you lub draught, Sar ?”

“ Damn the love draught, and Moses, and you, for bringing me here for this nonsense. I

have got nothing, I have lost my pistols, and his Ugliness is gone, while I was stooping to pick up his money for him."

"Oh Massa !" said Sappho, "hab noting do with him money. Put him back at him tree, him offering to great Obi, nebber, nebber, come to good, with any oder."

"Well," replied he, "the poor old devil may buy another blanket with it. I am sure he has much need. I wonder what he has done, by the bye, with the blankets you gave him, Sappho. I begin to think you are all a parcel of rogues, and that I am a fool."

From what chain of ideas, or from what motive I could not make out, because Mr. Inkson was not himself very well aware of what he was doing, but certain it is, that acting almost involuntarily, he threw down the silver where he stood, and pushing on as fast as possible, sullenly sought the way back to the place where he had left his horse, without consulting Sappho's

better knowledge of the track, or paying any attention to her voice, calling upon him to wait for her more tardy steps. She panted painfully after him, screaming aloud that he would lose himself in the Bush, to a certainty.

It is necessary for my priesthood to change their scene of action frequently, for their mysterious comings and goings add greatly to the respect in which they are held by my true believers. As soon therefore as Sappho and Inkson had departed, Moses again repaired to the tree, picked up the neglected money, and loading himself with the blankets, kerchiefs and pistols, the produce of the week's work in his vocation, set off for one of his places of refuge in a distant part of the bush, carefully avoiding the settlements of the Maroons.

CHAPTER VI.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,
 Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,
 He hears, alas ! no music of the spheres,
 But an unhallowed, earthly sound of fiddling,
 A melody which made him doubt his ears,
 The cause being past his guessing or unriddling.
 A pipe too, and a drum, and shortly after
 A most unoriental roar of laughter.

* • • •
 • • •

Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
 Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

DON JUAN.

SAPPHO was right. Inkson, though a native
 and resident proprietor of an estate not more
 than a day's journey from the Bush, did lose
 himself completely. Out of breath, and dis-
 gusted with himself, this rich and spirited young
 man, after many vain attempts to find his horse,

would have given any thing to regain the society of his laundress. This also was a hopeless business; and a retrograde movement made with that intention, only served to increase his perplexity; he knew not which way to turn for assistance. The sun went down upon his fruitless endeavours. Hungry, thirsty, fatigued, and to his own knowledge a fool, the spoiled child of twenty-one years sat down and cried himself to sleep. Such are the self-styled lords of the Creation, when unforeseen difficulties brought about by their own wilful stupidity, close around them.

He slept long and soundly, and dreamed of safety in his own apartment at Tempest Hollow, of a sudden alarm, and of the entrance of Moses with his long knife threatening to cut his throat, if he did not sign away his own soul to the evil one for ever, (the present company must excuse me for being so literal in my narration,) while Mary Magdalen, in the novel shape of a black

angel with large sable wings, covered him from the attack, flapping and screaming like a black swan defending her progeny from the ravenous longing of a prowling beast of prey.

He awoke with the dawn of day to a sense of his destitute situation; and observing by the rising sun the points of the compass, resolved to make another effort, before privation should render him incapable of exertion, and framed his way according to his best judgment.

He wandered on for several hours, and again sat down, when the sun with noon-day heat was too powerful for his parched and famished body. Fortunately, just at the time when he was in danger of giving way to despair at the miserable prospect of spending another fast day in the bush, his ears were rejoiced by the sound of the conch of the Maroons, answering one another through the labyrinth, in their search, as he hoped, for himself.

In ten minutes he was shaking hands with

old Partlett, who at the head of a large party of his own able negroes, reinforced by some of the Maroon inhabitants of the bush, had come to seek him, according to their agreement. They brought him the refreshment of which he stood in so much need, and having partaken thereof, Inkson was himself again. The search had been easy and was tolerably certain, for they had met with old Sappho on her return, and she had given them very distinct directions as to where she had last seen her young master.

It appeared, however, that she had been severely handled by some of the attached slaves, of which there were many at Tempest Hollow, on account of the trouble and anxiety they considered her to have caused with regard to their buckra. Partlett said that he had endeavoured to save her from a good cuffing, which she had received; that was a lie, for the old gentleman had most certainly encouraged it.

The horse was found where his master had

tethered him, and neighed loudly at their approach. He was fed and watered, and Inkson was once more upon his back. Partlett also was mounted, and having dismissed the Maroons with a handsome gratuity for their services, the two horsemen set out rapidly on their way home, to relieve the anxiety of Mrs. Inkson.

It was late at night when they neared Tempest Hollow, where a welcome very different from their expectations awaited them. As they approached the mansion it appeared to be lighted up in an extraordinary manner, every casement was wide open, every chamber was illuminated, and a strange sound of revelry, mixed with yells of pain and the shrieks of women, reached the ears of Inkson and Partlett.

Astonished at all this, they dismounted, and walked up to one of the open windows. The projecting support of a verandah concealed them, while they ascertained the cause of this

horrid merriment. Words are insufficient to describe the feelings of Inkson, when he saw a band of lawless negroes, self-emancipated from all restraint, making free with the contents of his cellar, his larder, his strong box, and every thing that was his. The large dining-table was covered with their spoil; the plate, the wine, the household linen, his own and his mother's wardrobe, with a mass of articles, the property of himself and his dependents, were scattered about; and the wretches, with grimaces and triumphant glee, were dividing the booty over their liquor. At the very time when the proprietor and his head clerk arrived to witness these orgies, one of the miscreants, acting the part of a mock auctioneer, held up an old pair of inexpressibles, much the worse for wear, belonging to Partlett, to be disposed of by exchange for some preferable commodity, and his comments as he puffed off this item excited peals of laughter from the jolly thieves.

In a corner of the room were the bodies of some killed or wounded slaves, who had been disabled in defence of the property; and at the head of the table, her eyes flashing wildly with apprehension, was placed the beautiful and disconsolate Mary Magdalen. Bound hand and foot, she was set in an upright position on a chair, supposed, in derision, to preside over the banquet.

With difficulty the sinewy arm of old Partlett restrained Inkson from rushing into the midst of these horrors.

In a few minutes he became quite unnerved by previous suffering and present mental agitation, and his friend took advantage of this change to lead him to a short distance from his once peaceable and flourishing home. He was a cool old fellow, Partlett, and had made up his mind what was to be done.

“My mother,” faintly articulated Inkson,

"my poor dear mother! what have they done with her? Did you see her, Partlett?"

"No," said the other, "and I take good hope from that circumstance; the rascals have no doubt confined her in her own apartment." (He doubted exceedingly, even when he spoke these words of comfort.) "The case is clear," he continued, "some runaway apprentices, joined perhaps with a few of our own wicked ones, have taken advantage of your absence, and my absence in search of you with a party of the most efficient of our negroes, to sack your house, and at their departure they will probably set fire to it. From what we saw of them, I guess their numbers to be fourteen or fifteen, considerably disabled by intoxication. Leave me here to watch their proceedings. Mount your horse and give the alarm on your own estate and elsewhere, till you meet the men, tired as they must be, that we can most depend upon, those who went with me in search of you.

Urge them on. They can be but a few miles distant now, and we may yet secure the villains, and save every thing they have got at present in their possession." The advice was reasonable, and Mr. Inkson set off at full speed to procure the necessary succour. Partlett listened for the last sounds made by the hoofs of the poor jade, turned unwillingly from its stable door, after a hard day's work, and satisfied that their noise had escaped the attention of the drunken robbers, again softly approached the verandah. The partition of the spoil, he observed, was concluded, and the besotted thieves, some lounging on the table, some seated, and others lying on the floor, were drinking copiously. They seasoned their cups with mirth and songs, and beat time with their ebon fists, as they roared in chorus the following inflammatory rhymes, composed, no doubt, by some sable laureate, and adapted to a mutilated version of the well-known air, 'Di tanti palpiti.'

SONG.

Nigger man hab got him libertee,
Billy the King hab set him free,
Nigger man hab got him libertee,
Two time a day drink sangaree.
Billy the King say, nigger him go free,
Bad massa buckra say, him prentice be,
Him prentice! he! he! he!
Him no prentice be, be, be,
Him prentice! he! he! he!
Him no prentice be.

Nigger man hab got him libertee,
Billy the King hab set him free,
Nigger man hab got him libertee,
Four time a day drink sangaree.
Buckra him say to him young black Sambo,
"Work, sar, my sugar, with him rake and hoe."
Sambo work! no! no! no!
No him work Sambo! bo! bo!
Sambo work! no! no! no!
No him work, Sambo.

Nigger man hab got him libertee,
Billy the King hab set him free,
Nigger man hab got him libertee,
Eight time a day drink sangaree.

Sambo shall be massa, Sambo shall drink rack,
Sambo shall lay him whip upon him buckra back.
Lay him whip, whack ! whack ! whack !
On him buckra back ! smack ! crack !
Lay him whip, whack ! whack ! whack !
On him buckra back.

Nigger man hab got him libertee,
Billy the King hab set him free,
Nigger man hab got him libertee,
All day long drink sangaree.
Sambo take him long sword, Sambo take him gun,
Sambo shall shoot white man, ebbery, ebbery, one,
Task him, flog, and make him run,
Under a burning sun, what fun !
Task him, flog, and make him run,
Under a burning sun.

But short was the triumph, and brief was the enjoyment, of the carousing depredators. In the course of an hour, when some were quite drunk, and others stupid with liquor, two or three of the most cunning began to secrete about their persons the money, plate, trinkets, and other valuables of the most portable kind,

and preparing to depart ; one of them was in the act of applying a light to a heap of muslin, part of Mrs. Inkson's wardrobe, when Charles Inkson sallied into the room at the head of a stout band of his own devoted adherents, assisted by strangers whom he had picked up on his ride. The drunken thieves, one and all, were sobered a little by this sight, and after a scuffle, in which all the lights were extinguished, and several wounds exchanged, four of the villains were captured, and the rest, about ten in number, made their escape, carrying with them, in spite of their own difficulties, which the darkness considerably lessened, the unfortunate Mary Magdalen. Whether they coveted the enjoyment of her young charms, or feared the power with which their own folly had invested her, of identifying their persons, certain it is, that they got clear off with their prize. Nor was her absence remarked till some time after the fray, when Mrs. Inkson had been delivered from a

painful gag, and cruel confinement by cords to her own bedstead, and the four prisoners had been safely stowed in the cellar, with the contents of which they had lately made so free.

The mother and son tenderly embraced, and old Partlett having reclaimed his old friends, the inexpressibles, from the litter in the dining-room, bustled about, with that article of dress under his arm, restoring order, releasing some of the servants who had been placed in "durance vile" by the marauders, and assisting those who had been wounded, some severely, but as it turned out, none dangerously, in the defence and rescue.

Mrs. Inkson was persuaded to return to her apartment, and endeavour to obtain some sleep after this night of fearful alarm and suffering. Then it was that Mary Magdalen was summoned in vain. Many of the slaves had gone in pursuit of the fugitives; George also was absent, and was supposed to have joined in the chase, but no one remembered to have seen

him. The fact was, that he had succeeded in hiding himself when the defenders were overpowered, but had joined vigorously in the rescue, till hearing the cries of the negro girl, his own beloved Mary Magdalen, as the ruffians dragged her away, he had rushed forth in pursuit, without stopping to gather assistance, madly forgetful of the little service his single arm could perform for his betrothed, against a number of savage desperadoes. He dodged about after the ravishers, groping his way in the darkness, guided by the noise of their unsteady tramp, and the occasional half-stifled cries of the despairing creature, who was more to him than life itself.

The rest of the pursuers, though eager to shew their zeal, had the good sense to remember that they must keep pretty well together for their mutual support, in order to ensure success. Their previous fears had much exaggerated the number of the robbers. They deliberated upon all this, and acted accordingly, following the

route they conceived that the enemy would take, to the receptacle of the lawless,—the bush. They were not in love like poor George.

This compact little band succeeded in overtaking and securing two of the villains, whose drunkenness had made them linger or straggle from the rest. Ignorant of the abduction of Mary Magdalen, they were satisfied with this success; and worn out with their exertions, they returned with their prisoners, one of whom was a stranger, a runaway negro from some other part of the island; the other they knew too well, his name was Tom Jones, and he was guilty of treachery as well as violence, being an apprentice on the estate of Tempest Hollow.

END OF VOL I.

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THE GAMBLER'S DREAM.

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Of Satan and his peers."

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THE GAMBLER'S DREAM.

CHAPTER VII.

Thus, while his sacred robes they tear,
The trembling boy prefers his prayer ;
Then naked stands, with such a form
As might an impious Thracian charm.
Camidia, crowned with writhing snakes,
Dishevelled, thus the silence breaks.

FRANCIS, TRANS. HORACE.

ON a spot of ground in the deepest thicket of the bush, so closed in that the sun in all his glory could scarcely dart a single ray through the luxuriant branches, squatted one malignant figure, whom I have already described,—my friend and high priest, Moses, and a negro girl

stark naked, with a countenance expressive of the greatest mental agony, humbled herself at his feet.

“ Old man,” said she, “ give me, for pity’s sake, give me but a rag to cover myself, and set me on my way back to my friends. For the sake of charity, do this, and I will forget all, and pray for you.”

Moses remained silent. The girl, poor Mary Magdalen, who had been devoted by the robbers as an offering to great Obi, renewed her supplications.

The villains intended this cruelty to answer the double purpose of ingratiating themselves with their deity, and getting rid of the negress as a witness against them. They had no doubt that Moses, with whom the gang were in league, but whose priestcraft inspired them with respect, would propitiate myself with her blood.

Moses acted differently. He stripped her of her apparel, but she had sustained no other

injury ; nor did I throw in my influence against her. As to murdering the pretty little blackeymoor, such a proceeding would have highly displeased me, nothing can be worse policy than to promote the death of a beautiful woman, they are our choicest instruments of temptation ; and besides, black beauties are rare, even in a black population.

Moses had other motives, and other purposes, and thus he answered the poor creature's abject entreaties.

“ Do you know, Mary Mag,” (you see I know you well) “ who it is hab got your clothing, who it is hab strip you bare, who it is you speak your prayer ? It is to Moses, him priest of great Obi. Him know ebbery ting.”

All the horrors, murders, robberies, and bugbear attributes, the poor girl had from infancy heard of this creature, rushed upon her mind ; her senses nearly forsook her ; she thought, and she took refuge in the thought,

that it was but a horrid dream, and she hid her face in the ground. Moses continued.

“ Listen to me, you fool Mary, listen to me. I not harm you, do you berry much good. Take him old blanket, I gib you. Obi man not so bad as you tink. Obi man show you way out of bush.” Moses wrapped a filthy old blanket he had himself worn for many a day, round the waist of the girl.

Mary recovered a little, and, in her gratitude, actually embraced the knees of the little hump-back, when she found herself again covered, though only by a rag at which she would have turned up her little nose in the luxurious mansion of Tempest Hollow. Moses gave her an orange to revive her, and bid her get up, and follow in his track. The girl did so, and dragged herself along, suffering cruelly from the exposure of her tender skin to the ragged twigs through which she was obliged to force her way. They proceeded in silence several miles, till they came

to an opening, through which, at a considerable distance, a Maroon hut was visible.

Moses then addressed her. "Obi man hab done with you, Mary. When safe home, you tell people, old Obi man not so bad to poor nigger girl, not hurt. One ting do for me, Mary," (he pointed to a ragged hole in the blanket,) "when you are safe, look for small ting there. Gib it your mistress. It save you all, it save Tempest Hollow, it save ebbery body; but not touch, not speak of that, till you hab got safe home. Him Maroon take you home on him litter, when you tell you house slave to buckra Inkson."

Moses retraced his steps into the recesses of the bush. He congratulated himself on his ingenuity. "That girl," said he to himself, "will hang them all; black George, whom she loves, and every one else. All have names or marks on that bloody skin; they are, most of them, young hands, and will soon be taken and hanged.

Moses shall keep the silver and gold that they lose their lives to obtain. Moses has plenty of silver and gold, and blankets, and pistols, and gunpowder, in his cave. Moses is not so badly off as other negroes."

Such were the cheering reflections of my priest. Although the robbers had not succeeded in carrying off all they intended to appropriate, they had, notwithstanding the fray, preserved to themselves in their flight some articles, both of money and plate, which were deposited, for present security, in one of the caverns or hiding-places of Moses; and committed to his charge, till the pursuit should be at an end, and the perpetrators of this daring robbery could venture to emerge from the bush on other predatory excursions.

Mary Magdalen succeeded, with the kind help of a Maroon family, whose hut was pointed out to her by Moses, in regaining her home at Tempest Hollow.

Poor thing! She little thought that she was carrying about her person the death-warrant of her lover. Her appearance at Tempest Hollow excited the deepest interest and commiseration. On Mrs. Inkson, whose spirits had received a dreadful shock from the recent occurrence, the rescue of her protégée from almost hopeless destruction, had the effect of a revival of her own health and strength. The poor girl, emaciated with starvation, fear, and fatigue, was immediately put to bed, and all inquiries postponed, by order of her kind mistress, who perceived that she was not in a condition to gratify the curiosity of the busy-bodies in the household. An alarming attack of fever threatened to make all these cares unavailing; and the once merry, laughing girl, remarkable for her full symmetrical figure, her high spirits, and universal good-nature, was now stretched upon the bed of sickness, her form mangled, by injuries received in her almost

naked passage through the rough branches of the bush, and her mind in a state of feverish delirium, exquisitely painful to those around her. She raved about drunken negroes, mounted upon black horses, whose bridles were studded with human teeth,—ornaments, which she ought to have ascribed to the hump-backed Obi man, whom she conceived, in her heated imagination, to be her father; and she solemnly declared that he had fed and clothed her, and sent her into the world to prophesy, with a mysterious talisman, concealed in her garment, which would protect her from every harm. The earnestness with which she repeated this persuasion, astonished those who had the care of the poor invalid.

Meantime, the long arms of justice were actively, and not fruitlessly engaged in tracing out the culprits. No pains were spared to extort a confession of the strength of the gang, and the names of the leaders, and their haunts, from those who had been already captured;

but they were all staunch ; and although Tom Jones, the only negro of Tempest Hollow who was implicated in the transaction, acknowledged, with contrition, his share in the outrage, he, like the rest of the prisoners, firmly refused to criminate any of his accomplices, declaring that he preferred death to the violation of the dreadful oath by which he was bound.

The Maroons had, for the sake of reward, apprehended three run-away negroes in the bush, who were suspected to belong to the gang ; some silver spoons, and other trifles, identified by Mr. Inkson as his property, having been found upon them ; and the whole of the prisoners, nine in number,—four taken in the act, and two overtaken in the pursuit, and the three apprehended by the Maroons, were lodged in prison, to await their trial for robbery, violence, and abduction.

The dirty old blanket in which Mary Magdalen had returned, was consigned to the care

of her nurses, Sappho and Eve, to be committed to the flames for fear of a pestilential epidemic, likely enough to be communicated by its filthy folds. Sappho approached it with a pair of tongs, and was about to pick it up, when its colour, or shape, or odour, somehow reminded her that it was an old acquaintance. Shivering with fear, she dropped the tongs, with a carelessness of their noisy fall being very improper in a sick room.

“Dam tick head old woman,” cried Eve, “nebber do any ting right, since take buckra to him bushman. Burn that rag, and make nebber noise in this room.”

“Burn it himself,” said the other. “Sappho not hab any ting do with that blanket, Sappho know why.” And the old woman took refuge in a fit of the sulks.

Mrs. Inkson, with the sharp ear of a housekeeper, heard the fall of the tongs, and the altercation between the old negresses; for Eve,

when blaming the other for making a noise in the invalid's chamber, did not pay much attention to the modulation of her own accents. The lady mildly enquired the cause of the dispute, and when Eve informed her, she desired Sappho, whose conduct in every respect displeased her, and whose every action she looked upon with suspicion, to remove the blanket immediately and burn it. Sappho made no reply. She was afraid of Mrs. Inkson, but far more afraid of the wrath of Moses, and his great master, if she destroyed any thing that belonged to his sacred person.

The sick girl, who was too much enervated to pay any attention to the wrangling of the old women, no sooner heard the mild tones of her beloved mistress, repeating her orders about the blanket, than she made a great effort and said,

“ Dear madam, before you burn this blanket, cause it to be searched and shaken, there is

something in it, I believe, I think," and she hesitated, trying to collect her scattered thoughts, "which I promised to give to you."

The curiosity of the sex put an end to any more coquetting with the despised old rag, whose filthiness was disregarded, and whose every beastly recess was scrutinized by Mrs. Inkson, Eve, and Sappho.

"Hab got him!" exclaimed Sappho, holding up what appeared to be the hind-quarter of a roasted rat in a state of decomposition, and which was one principal cause of the bad savour of the garment. Before Mrs. Inkson could express her astonishment at such a keepsake being intended for her,

"Hab got him!" cried Eve, pulling out a bunch of discoloured human teeth strung loosely together, which she held up and rattled in the delight and excitement of a child with a new toy.

Mrs. Inkson paid no attention. She also had

got it. She had found a small roll of parchment, on which was rudely sketched, in blood, as she afterwards was aware, a portrait of the great Three Fingered Jack, of illustrious memory, holding forth his mutilated hand, and grinning horribly. The head was embellished with a resemblance of an enormous cocked hat, with a cockade of seventeen bow-knots, and on each bow was inscribed a name like the name of a negro. Many of these were tolerably written, and had a mark attached to them; two or three were indifferently but legibly inscribed, to all appearance by the parties themselves, and all shone in characters of blood

This whimsical document would have been a great source of amusement to Mrs. Inkson, but for the names, which indicated a conspiracy; most of these were, however, new to her; but among them she recognized the apprentice, Tom Jones, his mark; and in the freshest colour of them all, she read with horror,—George.

True, that there were many other Georges on the estate and in the island; but the point which fixed suspicion on the book-keeper's apprentice was this, that he had never been seen at Tempest Hollow since the night of the attack.

Changing her tone, Mrs. Inkson desired that the blanket should be carefully preserved in the state in which it then was, and perceiving that Mary Magdalen was asleep, she retired with her extraordinary prize. On reaching her apartment she sent for her son, and for Mr. Partlett, to communicate the circumstance. Mr. Inkson was out, and the head-clerk was on the point of setting forth on horseback to attend a meeting of the magistrates, who were investigating this affair, and thought they discovered therein symptoms of a combination for revolt and massacre entered into by the black population. "They laid," said Partlett, "great stress on the words of the chorus which he had

overheard, and which was evidently the production of a well-educated malcontent, qualified to be the leader of others, also upon the prolonged absence of George, a negro of superior acquirements compared with his fellows: and coupling this circumstance with his known attachment to Mary Magdalen, and remarking upon her forcible abduction by the gang, as well as occasional hints which were proved to have fallen from him, of a feeling of jealousy towards his young master, on account of the girl, his reappearance, examination, and, if necessary, committal to prison, were, said the man of business, most desirable. He regretted that such should be the case, for he had a good opinion of the lad, and believed, in his own mind, that love and jealousy had turned his brain. But the preservation of life and property was involved in the punishment of such offenders;" and, vehemently declared the hard old West Indian, "mercy to these blacks is never repaid by

gratitude. In my long experience," he added, "lenity to a negro confirms him, and encourages others, in the path of crime."

With a man of such sentiments, it may easily be supposed how powerfully the fantastic round-robin, discovered in the blanket, aggravated the appearance of George's guilt. He received the parchment from Mrs. Inkson, and set out, as fast as he could, to communicate to the magistrates this additional proof of an organized conspiracy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ye filthy hags, with showers of stones
The vengeful crowd shall crush your bones,
Then beasts of prey, and birds of air,
Shall your unburied members tear.

FRANCIS, TRANS. HORACE.

WHEN Partlett arrived at the district tribunal, he found, to his surprise, that the supposed culprit had been apprehended in the bush by the Maroons. They were ignorant of his being a native of Tempest Hollow ; they asserted only, that they supposed him a starved runaway, having found him too weak to make any resistance, and too sulky to answer any questions. They received their reward, and departed. Partlett entered the justice-room in time to hear his apprentice make the most solemn and repeated denials of his guilt.

His defence was, that, on the night of the attack, he had secreted himself, when the few protectors of the household, himself included, had been overpowered ; that having afterwards joined vigorously in the rescue, he heard the cries of Mary Magdalen, when the fugitives were carrying her off by violence ; that he had pursued with all the energy of a distracted lover the steps of the ravishers ; that, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, guided by the cries of the unfortunate girl, he several times caught a glimpse of the retreating party, till the mazes of the bush defied his utmost activity ; that he had still wandered on, as he believed, in the direction the wretches had taken, because he occasionally met with fragments of female dress, and other traces, indicating the penetration of ten or twelve persons through the separated branches. He also stated, that he had subsisted for many days on husks and refuse, such as he could meet with in the wood, but that despair

had at length taken hold of him, and that it signified but little that the Maroons had saved him from starvation, to die by the hands of the executioner, for a crime of so deep a character, that to be suspected of it was enough to make him weary of life, if that effect had not been already produced on his feelings, by the loss of his beloved Mary Magdalen, and the thought of what she might have suffered from the wicked men who forced her away.

Partlett took a seat, and made no remark, because the trial of all the prisoners being yet to come, he knew that it might not be advisable to make public the acquisition of the list of negro names. It might have this effect, that many who were not yet apprehended, would keep themselves out of the way, if they were made aware of their increased danger. He confided the circumstance in private, and gave up the grotesque compact, to the chief magistrate, who put several questions to him. To these

Partlett made answer, that the signature of George, he must confess, upon examination, did not appear to him to be the handwriting of the accused, and that the health of Mary Magdalen would not at present permit of her being questioned, as to the manner in which she obtained the blanket wherein the parchment was found.

He added an expression of those sentiments he had already declared to Mrs. Inkson, in regard of George's mysterious absence, and jealousy of the intimacy of his young master with his betrothed, and the lengths to which revenge often impelled the negro, and might have influenced his apprentice as far as the attack upon Tempest Hollow, and the abduction of the girl. At the same time he acknowledged that George had hitherto borne an excellent character, and had been in a situation of trust.

Tom Jones was questioned as to any share George might have had in the crime, but he

vehemently asserted the innocence of the young book-keeper, and declared that, although his oath taken at the shrine of great Obi, to which he, Tom Jones, had put his hand, prevented him from criminating others, the kiss of the obi tree, in other respects so binding an obligation, did not restrain him from proclaiming the innocence of the falsely-accused, and that George, to use his own words, "would hab hang all, if him hab know any ting."

This assertion did not, however, much benefit poor George, for it amounted to a confession that a written compact had been entered into with idolatrous ceremonies, and increased the probability, that the document in the hands of the magistrate was correct. George was sent to prison with the rest, to await his trial, and Partlett set out on his return to Tempest Hollow.

When about a mile from home, to his surprise, he encountered his young friend and employer

Mr. Inkson, who made up to him with long strides, and eagerly inquired the result of the magistrate's meeting. He had heard from Mrs. Inkson of the discovery of the parchment, with Tom Jones' mark, and George's signature, thereto, and an indescribable feeling of perplexity, mingled with remorse, had taken possession of his mind.

"What news, Partlett? What news?" he cried, as soon as he was within hail of his old friend. "My mother has told me all that happened while I was out; she did very wrong to send off the document without consulting me. George is innocent; I will stake my life he is innocent; and his character ought not to suffer, as I am afraid it must. What news? What news?"

"Innocent or not," said the old clerk, "he will swing, to a certainty. The evidence will be strong against him. I am sorry for him and sorry for you. I have no doubt that his passion

for that girl, and his jealousy and desire of revenge upon yourself, have driven him to this extremity. I do not much wonder at it; I should have done the same myself with the same provocations, in old times 'Consule Planco,' that is, when I was serving my time to Messrs. Jew, Screw, Wallop, and Company. But what is done cannot be helped; and you are not much to blame; he might have married the girl by and bye, if he had not been so cursedly sensitive. But he stoutly denies it, and so does Tom Jones for him."

"Tom Jones be hanged," said Inkson. "Is George then apprehended?"

"Tom Jones will undoubtedly be hanged, as you very justly observe; and George is taken, and I would not give a pinch of snuff for his chance. It does not much signify; for if he is not hanged now, he will be some day or other. He is a dangerous fellow, that George. I have quite changed my opinion of him. - If

you had but seen his air of determination, and eye of defiance, when he asserted his innocence ; he really did not show sufficient humility and respect to the Bench, ' coram nobis.' He is a damned deal too clever for a black, and a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, so I hope he will be hanged for the good of the community. A dozen such spirits would cause a revolution."

Such is the inconsistent feeling of these old stagers, who maintain that a black is not capable of as much intelligence as a white ; yet if a negro shows some symptoms of approximation to the talent of a European, he is immediately damned as a dangerous character, and an extinguisher, if possible, is put upon any improvement which might falsify this theory, and render the African capable of enjoying, with moderation, industry, and acquired good-sense, the advantages of his freedom.

Inkson walked in silence by the side of

Partlett's horse, till he arrived at his own door. He was ashamed to mention, as he ought to have done, to his clerk, or to any one, the part he supposed himself to have in the business of the parchment. He now understood the prediction of Moses, that if he signed the name of George, he would be relieved from the presence of that young man, without inflicting personal cruelty, or appearing to have interfered in the matter. Still he was in doubt, for George might be guilty after all, and the falsehood of the signature was not sufficient to exculpate the accused, against whom other presumptive evidence was so strong.

To make assurance still more sure, Inkson requested a sight of the blanket. He recognised it at once to have been part of the strange costume in which Moses had appeared to him. Still he kept his own ideas on the subject, and his own share in the dilemma, a secret from every one.

Days passed on, and Mary Magdalen recovered, and recounted to Mrs. Inkson, and in public before the magisterial bench, her adventures in the bush, her conversation with the Obi man, her fears, her sufferings, and her delivery from destitution by the Maroons.

It was deemed advisable to postpone the trial of the prisoners, till another attempt should be made to apprehend the formidable Moses. The circumstance of his having held possession of the written compact, when, as the magistrates justly conceived, he was probably incapable of writing himself, proved that somebody who was skilled both in deception and penmanship, was the prime instigator and commander of the gang; Moses being his effective instrument, by working upon the credulity and bad passions of the negroes, and turning them to the advantage of this leader, whom they suspected George, notwithstanding his semblance of honest indignation, to be.

Mr. Inkson's sensations were by no means enviable. His heart, naturally good, was galled, by our enemy, with the severest pangs. Remorse for having destroyed the happiness of the young black couple ; fear of its being detected that he had written the name of George upon the roll, which could only be construed into a base attempt upon the life of the youth ; and shame, at finding himself involved in such a sea of useless troubles, which had brought upon him the sacking of his house, in the absence of its numerous able defenders, who were searching for him in the bush, while he was fooling away his time upon a Quixotic adventure ; all these feelings, I say, gave the enemy a power which I had no means of subverting.

He determined upon effecting, in some way, the two wishes of his heart,—the deliverance of the innocent George from prison, and the apprehension, and condign punishment of Moses, whom he blamed for every thing, not altogether

unjustly ; but our subjects have a decided inclination to lay the fault of their own folly and crime, upon the shoulders of others, their advisers and assistants ; more especially, when they happen to smart under the painful consequences of their errors.

I shall be short in relating the remains of my influence, or rather my defeat. No one likes to dwell upon the history of his own failures. Inkson, spurred on by his conscience, (I remember the day when the enemy did not much trouble a West Indian,) succeeded in both his designs.

Without consulting his mother, or Partlett, he set out for the prison in which George was confined. He saw him, and told him, that although he was convinced of his innocence, he feared the law would have no mercy on him, if he was brought to trial ; and, therefore, he would assist him in making his escape.

George hesitated, his conscious innocence

inclined him to brave the accusation in public ; and he suspected a disgraceful, and self-interested motive in the conduct of his young master.

Inkson, considered for a few minutes ; and at last, having formed a high idea of the noble character of the young negro, confided the history of his own folly to him, whom he had unintentionally brought into danger of his life. He also promised, that if George would accept the means of escape, he would, with care provide for him ; his betrothed wife, Mary Magdalen, should be allowed to visit him in the prison, to say farewell, until his safety was ensured elsewhere, and that she should, receiving her absolute freedom, and a sum of money, join him in some other country, where the superior education of both, might raise them in the scale of society to a higher grade, than the deep-rooted prejudice against their colour, rendered it possible for them to attain in Jamaica.

The noble-minded negro, fully appreciated his master's situation, and his own; nor did one suspicion cross his mind, that Inkson could really have intended, by forging his signature, to bring him to an untimely end, by the hands of the executioner. In this he only did his master justice; but certainly a jury might have taken a very different view of the subject. The only circumstances in favour of Inkson, and of the absence of a malignant motive in writing the name, (unless he perjured himself by denying the whole affair,) would have been, that he had inscribed the characters in his usual hand, without any attempt to imitate the signature of his apprentice; and also that if he wished to get rid of George from his estate, he might have disposed of him, without half the trouble and danger of plotting against his life.

The escape was a singular one. Mary Magdalen obtained permission to see the prisoner in the presence of Mr. Inkson. This precau-

tion was considered necessary, to prevent any collusion between the girl, who might be called upon as a witness, and the prisoner. Nor was the favour granted without a hope that the conversation might betray to the young planter a clue to the leader, and several unknown members of the conspiracy.

Inkson, instead of seeking to betray the lovers by listening to their discourse, and misrepresenting their sentiments, made some pretext to leave them alone together, for a few minutes, during which the pair changed clothes; and, on leaving the prison, he hurried his mother's house slave, as George, in the attire of Mary, was supposed to be, into the litter, which her still delicate health rendered necessary, and with his own hands most condescendingly arranged the drapery, so as to protect the invalid completely from suffering by exposure to the open air.

From thence George was taken to the seaport, and headed up, as naked as he was born,

in a cask of tallow, with only one imperceptible aperture for air. The cask, with several others, was put on board a king's ship, which was taking in a supply of that necessary article, and was about to sail for St. Helena, and the Cape of Good Hope.

Notwithstanding every precaution, and the able arrangement of Mr. Inkson, the news of the escape of the prisoner reached the port before the ship had sailed. Search was made of every vessel outward bound, and so strict was the scrutiny, that the captain of the frigate in which George was actually concealed, ventured, from his knowledge of the interior economy of a vessel of war, to give his honor that no human being could be secreted on board, after the investigation which had taken place.

It may scarcely be conceived how great was his astonishment when the young negro, having released himself from his painful situation, made his appearance on deck one morning, two or

three days after the vessel had sailed from Jamaica. He had subsisted on the contents of his cask, a diet impossible to any but a negro or a Cossack. His skin shone like patent leather. He told his story, and received a few articles of clothing. He made himself as useful and agreeable as he could, and being universally obliging, good-humoured, and cheerful, became a general favourite, on board the frigate, with every one except the captain, who hated the sight of him, and took the first opportunity of putting him on shore at St. Helena. There, after a few vicissitudes, his real merit obtained its reward; he thrives and prospers; and Mary Magdalen, who was not much blamed for assisting him to escape, receiving her freedom, and some substantial proofs of Mrs. Inkson's affection, joined her faithful lover, and now lawful husband, in that island. The persecuted couple are at this moment in the enjoyment of respec-

tability and comfort, as small traders at St. Helena.

Inkson's share in this arrangement was much canvassed, but it was generally considered an amiable trait in his character.

Old Partlett laughs at the whole affair, and says that it was damned folly to take so much trouble about a couple of blacks, but that, if his young friend was tired of the girl, 'perhaps it was the kindest way of getting rid of her. He is still of opinion that George should have been hanged. The other prisoners accused of the attack upon Tempest Hollow, underwent the extreme penalty of the law, and the man of letters who must have compiled the signatures and marks upon the fatal parchment, was never detected; proof positive, according to Partlett, that George was the culprit.

By the most persevering exertions of Mr. Inkson, assisted by the Maroons, and by some

mongrel breed of dogs, that boast a connexion with the ancient bloodhound, Moses, the hitherto impracticable Moses, was at length run down. The little creature dodged about for many days in the wilds of the bush, many parts of which, hitherto untrodden by the foot of human being, were explored by the pursuers, guided on the track by their blood-thirsty dogs. The chase was similar to the sport many years ago enjoyed by the West Indian planters, of hunting down the unfortunate yellow Caribbs, before that race of aborigines was exterminated.

Finding all resource unavailing, Moses in despair retired to the cavern in which the remains of his father's home-made gunpowder, as also his own miscellaneous ill-gotten gain were stored. The cavern concealed by brushwood must have escaped the notice of the pursuers, but for the sagacious hounds. These fearful allies of the hunters gave notice by loud yells that their prey was near, and that Moses, as

Inkson remarked, "had gone to ground." Luckily for him and his party, two of the boldest hounds rushed into the mouth of the recess, giving tongue merrily. But these noisy notes were their last. Before the toiling sportsmen arrived to share the danger, a pistol applied by my undaunted priest to the hoarded gunpowder, rent the cave, and dispersed its contents with an awful explosion, thickening the air for a time with innumerable atoms, which once were Moses the Obi man.

Thus am I baffled every way. Mrs. Inkson considers her theory established of the equality of mind in blacks and whites, George and Mary Magdalen are flourishing in matrimonial bonds, Inkson is become a steady and humane friend to the negroes, my promising young robbers and incendiaries have been hanged, and my trusty and well beloved priest is no more.

A deep sigh concluded Obi's narration.

INFLUENCE OF POL.

THE INFLUENCE OF POL.

CHAPTER I.

Thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
 And annals graved in characters of flame.
 Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
 Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress.

Then mightst thou more appal; or less desired
 Be homely and be peaceful; undeplord
 For thy destructive charms. • • • •

CHILDE HAROLD.

In the assembly of the influential demons, Obi
 alone seemed ill at ease.

Crestfallen and unsuccessful, he looked more like the victim than the companion of the choice spirits round the table, who drank and smoked, and smoked and drank again, while he recounted with evident and increasing embarrassment the historiette of his discomfiture.

He resumed his cigar, and endeavoured in vain to light it afresh, for his eyebeam dimmed by painful recollections, no longer flashed its wonted fire.

“My dear Obi,” said Mephisto, observing his distress, and holding out to him a cigar which he had drawn in a blaze from his own mouth, “allow me to offer you a light. If you give way thus to a temporary, and permit me to add, an insignificant misfortune, you will never again succeed in any thing. Excuse me but—”

Mephisto was interrupted in his address by a loud hissing noise, like that occasioned by the fall of a red-hot cannon ball into the sea. Such was the effect of the scalding tears which burst

from the eyes of poor Obi, and literally quenched the light of his countenance.

“Haste Pol,” said Sophia, “and lend him a ray, you have the most to spare, I am sure; your burgundy has made you flare up with a vengeance.

“My dear Sophia,” exclaimed Nicholas, “how can you make use of that vulgar expression?” (How can she, indeed? thought I, the humble dreamer; I trust the reader has not forgotten my existence!)

“The air of London,” continued Nick, “has as bad an effect upon you as the westerly wind on the brogue of an Irishman; it makes you coarse. That sort of slang did very well in old times, when we used to meet at the Seven Devils, or Seven Dials, as the place is called since we gave it up; but here, in St. James’s street! fie!”

“Leave the black alone,” growled Hans, “the more he cries, the less he will spit.”

“ *Laissez aller !*” said *Mouvement*,—“ we all dislike interference, and not one of us hates it more than *Monsieur le Noir*.

“ My friends,” said the dark Spirit, “ I want none of your borrowed light. Here is my fire reviver.” Raising a magnum of Mr. Crockford’s rum to his head with both his hands, he applied the mouth of the bottle to his lips, and at the first gulp, a twinkle re-appeared in one eye, like a solitary star in a dark stormy night. A deeper draught lighted up the other optic; and as he imbibed a tremendous dose of Jamaica Particular, the fearful gleams gradually returned, in full force, to his benighted countenance. *Obi* was himself again.

Elevating his voice, like a giant refreshed with wine, he spoke.

“ You call my misfortune insignificant, *Mephisto*. Be it so. I will hope that you are in the right, and that I am an alarmist. But hear me. Was it out of wantonness, that I

quenched the ambition of Park, of Belzoni, of Clapperton, and other heroes, who would fain have paved the way, by their undaunted spirit of discovery, for the introduction of undeniable light into the interior of my African dominions? Their untimely fate, the suspicion with which my subjects regard the intrusion of a European, and the fierce heat of that scorching climate, which no white man is fitted by nature to endure, will deter others from a like attempt. Or if such hardihood should be again displayed, counteraction is easy, and my throne is safe. And yet, Mephisto, a fearful phantom obscures my vision of security. Should the West Indian negro, fostered by the new-born kindness bestowed upon his degraded race, resume his proper sphere in the scale of creation, and share, in the fullest extent, the energies of humanity with his paler brethren, will not the overthrow of my influence in the wilds of Africa, be the first duty imposed upon him by the

feelings of a heart enlightened by religion and softened by benevolence? Can this black missionary bear the climate? Yes, his hide is adapted to it. Will the natives hate and suspect him, as they hate and suspect a white interloper? No, they will feel a sympathy with his colour, and receive him as a friend. But after all, can a black man ever be found, who will be sufficiently earnest in the cause, to brave death itself in the forlorn hope of introducing a change in those regions, from barbarism to civilization, from paganism to what is called piety? I answer, that such a man, that such men will be found. Ambition, enterprise, love of gain, and religious enthusiasm, every powerful motive that impels the white man to encounter and surmount the greatest difficulties, will in the same manner, induce his black brother, if his energies are once awakened within him, to go, and do likewise. Is this insignificant, Mephisto?"

Obi ceased. He lighted his cigar this time with ease, at his glaring eyeball, and thrusting, as usual, the burning end into his mouth, he settled himself comfortably in his chair, like a man, who thinks he has got the best of an argument.

“It is very tedious, at any rate,” replied Mephisto, “pray let us change the conversation. Who do you call upon, Obi?”

“Pol,” replied the black.

The radiant spirit spoke, or rather spouted the following rhapsody.

—Where is he who has not seen my pleasant city of Sienna? Such a one I regard with the mingled feelings of envy and compassion.

I pity the ignorance or the indolence of the man, who can consign his sluggard limbs to repose, while Sienna is unknown to him, except by name.

I am jealous of his soul's delight, when he shall rest his foot in the citadel of my love.

Founded on the rock, and cradled in the mountains, a few stout hearts might defend their native fastness, successfully, against a host of the malignant.

Where are those hearts, so stout and so generous, which offer an easy victory to the voice of love, but impregnable to assault,—shine forth, the Camillus, the Coriolanus, of modern Italy?

I cannot tell. Seek them not in Sienna.

Thither let him who thirsts for the refinement of society, untarnished by ostentation, unembittered by envy, unpractised in minute distinction, undisturbed by party strife, thither let him repair, nor need he fear the disappointment of such fond anticipation.

There sculpture and painting, twin sisters of equal beauty, who scorn to disparage the charms of each other, find a tender nurse, and assiduous parent, in the rocky bosom of my highly-favoured city, Sienna! whom the earthquake

alarms with his homage, but forbears, for my sake, to injure or deface.

Thither may he, who loves the tongue of Italy, and prides himself in fastidious purity of phrase, repair, and, with humble gratitude, acquire fresh beauties in the language of his admiration, the '*lingua Toscana nel Romana bocca* !'

There may the man of letters, the lover of the arts, and the votary of the stern and wild in nature, luxuriate in the gratification of his taste.

Rude and rugged is the frame that holds the jewel ; no vine-clad hills, no orange groves, no verdant pastures, encircle the rocky capital of Maremma.

Well may the traveller admire, when he beholds the spacious walks shaded by forest trees, the proud cathedral and the college of learning, the busy thriving citizens, and the polished nobility, that improve and adorn this Oasis of the Apennines.

Naples and Rome, Florence and Genoa herself, for female excellence deservedly notorious, would in vain contend for the apple of Discord, with the loveliness of a daughter of Sienna.

Diana's haughty brow, the witchcraft of Medea's eye, the features of Helen, the glossy hair of a bacchante, young Hebe's bust, and the full symmetry of Juno's limbs, command the intoxication of the rash beholders of her charms.

Such is the constellation of Heaven-born attractions, bestowed upon the favoured daughters of Sienna.

Thus was Giroletta gifted, though born in humble life, with beauty worthy of a more than earthly throne.

CHAPTER II.

THE works of the sculptor, Pietro, received not more applause, than was their due from his countrymen of Sienna.

Bold and original in design, delicate in execution, enthusiastic in his art, he culled the loveliest of living models, that he might invest with most truthful proportions, the marble effigies of his creative fancy.

Chaste and sublime as was the imagination of Pietro, unchaste and hard as the millstone was his heart.

Benevolence he would say was folly, charity was vice, mercy was injustice, and good-will the result of ignorance ; devotion was hypocrisy, and

his sole aim and end in existence, to satiate his appetites, and wring applause from those who fain would blame.

Duro was he justly surnamed by his fellow-citizens, who joined in admiration of his works, while they abhorred the hand that hewed them into life.

La Giroletta had been oft invited to the studio; her comeliness was appreciated by the artist.

But a shrinking modesty of soul forbad the view of her young charms to the scientific eye of taste.

Duro tempted her indigent parents with gold, to compel the bashful beauty to his wish.

But the lovely daughter was too tenderly cherished, to be forced into any act against her will.

Grim poverty and his starveling satellite, privation, intruded their unwelcome presence on the family.

Still the father scorned to profit by the charms of his child, and the mother refused to combat her repugnance.

The tyranny of a creditor outweighs the iron rod of an autocrat, nor is any slave so defenceless as a debtor.

Duro bought up the engagements of the unfortunate, and consigned the father of Giroletta to a prison.

Sad was the day in Sienna, and loud the lamentations of women, when the parent of beauty was torn from his peaceful home.

The prudery of Giroletta was blamed by the busy-bodies, and the hour of bitterness wrung a reproach from her mother's lips.

“Thou couldst have prevented this, Giroletta, thou cruel daughter ; thou couldst have repaid our care of thee in thy helpless infancy.

“The blameless profits of thy vain beauty would have sustained us ; Heaven forbid that thou shouldst forsake the path of virtue.”

The tongues of the neighbours echoed the taunt of the parent, and hypocritically joined in her pious sentiments.

Their hearts, envious of the superior charms of Giroletta, would have exulted in the eclipse of her spotless fame.

"Cease, woman," said the broken-hearted father, "cease to vent these untimely reproaches.

"Know that I feel an honest pride in the purity of my daughter; my only comfort in a prison will be the knowledge, that my child excels in virtue as in beauty."

As yet the spirit of Giroletta was unbroken; the words of others passed away like morning dew; but the disinterested eulogy of her father nearly overcame her obstinate resistance.

Day after day the irksome atmosphere of the prison clouded the brow, and corroded the heart of the Italian.

Meagre was his food, and hard as Duro was

his couch ; silent he bore his affliction, whilst his wife bruited her grief aloud.

“ This is too much for me,” said the wavering Giroletta, “ I will seek our creditor, and at any sacrifice appease him.”

While the reply of Duro was cold but not repulsive, his heart danced with joy the dance of a thousand imps.

“ So you have found out at last that my favour is better than a cup of pride and a bowl of tears.

“ The wages of a model are not the wages of iniquity, and their amount will afford your father every comfort compatible with his present incarceration.”

“ Say not so,” exclaimed the damsel, “ in mercy, Pietro, say not so. Will not the freedom of my father, the peace of mind of my mother, be the reward of my concession, of my repentance, and my shame ?”

“ The daughters of Italy,” he replied, “ are

not ashamed, but exult when Pietro the sculptor selects them, to record their beauty in imperishable marble.

“Thy father has been a spendthrift, thy mother is a fool; they are in my power, and thou art the reed on which they lean.

“Thou hast seen, Giroletta, the effect of my displeasure; be obedient, and thou shalt obtain my forgiveness, hereafter thou mayest win from me my compassion.”

That morning was the clay moulded by skilful hands, in the similitude of the hidden charms of the shrinking girl.

The Niobe, and the Calypso of the sculptor, now attest the filial piety of Giroletta.

Conscious of her innocence, and rejoicing in her sacred motive, the daughter poured her earnings into the lap of her happy mother.

The evening meal of the family was cheerful, although it was partaken in a prison.

The merry girl acknowledged with a smile of

good humour, that the applause of the studio richly conferred upon her young charms, and the quiet attention of the artist, had almost reconciled her to her fate.

Vanity sweetened the draught accepted with such repugnance; I also contributed my utmost influence; a lover of the arts, I was most unwilling that such classic grace should unrecorded pass away.

None knew better than Duro the art of soothing the unquiet spirit, the whisper of our enemy, the last sigh of expiring decorum.

Kind and respectful had been the assistants in the craft, who maintained the warm temperature of the studio, that the health of the model might not suffer, while their pencils portrayed the outline of her form.

Experience teaches the artist to controul the feelings of the man. Contented, like the bee, to draw but a little honey from every flower, since no figure can be without blemish in the

eye of science, he becomes habituated to analyze without excitement, the sacred and mysterious form of woman.

Years must, nevertheless, pass over the head of the beginner, ere his passions are schooled into technical approbation.

Even the man of experience, the practised veteran of the chisel, is not altogether proof against the majesty of loveliness.

Who could behold, unmoved, the attractions of Gireletta? In virgin attire she commanded admiration, who then could lift the veil, and forbear to love?

Stoics are as rare as heroes at Sienna, and the stubble of old Pietro's desire took flame.

Not one of those was Duro, who sigh away a life-time, or suffer an ardent passion to consume the tabernacle of the soul.

I wish her mine, was his thought; and she shall be mine, was his resolve. Duro wishes not, and labours not, in vain.

“Giacomo !” he called aloud, to a pupil of high pretension, whose genius was gradually ripening under his eye,

“Giacomo Sforza, behold this drawing, and this mould as yet imperfect.

“I go abroad, and leave to you, and to Grevino, the task of paring into shape, these beginnings. You shall afterwards achieve a duplicate of the design.

“Touch not that ‘torso,’ my last handy-work of promise ; if I live, my sons, that shall bring me fame and fortune.”

CHAPTER III.

A high-souled youth was Giacomo Sforza, the pupil of the artist Pietro.

Strong in frame, and impetuous in action, his genius hardly brooked his daily task, and would vex with the strangest flights of fancy, the rudiments of technical instruction.

Insatiable in the pursuit of excellence, and fertile in wild design, his progress had already won from Duro, presage of celebrity in time to come.

Far different were the qualities, and the person, of Andrea Grevino, the friend and fellow-craft of Sforza.

Zealous and persevering, but unendowed

with imagination, of skilful hand and correct eye, and slow but faithful execution, he limited his desires to the reward of patient industry.

“ Sforza !” said the quiet Grevino, “ why sit you there with idle pencil ?

“ Well you know that we have barely time to execute our task. It is not fair to yourself, my Giacomo, to waste the moments devoted, to your improvement, in heated dreams of airy Spanish castles.”

“ If my dreams, Andrea, are more pleasing than drudgery, am I to blame that I occasionally indulge in them ?

“ I dreamed that you and I were blended in one genius; that I seized the idea, and you rough hewed the design, that Canova's self, never attained the perfection of the last touch that I bestowed on your performance.”

“ I am grateful for the place of honour your dream assigned me, the labourer in your vineyard,” replied Grevino.

“ Meantime, I suppose my doubled exertions, must, as heretofore, conceal your idleness from Duro.

“ I too could dream, nor can you wonder, Giacomo, more than myself, at my first burst of ideal happiness.

“ Love makes the man, says the proverb, and I enjoy the sensations, with which the beauty of Giroletta has fired my soul.”

“ And you are in love, you cold lump of Carrara, and calmly tell me of a fire in your icy bosom ; finding it easy to discourse on a subject, so sublime as the new model of Pietro !

“ While I who adore the atmosphere of her beauty, dared not breathe my passion in your frigid presence.”

Andrea dashed the clay in his hand upon the ground. “ Thus perishes,” he cried, “ my first fond hallucination ; with your rivalry, Giacomo Sforza, disappointment is the lot of poor Grevino.

“Oh that the image of light had forborne my humble path, while the tranquillity of my soul was undisturbed !

“To you the stormy passion is congenial,—may its rage be soothed in the lap of satisfaction !”

“Fear not, my Andrea, fear not my rivalry, or my success. Never did my soul sink below zero until now,—the sanguine spirit of Giacomo is departed.

“Without a name, without a fortune, and without a home, neither of the pupils of Pietro may pretend to La Giroletta.

“Should the maiden, perchance, be won, to share the lot of the humble, thy gentleness would bear the palm from the impetuosity of Sforza.”

Pietro reentered his studio, with ‘forestieri’ in his train.

The Count Arnaud of France, and his pretty

dame Pauletta, travelling for their pleasure, wished to see the works of Duro.

Pleased, as who could fail to be, with his productions, the 'naive' lady demanded of the sculptor, the cause of his remaining at Sienna.

"I thought," she added, "that in Florence, or the Eternal City, the artists of merit from every nation were congregated."

"Perhaps, Signora," said Pietro, "I love not congregations. Perhaps in my native city, where the professors of the art are few, my humble endeavours appear to greatest advantage, and will not stand the severe test of comparison, with the immortal efforts of Thorvaldsen and Canova."

"You are too diffident," was the reply of the polished Arnaud, "to me the works of these great men are familiar, and might be proud to stand beside that lovely Psyche."

"It wears the look of love and innocence,

the charm of earliest youth," exclaimed the lady, admiring through her eye glass this masterpiece of Duro's execution.

" 'Tis the beatified soul of our commandant's youngest daughter," observed Pietro, looking complacently upon the statue.

" The pitiable mother set fire to the canopy of her infant's couch, while imprinting the kiss of evening upon the lips of the sleeping child.

" The babe, you see, is expanding the wings of immortality, the point of the little foot yet lingers on the pedestal of earth, while the little hand wafts a kiss of pardon to the self-upbraiding parent.

" The mother, wistfully regarding the apotheosis of her lovely victim, at her feet the torch that lighted the soul to heaven ; a mournful group, the brother and sisters of the departed, will below adorn the monumental marble.

" Little of novelty remains to the modern

artist, his happiest designs are accused of Promethean fire.

“ Yet it flatters my dream of young loveliness, that ye took my little Angela to be a Psyche.”

The Count appreciated the genius of Pietro, and required the bust of Pauletta at his hands.

Her eye skimmed the contents of the studio, and rested upon the silent pupils of the sculptor.

True daughter of ‘ la grande nation, amie des petits soins,’ while Pietro expressed his pleasure at being selected, as the marble copyist of such distinguished features, the coquette dropped the mantle from her shoulders, on the busy hands of the astonished Giacomo.

Archly smiling at her own affected awkwardness, she hoped the Signor’s drawing had not suffered.

With trembling fingers did Sforza replace the mantle, murmuring bashfully a sound without a meaning, while the laughing dame in

mischief remarked, "Your hand is rather unsteady for a sculptor!"

"If the morrow," interrupted Duro, "suits your pleasure, to give your humble servant a first sitting, the fairest girl in Sienna shall attend, as mistress of the robes to the Signora."

CHAPTER IV.

THE heart of Giacomo was the sport of every impulse, and Pauletta, pleased with a new triumph, however humble, soon diverted his affections from Giroletta.

That lovely damsel astonished the sight of the Parisian, with charms more dazzling than her eye had seen, or fancy dreamed.

Accustomed to the shabby features of her own countrywomen, whose sole attractions are fine eyes, and tasteful garb, herself a star among the '*mises à ravir*,' and an unbeliever in the power of beauty unadorned, she gazed with wonder on the classic grace before her.

Jealousy had no part in her feelings to one so lowly; the good Arnaud, proverbial for his

constancy, and already numbering fifty years, mildly declared,—

“ That girl would make a fortune at Paris !”

She loved to prattle with the guileless maiden of Sienna, to weave the vine-leaf of the Bacchante in her hair, she perused daily the sketches taken from her figure, and was induced, by the vainest of vain motives, to prefer the following strange request to Arnaud.

“ The clay has received,” said she, “ the model of my countenance, but Pietro has not yet commenced the marble bust.

Let the memorial of thy Pauletta, dearest Arnaud, be a statue from the figure of the model, with the features of thy love adapted as the headpiece.”

The curious wish was disapproved by Count Arnaud. “ Why,” said he, “ should you require me, Pauletta, to pay dear for the charms of another, when your own more than suffice for my delight ?”

The undaunted lady sent a summons to Giroletta, and exulting in their nearly equal stature, she trusted to her powers of persuasion to overcome the prejudice of Arnaud.

The Siennese girl obeyed the call of the French woman, but with tears, and heaving bosom, stood before her.

Long she urged the heart-sick maid to tell her woes, and kindly promised sympathy and assistance.

She won from Giroletta the tale of her affliction, and of the insult which had struck the iron into her soul.

Her broken words explained to Pauletta, that the father of the beauty was in a prison.

Her own little earnings in the studio, were the sole support of both her wretched parents.

The cruel Duro, enamoured of her person, had sickened her proud heart by the proposal, that she herself might cheaply ransom the captive, by the surrender of her virtue to himself.

“ Is Pietro so gallant ?” exclaimed the lady,
“ Is the surname of Duro misapplied ?

“ Can a compliment wring the tear-drop
from your eyes ? My love, you ought to jump
at such an offer.

“ You should think twice, Giroletta,” she
continued, “ before you affront Pietro by re-
fusing.

“ Recollect that the pious heart of a daughter,
may give much to release a father from a prison.

“ Nor need you dread the harsh opinion of
the world ; surely none could accuse the beauty
of Sienna, of giving way to the indulgence of
guilty passion, by yielding to the ugly old
Pietro.”

“ Dreadful fate !” exclaimed the wondering
Giroletta, to whom the doctrines of depravity
were new.

“ Is this your promised sympathy, Signora ?”
She wept aloud, and rushed from the apartment.

The generous Arnaud overheard the artless

story, and blamed the unworthy answer of his mistress.

“ Take this purse,” said he, “ and hasten to the sculptor, pay the debt, and refresh your heart with a good action.

“ It will wipe away the remorse you ought to feel, for the wound you so relentlessly inflicted.”

Abashed, the lady hastened on her mission. To her surprise, the Artist declined to receive the money.

“ You have been misled, Signora, but your feelings do you honor, doubtless the crafty girl has misrepresented me.

“ The obstinacy of the daughter, who refused to be my model, compelled me to enforce my just rights upon her parent.

“ Release him, and the perverse spirit of rebellion, will tear the flower of Italy from my studio.

“ You, also, most excellent Signora, will suffer along with me in your desire, that the propor-

tions of our Siennese beauty, should be considered as your own by your acquaintance."

Pietro had ably seized the tender point; short between good and evil was the contest. Vanity pleaded too hard against compassion, and the lady left her errand unfulfilled.

Whither could Giroletta fly for consolation? The funeral dower of beauty was her birthright.

Hated by envious woman, and persecuted by the love of man, she sought a refuge in the bosom of Holy Church.

The turtle dove in the talons of the eagle, the gaudy insect in the remorseless fingers of childhood, are less sure of a cruel and untimely fate, than is woman, when advised by a libertine.

Such was the Padre Ripario, the Confessor of Giroletta, the spiritual guide of Pietro, and the abettor of his iniquities; to whose ear the poor girl confided her misfortunes, and her prayer for an asylum in the cloister.

The wily priest listened demurely to the

maiden, and paused to collect his thoughts, ere he replied.

Pietro was his bosom friend, and boon companion, with whom alone he could lay aside his pious mask.

Resolving to forward the iniquitous design, he speciously answered the complaint of Giroletta.

“ Our actions, my daughter, will be judged by our motives ; if you take the veil, your father perishes in a prison.

“ For neglecting in your intentions the sorrows of a parent, this penance, though not severe, must be performed.

“ Continue your attendance, however painful, at the studio, your selfish spirit will be mortified, and your gains will sustain your father.

“ Should you fall, which Heaven forbid, a prey to the passion of Pietro, return to me a penitent, and the cloister shall receive you.

“ When a great man bestows his gifts on a

humble family, in the hope of working iniquity with the wife or daughter, as his motive is evil, so his generosity is not a virtue.

“If the lowly maiden should sacrifice her reputation to prolong the life of the author of her being, her motive is noble and generous, and her sins, however great, shall be forgiven her.

“Take comfort then, my daughter, in the assurance, that if the worst thou apprehendest should befall thee, the Church still holds out to thy acceptance, a refuge where the wicked cease from troubling.”

“Ah me!” cried Giroletta, when she retired from the confessional, what shall become of my youth, of my virtue, and my peace of mind?

“I may be wrong, but it appears to my humble understanding, that the same lips which once taught me devotion, would now uproot the germ of piety in my feeble soul.”

Slowly she went on her way to the hated

studio, to perform the penance enjoined her by the Padre.

The quiet Andrea looked up at her mournful countenance, but presumed not to inquire the cause of her dejection.

Alas! thought Giroletta, unconscious of his sympathy, how happy could I be with a protector like Grevino, bound by the ties of matrimonial love!

Could this pair have read the souls of each other, theirs had been a lot of happiness and peace.

CHAPTER V.

THE ribaldry of Pauletta, the grave counsel of Ripario, the sight of a father pining to be free, combined to undermine the resolution of the ill-starred beauty of Sienna.

She fell, and the foul destroyer of her innocence exulted in the success of his ingenuity.

The joy of her parents, unconscious of the price of liberty, was the only sweet drop of consolation, in the bitter cup allotted to their daughter.

They returned to their wonted industry with vigour, and their happy home again flourished in the light of day, like a healthful plant putting forth a bud of great promise, whose very heart the worm unseen corrodes.

Thus did the canker of remorse grind the soul of Giroletta ; thus did shame and wounded pride tear her tender bosom, and the shaft of anguish was barbed most unwittingly, by Gre-vino, who too late avowed his love.

Day after day he basked in the fire of her eye-beam ; day after day he saw Giacomo cool towards her, drawn away by the coquetry of Pauletta, who played him off, and laughed at his presumption.

Andrea emboldened by the change in his dreaded rival, without diffidence declared his passion to Giroletta.

Sobs and tears were the only answer he received, and he left her presence astounded and perplexed.

“ Alas ! ” said the poor girl, in solitude venting aloud her grief, “ what evil has this one little week brought upon me ! ”

“ But a few short and evil days have passed away, since pure and unspotted, loving and

beloved, the too bashful Andrea might have wooed me, and won me for his chaste and happy bride.

“What now remains to the fallen Giroletta! the victim of the snake Ripario's counsel; a prey to the odious lust of Duro!

“Accursed be the house in which I was born, and the parents who reared me; my short-sighted affection for them has destroyed my peace for ever.

“Cursed be the false priest whose hypocrisy would not forbid me to turn away from the path of virtue, and do evil that good might come.

“The life of cloistered. nun, the promised refuge is still open, where I and conscience might wrestle for a while, until madness, the child of solitude, should step between us, whispering my unworthiness of Grevino's love.

“Have I then no bright chance remaining to

my hope? Do I wear for nought these charms so much extolled?

“ A light from Heaven, or a flame from Hell that burns within me, bears witness to my power in deeds to come.

“ By Phoebus and Diana, by Pluto, Jupiter, and all the Gods, whose altars Italy did once approach with awe; who were as propitious, I doubt not, to our fathers, as Paul, or Peter, Mary, or Ursula are to us, whose priests were at least as pure as Ripario, Duro shall yet repent of this his filthy bargain.”

Sullen and abrupt in speech, careless of her person and her attire, alone in moody silence sat the beauty of Sienna.

Shuddering, she refused to re-enter the studio of the sculptor; “ Work or starve,” said she to her wondering parents, “ I have done more than my duty by you.”

“ Indulging in gloomy thought, and torturing

her busy brain, she matured a plan of revenge upon the spoiler of her innocence.

Meanwhile the benevolent Frenchman, the noble Count Arnaud, heard with joy that the father of Giroletta was free, nor doubted that his mistress had bestowed his gold in the way that his generosity suggested.

This cunning woman concealed her own conjectures. What to her was the seduction of Giroletta?

The beauty would serve as well as ever for a model, and the purse so strangely refused by Pietro, would contribute a little to her own amusements.

But the feelings of Arnaud and Pauletta underwent a change, when Duro lamented the renewed obstinacy of his victim.

In vain did the lady coax the afflicted girl, in vain did the Count himself reproach her reluctance, to gratify the whim of his beloved.

Unconscious of obligation, she scarcely deigned

to reply to either; and the ingratitude of this Italian family, is, to the present time, a favourite theme with Arnaud.

Pietro hinted that a figure and attitude of superior grace, might be borrowed from antiquity, for the benefit of Pauletta.

Weary of the affair, the volatile lady declined the offer; presenting Duro with a large reward, and commending her bust alone to his attention, she permitted Giacomo to kiss the tip of her little finger, and proceeded with her submissive Count to Naples.

“Wherefore, my Giroletta,” said the mother of the beauty, “were you so cross to the French customers of Pietro?”

“They are rich, they gave kind words, and were strangers in our city; methought you had found favour in their eyes.

“In the south of Italy, to which they have repaired, they will soon forget thee, and thy churlishness, my pretty one.”

“ Who cares ?” grumbled Giroletta. “ But, mother, tell me, I beseech you, is that heartless woman gone for ever from Sienna ?”

“ Count Arnaud and his lady are gone.”
“ Then is my time come,” exclaimed the forward daughter, shaking off the lethargy of many days.

Once more she braided her dishevelled hair, once more, with a glance of self-approving beauty, she arranged her simple garments in becoming folds.

Returning energy brought back the damask to her cheek, and recalled the melting fire of her large dark eye.

Unquestioned, she walked abroad in her loveliness ; to her parents she had become a wonder and a mystery, and they hailed the sudden change with joy and fear.

CHAPTER VI.

THE impetuous Sforza shall be the instrument of my selection ; like the chisel in the hand of the cunning artist, that youth must work out my dark design.

Never will I abuse the pure affection of Gre-vino by giving my polluted self to be his bride.

Such were the thoughts of Giroletta, and thus she addressed her truant lover, Giacomo :

“ Since the comet that bewildered thine ideas, no longer seeks to retain thee in the dazzling track, wilt thou return to the star of thy adoration ? And canst thou hope that I shall forgive thy vagary ? ”

Wondering at herself for the unmaidenly advances, she could now make without a blush to the young artist, her surprise was greater to hear from his lips, the newly adopted language of the libertine.

“ My loveliest and dearest of women, you at least have no right whatever to reproach me.

“ From the morning that I first beheld your beauty, my heart felt and acknowledged its sovereign power.

“ My eyes have betrayed my feelings to your own, but my poverty restrained the utterance of my affection.

“ You also seemed to prefer my friend Gre-vino, and I tried to rejoice in his good fortune.

“ But when you bartered your young beauty to Count Arnaud, to redeem a parent from our master's iron grasp, I worshipped your filial piety, Giroletta, but I ceased to desire you for my wife.

“ Yet, wherefore, should chivalrous notions

of chastity, bear harder upon us, than upon others ?

“ The French noble, and his Pauletta, enjoy their liberty, free to love, and free to cease loving, merrily pass their days.

“ Take then, my glorious beauty, your adoring Sforza to your heart, never will you meet, even in more sacred bonds, with a protector more devoted to your will.”

Thoughtfully, the girl replied, “ This then is the gossip of Sienna. Skilfully has Duro thrown the mantle of his iniquity, upon the shoulders of the absent Count Arnaud.

“ Hear me, Giacomo Sforza, and be this the test of thy declared affection.

“ Pietro, the man who plunged us into trouble, is the fiend to whom I paid the cruel ransom.

“ Giacomo, if I am unworthy to be thy wife, it is Pietro who has stepped between thee and thy hope.

“ Does your heart, like his, rival your marble?

Will you show to the world an example of patience, while Duro snatches the cup, untasted, from your lips?

“ I blame not, gentle Signor, your philosophy, but let your meekness seek a more congenial mate,—the love of Giroletta is for the brave, and her embrace is the reward of the avenger.

“ *Corpo di Bacco, Sforza*, you seem at a loss for a reply.”

“ And if I do seem at a loss, my Giroletta, want of words to express the bitterness of my hatred, and the deadly revenge that I will inflict on the ravisher, is the cause of my momentary silence.

“ Oh vice incredible! Oh treachery unequalled! It was Duro, who with plausible counsels, deterred me from avowing myself thy suitor, in days gone by.

“ He has greedily devoured the golden fruit, that, but for him, I had honourably made my own.

“ He dies, my Giroletta, but I scorn, by his example, to claim aught of thee, my broken-hearted beauty, in return for the accomplishment of our revenge.”

“ Giacomo !” said the altered girl, with a thousand murders in her vivid eye, “ Giacomo Sforza, you are worthy of a woman’s love.”

Such was the discourse of two beings, who, lately, would have trembled at the thought, that the slaughter of a fellow-creature should be rewarded, by the indulgence of their own illicit affection.

Goaded by his hate, and stimulated by his desires, Giacomo deeply meditated upon the consummation of his crime.

Cowardly must be the hand that stoops to assassination ; nor was the dagger justified even in the grasp of Brutus.

Yet such is the revenge of the sons of Italy, and the sanctuary protects the man of blood from justice.

But the bosom of the dark-souled Giroletta, was the sanctuary that Sforza hoped to gain.

The poisoned bowl was the weapon he selected,—as treacherous, but safer, than the dagger.

Rapid in thought, and eager in execution, he breathed a hasty 'addio' to the damsel. "Before we meet again, my Giroletta, Pietro shall have sealed our union with his death."

The young Dottore Schenchio had been a companion of Sforza's youth, and aspires to be the Hippocrates of Sienna.

A man of few words, of great skill and penetration, he contrives to reserve his own counsels, and to fathom the hearts of his fellow men.

Seated amidst books, medicines and skeletons, he received a visit from the excited Giacomo.

He listened calmly to a demand for his deadliest drugs, and a plausible explanation of the strange request.

"I am young," said he, "Giacomo, in my profession, but look full at me, and see if you can deceive me."

“ You are impelled by remorse or disappointment, to the perpetration of a murder or a suicide.”

The inflexible uprightness of Schenchio had, in early days, great influence over his companion.

Conscience-struck and irresolute he stood; the steady eye of the physician recalled his sense, and he shuddered at the blackness of the deed, he had sworn to Giroletta to perform.

The scrutinizing Schenchio persevered; without sternness, but without concession, he made a penitent of the offender; he sympathised in his sorrow, he agreed in his indignation, he crept into his confidence, and wrung the black drop from his heart.

“ Giacomo,” said he, “ few men would have heard this avowal, without diminishing the love they bore to their guilty friend.

“ But the diseases of the mind have been my study, and I know the strength of those passions, which, unwarily, you cherish in your bosom.

“ Kind remonstrance, and affectionate entreaty, tempered by the gentle spirit of forbearance, and the consolations of our Church, my dear Sforza, are the remedies for a distemper of the soul.

“ Faithfully have I afforded you the first, be persuaded by me, while you are yet unstained by crime, to unburthen your mind to your confessor, and thankfully receive your absolution.”

CHAPTER VII.

UNHAPPILY for the welfare of all concerned, Ripario was the father confessor of Sforza.

Hating himself for his murderous intentions, he feared to meet the too fascinating cause of his offence. The mantle of every female he encountered, seemed to him to shroud the form of Giroletta.

With downcast eyes he hurried onwards to the Padre, and throwing himself at the feet of the hypocrite, relieved his heart by a confession of his wickedness, and a burst of gratitude for the interference of Schenchio.

“ My son,” said the smooth apostle of iniquity,

“ to Providence your thanks are due, and not to Schenchio.

“ You have contemplated a most atrocious action, the death of a respectable citizen, your master, and in proportion to your guilt must be your penance.

The secrets of the confessional are sacred, and to me, not to secular friends, like this Schenchio, ought your crime and your contrition to have been confided.

“ Return to your home, and meditate upon the past, avoid Pietro, avoid Giroletta, lest you should relapse, avoid Schenchio, for your sin is too great for discussion, save with me, the corrector of your wanton youth.

“ On the morrow I will advise you farther of your penance, and bestow upon you the comforts of absolution.

“ Procul o procul este diaboli! Let the penitent depart in peace. “ Santissima Madonna! what an evergreen is old Pietro! And

how fortunate to have such a friend as myself.

“ But the next blossom in his garden must be mine ; he will owe much to my address in this affair, and will not dare to displease his preserver.”

Such were the meditations of Ripario, as he hastened to obtain an interview with the sculptor.

“ Welcome, holy father,” said Pietro, “ the sight of you is refreshing to my eyes.

“ Are you come to see the works of our industry ? The mausoleum you admire is nearly finished.”

“ I have business which concerns your private ear. Your life has been in danger, my old friend.”

The impenetrable Duro smiled when he heard the story, of which Ripario gave a very partial version.

He concealed the assent of Sforza to the murder, only saying that the youth was in love with Giroletta, but finding her conditions appal-

ling to his conscience, had revealed them to himself at the confessional."

"If every woman whom I have conquered," replied Duro, "had proved as bloody-minded as Giroletta, your Pietro had been minced meat ere this day.

"I profit by their folly, I laugh at their revenge. My pupil Giacomo shall enjoy his heart's desire; I love the lad who loathed to hurt his master.

"Let him persuade this Lucretia that the deed is done; I myself will leave Sienna for a time: my brave boy shall thus achieve his reward, while I am visiting my worthy friends at Florence.

"Be it your care to fix suspicion on the lady, and to lay the hounds of justice on the track; let the tigress be well frightened in a prison, till she learns to make less fuss about a trifle.

"And if you, my reverend father, are inclined, when she sickens of her sanguinary

project, you may act the good angel, if you can, and restore the dead to life at your good pleasure.

“ Since this beauty will do naught without a compact, your worship may surely make your own conditions, unless the truly pious Ripario should scorn the fruit at which his friends have nibbled.

“ Leave me to prepare Giacomo for his part, if the youth has a grain of spirit in his body, he will heartily thank his master for the contrivance.”

“ What a churchman was marred when Duro became an artist !” exclaimed the confessor, as he returned to his residence, almost jealous of his friend's superiority.

“ ‘ Buon giorno,’ my Giacomo,” said the sculptor, “ so you could not find it in your own noble heart, to cut my throat for the love of Giroletta !”

The knees of young Sforza smote together,

the power of utterance deserted his gaping lips, and the cold sweat gathered on his brow.

“Cheer up, my brave boy,” said Pietro, “you are new to the wickedness of women.

“Our kind Padre has not betrayed your confidence, I know not your array of peccadilloes, but he has informed me of that which does you honour.

These praises were daggers to Giacomo; he spoke not, but he clasped the hand of his master.

By degrees the whole plot was unfolded to him, and, reassured by the happy ignorance of Pietro, he shook off his unfounded alarm, and readily undertook all that was required.

Like a criminal who is gladdened by a reprieve, he scarce gave to the past a single thought, but entered with eagerness upon the plan, which promised such enjoyment to himself.

Would this be the counsel of my Schenchio?

was the qualm which for an instant crossed his mind.

The reformation of Giroletta is my motive, was the plausible reply to his angry conscience.

Our baffled enemy abandoned the field, to Pietro, to Ripario, and myself.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT the door of their humble home, enjoying the cool breeze of evening, sat the beauty of Sienna and her mother.

The young Sforza, returning from the studio, accosted them with some customary compliments.

“ To-morrow,” he added, with peculiar emphasis, “ *when our business with the sculptor is done*, may I hope for an evening walk with Giroletta ?”

“ I shall be too happy,” softly answered the lovely girl, while her countenance was lighted up by an expression, too well known to her dissimulating partner.

“ What a pity,” said the dame, “ that he is so

poor, you would else make a pretty pair of lovers.

“ Do not encourage him much, my dear child, who knows how many suitors may be in store for you !”

Giroletta smiled a bitter smile at her own thoughts, but she made no reply to her prudent mother.

At the promised hour, the young artist and the maiden were perambulating Sienna arm in arm.

They bent their steps toward the studio of the sculptor, not a word escaped their lips during the walk.

She concluded that the deed was already done, and that her bravo wanted courage to avow it.

If his delicacy should prevent him from claiming her, she resolved not to begin the conversation.

Neither remorse, nor any fear of detection, found a place in the revengeful heart of Giroletta.

In silence, then, they arrived at the studio, and Sforza making signs to her to follow, they traversed the passage familiar to them both.

They entered the working room of the sculptor, and at the foot of an unfinished statue, whose imperfect figure had been borrowed from his victim, lay the lumbering carcase of Pietro.

He had apparently fallen upon his face; his coat was drenched with gore from a wound between the shoulders, he weltered in a pool of blood, that meandered on the floor, and a dripping dagger was beside the prostrate body.

"Are you satisfied?" whispered the ready Giacomo. "If we stay here, and are detected. we are lost."

The sight of death was new to Giroletta,—
"Take me, oh, take me away," she exclaimed,
"from this horrid place."

"Horrid as it is," said Giacomo, "it is my work." And, with a laugh, which (so strange

are human feelings) made him absolutely hateful to Giroletta, he hurried the excited girl away.

“Ho! ho! ho!” grunted Duro, getting on his legs, when the pair had disappeared from the apartment.

“She seemed a little shocked, however, at my decease; at least her nerves are rather delicate for a murderess.

“I dare say she will repent in a week, with the fear of the guillotine before her eyes. The headsman makes more penitents than the priest. What a waste of my ‘vin de Bourdeaux’ on the floor!”

The disinterested sentiments of Giacomo, which he expressed in the height of his exasperation, disappeared, from the time he became a plotter.

The retired lodging of the sculptor's apprentice, at an early hour on the following day, was surrounded by the officers of justice, who conveyed the suspected lovers to a prison.

“Of what crime,” demanded Giacomo, “are we accused? Ye will, surely, permit the maiden to depart.”

“Assuredly not, my young Signor,” said the sbirro, “the worthy artist Pietro is missing from his home; your acquaintance, Signor Gre-vino, gave the alarm, finding stains of blood, and a stiletto in his workshop.

“This holy father, Ripario, beheld you, and your lady, once the pride of Sienna, as you visited the house of the sculptor, yester evening, in a most suspicious manner.

“You may be innocent, for aught I know myself; meantime, I must do my duty by the state, and confine you both in separate apartments.”

“I am innocent of the horrid crime,” replied Giacomo. “I was ignorant of the catastrophe until now, and so, I will undertake for her, is this damsel.”

Giroletta covered her lovely features with

her hands, but spoke not a word in her own defence.

“Holy father Ripario,” shouted Sforza, “before you depart, I have somewhat to say to you.”

“Clear the cell of Giacomo!” said the priest, “I would be alone for a while with our sinful brother.”

“Holy father, why did you trap us in bed together?” said Sforza, to his reverend accomplice. “You are carrying on the joke, with a vengeance; I shall not stand it long, I assure you.”

“My son,” replied the priest, “you forget yourself, and you forget the respect due to my holy calling.

“I lent my aid to the supposed murder of Pietro, for the pious purpose of reclaiming that guilty woman.

“Your incontinence was unforeseen on my part, but the public detection of the maiden’s

shame, will be the means of persuading her to take the veil ; and thus will good arise, I trust, from all this evil."

"Father," returned Giacomo, "I love the damsel ; the whole of Italy does not contain her equal.

"Finish then this folly immediately, I will repair her wrongs, and marry her at the altar."

Ripario vouchsafed not a reply. "I thought," said he to the keeper, "to have performed a duty, and received the full confession of a penitent. But, alas ! he is very hardened for one so young.

"Perchance the daughter of iniquity is softened. I will speak to her the words of pious exhortation."

He entered the cell of Giroletta, and harangued her in the common cant of his fraternity.

"Wretch !" said the unhappy woman, breaking silence for the first time since her captivity,

“to thee and thy most sanctified subterfuge, do I owe and ascribe my present condemnation.

“I would that thou hadst been the victim of my revenge, thou serpent; thou art more guilty than the other.”

The small soul of the priest quailed beneath her glance, and he retired, inwardly cursing her by all his gods.

CHAPTER IX.

FAR different was the reception accorded to Grevino, who obtained permission to visit the prisoners in their durance.

Horror-struck at the enormity of the crime, to which the dagger and the stains of blood bore a testimony, confirmed by the prolonged absence of Pietro, the good Andrea yet clung to a cherished hope, that Giroletta was innocent of the murder.

“ In what a dismal place,” he exclaimed, “ do I find thee, poor Giroletta, once the beloved of my soul !

“ But I come not to speak the language of reproach, I am here to implore thee to say

the word, that thou art not guilty of the murder of Pietro.

“Thy denial will be sufficient for my belief, and I will labour night and day to prove thy innocence.

“Thou shalt be cleared before the world of the imputation, for Heaven will bestow a blessing on my endeavours, to unmask the real offenders before the light, and bow their necks beneath the edge of retribution.

“I would die, rather than believe that thou art guilty; so fair a face belongs not to a murderess.

“Speak to me, dearest, and I will set about my task; I feel within me a presentiment of success, and that I may yet be allowed to pray for thy happiness, although thou hast chosen another for thy husband.”

“Andrea,” said she, “my only love, pray for me, and forgive me. The villain, Pietro, despoiled me of my virtue, and I have preferred

the indulgence of my revenge, to giving myself, thus dishonoured, to thy arms.

“ Andrea Grevino, I am guilty of this crime. It was I who bribed Giacomo to do my will, and the motive which impelled me was the reflection, that, but for Duro, I had been thy happy bride.

“ Too late, alas! is my tardy repentance; I have steeped the hands of Giacomo Sforza in blood.

“ In this world I must look for condemnation, and I tremble when I think of our final doom.

“ I have loved thee, my Grevino,—I have loved thee, through all my troubles, my sorrows, and my crimes, and the anguish you display at finding me unworthy, is, by far, the greatest misery I have endured.

“ Leave me, Andrea, leave me to myself; the cell of the guilty is not for such as thee.”

She wept, and the burning tears forced a

passage through the hands in which her lovely face was buried.

“Poor stricken deer!” cried the afflicted Grevino, “grievous have been thy wrongs, and great have been thy errors! may thy sins, Giroletta, be forgiven thee!”

Perhaps, thought he, as overcome by his emotion, he sought for an interview with Giacomo, perhaps she may have exaggerated her guilt, in the generous hope of saving her accomplice.

Her accomplice! he repeated to his distracted mind; is it possible that the woman of my affection, and my friend and fellow-craftsman in the Studio, are accomplices in the awful guilt of murder!

“Grevino!” shouted Sforza, his frame quivering with sudden joy, “you are come at last, and all shall yet go well.

“Speak not, but listen attentively to me.

You expected to have found an abject criminal.
We are innocent, upon my life we are innocent.

“I see you wish to speak, but you must listen. Old Duro is alive and merry as ourselves.

“I joined in their tricks to serve a purpose, and Ripario tries to turn the trick on me.

“With none but yourself dare I communicate ; and if you help us not, a convent receives the girl.

“She has been mine, and by heaven I will not lose her. I am certain that Priest is the very devil, and the cloister will but prepare her to be his victim.”

“Where then,” returned Andrea, “is Pietro? Oh Sforza, you have woven a tangled web of wickedness.

“I see, I see it all, and by vile means you have supplanted me, and proved yourself a villain.

“Never shall my hand return thy friendly

grasp; but for the sake of this persecuted angel, whose wrongs have almost justified her intentions, I will serve you both with zeal and perseverance.

“ But this is the condition, on which I stand, that you fail not to marry Giroletta, for the convent you dread is a safer refuge, than the arms of a profligate like yourself.”

“ In a week,” replied Sforza, “ Duro returns from Florence, and I swear that I will comply with your demand.

“ My heart prompts me to make the reparation; I am not such a monster as you think me.

“ Haste then to the Padre Ripario, tell him that you are acquainted with the plot, and that it becomes him, as he values his reputation, to remove the veil from this unholy secret.”

CHAPTER X.

ALAS ! for these short-sighted mortals ! Few are their troubles, which a little patience would not remove.

They must themselves mar their lives by their folly, and wilfully hurry on their own destruction.

The justification of the prisoners came too late, although the pious Andrea lost no time; and the same night, after the confession of Ripario, the judge commanded the liberty of the accused.

In their eagerness to proclaim the glad tidings, and to banish the remorse of Giroletta, Giacomo, the good Andrea, and the padre, rushed together into the cell of the unhappy one.

Stretched on the rude pallet of a prison, they beheld that form of unexampled beauty.

“ My Giroletta, my wife, you are innocent ! Duro lives ! ” shouted the impetuous Giacomo.

There was silence. “ Powers above ! can she be dying ! ” Sforza raised her up tenderly in his arms.

Her large dark eyes were dilated, but not with joy ; they were lustrous, but their gaze was set for ever.

A black froth curdled on her pouting lips, which the fated Sforza, in the hope of rousing her, kissed away.

At that instant Schenchio burst into the chamber ; he came in ignorance to visit Giacomo, a prisoner.

At once aware of the danger, he exclaimed, “ Rash man, I say, stand off from the dead body ; if you imbibe one single drop of that poison, I warn you that your hour is also come.”

It was too true. The fatal drug had been

provided in abundance, by the unfortunate Giroletta, on that day, when, to ransom her incarcerated father, she sacrificed her person to Pietro.

She only waited for the hour of her revenge. One drop of the searching liquid would have sufficed to overcome the strongest among men.

A cry from Sforza broke the awful pause, and grasping the hand of Schenchio, he expired.

Thus chequered was the career of Giroletta. She was exalted by the fatal gift of Beauty, and preeminently fearful was her fall.

But the Spirit survives her mouldering remains, and is remembered by the pious in their prayers.

The youth of Sienna reverence her name, and her death, they say, was martyrdom to Love.

The marble of the impregnable Pietro, has displayed in many shapes her classic form; without a blush he can descant upon her merits, and despairs of finding such another model.

With a hardness almost equal to that painter,

who stretched his submissive model on a tree, and having bound the poor unsuspecting creature, stabbed him, to obtain the agony of crucifixion,

Duro bribed the ignorant parents of his victim, for permission to take a cast from the lifeless body ; nor did he flinch from achieving the horrid task, with his own remorseless, impious, accursed, hands.

His townsmen have prolonged his name to Durissimo, and well has the old sinner earned the title.

The arts have been abandoned by Grevino ; the studio became the object of his aversion.

He now shines in bright contrast with Ripario, a priest of the Most Holy Church of Rome.

INFLUENCE OF MOUVEMENT.

INFLUENCE OF MOUVEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

Returning to the Germans, he said, that the state of their religion, when he was in Germany, was really shocking. He had never met one clergyman a Christian, and he found professors in the Universities lecturing against the most material points in the Gospel. He instanced, I think, Paulus, whose lectures he had attended.

TABLE TALK OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

“I DECLARE, Master Apollyon,” said Mouvement, “I had hardly patience to hear your tragedy to an end. How dare you depreciate the women of France? Beauty may be a rare plant in Italy, as your block of a stone-cutter acknowledges, by his overweening regret at the

loss of a single model. Let the old reprobate come to Paris, and at the academy which has sent forth Brocard, Brugnoli, Heberlé, and Taglioni, I will shew him fifty or a hundred young girls, as superior in shape and make to his Siennese article, as that Burgundy, you so much enjoy, is more excellent than your own vaunted *Lachrymæ*. Jealousy has blinded you, Master Apollyon, or Apollo, or whatever you are pleased to call yourself."

"Call me Pol," replied the bright spirit, "and keep your temper, *Mouvement*; believe me, I had no intention of offending you. Jealousy is a paltry sentiment, which I foment sometimes among my subjects, but I am incapable of feeling it myself. I thought your course had been the same. But 'like master like man,' says the proverb. I once heard one of your subjects, a French noble, assert, that it was absolutely impossible, that Mary of Scotland could have been so lovely, as her contemporaries

in Britain have recorded; because, forsooth, the fusty French chronicles are sparing of their antiquated commendations."

"It matters little," interrupted Nick, "what the French chronicles say, or what they leave unsaid. I myself remember Mary well. She was the most beautiful woman of her day. Her own sex hated her, because every man who saw, admired her. Her misfortunes are sufficient evidence of her attractions; such a career as her's could not have fallen to the lot of an ugly, or even a common-place kind of person. Assuredly the praises of the Scottish Dauphiness would have vexed the ladies at the Court of France, as much as they grated on the ear of my own Elizabeth. The chronicles of those days could only appear in court ink, red or black according to the fancy of the reigning Jezebels at the time. But the extremes of love and hate are the baits, which bring all the fish into our net. I had little to

do in those stirring times, when every card in my hand was a trump; kings, queens, and knaves of every suit were my prey, and of course I could not help scoring more than one odd trick."

"Sacre your Queen Mary," cried Mouvement. "Who cares whether a '*chienne écossaise*' had merit or not? I address myself to Pol, and endeavouring as far as I can to controul my feelings, I repeat that the paltry sentiment of jealousy which he disavows, induced him to apply the irreverent term of '*shabby features*' to the fascinating women of France. Had the comparison been made with Grecian charms, I were less impatient. From Greece, your own, and Venus' beauty came, and when perchance the remote descendants of Greek slaves, concubines of Roman conquerors, after a lapse of thousand generations, do resuscitate a single spark of Grecian loveliness, among the tattered remnants of old Italy, your mongrel Lombards, and your

garlic-eating Tuscans, your lousy Lazzaroni, and degenerate Romans, cry, 'Who but we are passing beautiful!' I claim for France your discord's golden apple; nay, more, an elegance of soul equal to that of person, in our fair ones; from which union springs their most unrivalled taste, a power to which you and the envious among mortals, would fain ascribe the whole of their success. I claim——"

What more *Mouvement* was about to claim, I cannot tell; for an unearthly whisper of two monosyllables cut short the loud, angry, accents of the speaker, who, with the other demons, obeyed, I may say in a twinkling, the order of Mephisto—

"Shut eyes!"

The cellar was as black as night. The flickering light of a single tallow-candle revealed the entrance of two servants in livery, one of whom carried an empty wine-basket in his hand. But the feeble ray of the humble minister of mutton

made the darkness alone, and not the demons, visible; or the rakehelly footmen would, no doubt, have consigned my jolly story-tellers to the police, and the reader would have lost three mighty pretty Influences, which are yet to come from my pen for his amusement.

“Now, Sam,” said one, “hand up them there long bottles. Be alive. There is a youngster shaking his elbow who is coming it strong, uncommon strong. He keeps a hasking for ‘more punch, more punch! more champagne punch!’ They’ll punch him I reckon; they’ll squeeze him like any lemon, till they gets the juice out of him; them be prime squeezers.”

“One, two, three, four, five, six; I hopes as they will,” replied Sam, placing the bottles in the basket. “I say, Richard, I smells a strong smell of brimstone, or summut in the cellar.”

“The fox is the finder,” replied Richard, “I smells nobody but you, Sam. You stinks for all the world like a powlecat in your sleep. I

was fust to hold my nose when I roust you up."

"More shame for them as makes a man stay out of his bed till sich time. And as for smells, I am as clean a sarvant as yourself, or e'er a man in Crockford's. Smells, indeed! When we have sarved up the punch, I'll sarve you out, Richard, for this; I'll punch your head, see if I don't!" The quarrelling lackeys departed with their load and their tallow-candle.

"As you were!" exclaimed Nicholas, who must, I am afraid, have been playing the devil in the army, the word of command seemed so familiar to him.

The lustre of seven pair of eyes again illuminated the cellar.

"I declare, Pol," said Sophia, without noticing the late interruption, "from the manner in which you favoured us with your influence, from your sympathy with the wrongs of the girl, and the epithets you applied to the priest

and the artist, I could have supposed that I was listening to a methodist parson, instead of the Spirit who both raised and rode the storm."

"Perhaps," replied Pol, "my 'gusto' for the beautiful softened me a little towards Giroletta, but in the catastrophe you may perceive, my dear Sophia, that although my expressions are mild, my arrangements are effectual. Besides, we know one another too well to be the dupes of appearance; we assume too many shapes and too many characters, even among ourselves in a quiet way."

"Some shapes are certainly more flattering than others to our 'amour propre,'" replied Sophia. "I dare say, Pol, you prefer being held up to the view of your subjects in the form of your statue in the Vatican, to the coarse sketch of a lubberly fiend with a pair of horns and a long, thick tail, squatting on the bed of the sleeping Tartini, and regaling him with a Sonata on the fiddle."

“ I flatter myself,” said Mephisto, “ that I was the first to undeceive our subjects on that head, or rather on that tail. Dante and Milton both failed of doing justice to our personal appearance ; it was reserved to the goose-quills of Germany to dissipate such vulgar errors, and well-informed people of the present day, think of us with as little fear as love, as gentlemen and ladies dressed in black, of good address and irreproachable manners, but dangerous and undesirable as a connexion.”

“ Nick !” said Hans, “ does your familiar fulfil his duty, of replenishing the bottles we have drained, with the true Mercurializing Devil’s Elixir ? I was sorry that none of it went up stairs just now. That is the stuff to make them rattle the bones.”

“ My familiar does his duty, Hans,” replied Nick, “ he contrives that our little comforts here shall never be missed ; the easy chairs are none the worse for an occasional visit to the

cellar, and the Elixir circulates I assure you. Whenever you hear of a merry prank played by the Legs and Lordlings of England, be sure they have got hold of the liquor we leave them, in the place of Mr Crockford's excellent wine."

"In that case," said Mouvement, "interruptions like the last, are of some use, however disagreeable. But in the day of my august Napoleon, when we held our 'réunion' in the Louvre, seated on velvet, and surrounded by illustrious 'chefs-d'œuvre,' we were unvexed by impertinent intrusion, and old Duroc freely gave us the choicest wines from the private collection of the Emperor."

"Mouvement," said Pol, "I admire the Louvre as much as any one; we are agreed upon that specimen of beauty. Let us wave all other idle misunderstandings, and as you seem to be in a humour for holding forth, give us your Influence; the call is mine."

Mouvement withdrew his cigar from his mouth,

washed down his spleen with a copious libation of claret, and proceeded to obey the call.

—ALL nations have a taste, an appetite, or as we call it a 'penchant,' peculiar to themselves, independent of fashion, insatiable, and rather increasing than diminishing by more liberal gratification. To the truth of this theory bear witness the covetousness of the overreaching American, the yearnings of the Englishman for rank and title which he pretends to despise, the 'dolce far niente' of the indolent Italian, and the love of gay attire instinctive in the Negro. I could enumerate with ease the preferences of other countries, which are retained by individuals even when transplanted into other climes, whose peculiarities are almost incompatible with these inherent national prepossessions; but I will spare you my speculations, and pass on to the national taste, the 'gout,' the 'très respectable gout' of my subjects.

It is Novelty,—a very comprehensive taste,

I must allow. The French are easily pleased; everything pleases them for a time, and then, like children as they are, they break or cast away, according to circumstances, the toy which they grinned with delight to receive. Good or evil are equally welcome; a devil would be as much fêted at Paris as an angel, and everlasting devotion would be sworn to both in succession; but before the ninth day, the enthusiasts would forsake them both, to cultivate the good graces of a mermaid, if such could by any chance appear amongst them.

A course of prosperity sickens, and surfeits them,—a series of misfortunes drives them to self-murder, for they have no spirit of endurance whatsoever. Change, everlasting change, is the only everlasting thing that agrees with them. I verily believe that if a Frenchman were six months in heaven, he would complain of his ‘*toujours perdrix*,’ and ask leave to spend a few days in hell, by way of variety.

This taste is not altogether so expensive as might be supposed, for a new ribband is as eagerly sought after as a new play; a new actress causes as much excitement as a new queen; a young giraffe makes as great a sensation as a young prince. Nevertheless, the Parisians, and after them the provincials, who maintain for an equal period the cast-off ecstasies of the capital, will handsomely reward the caterer for their feverish palates, and therefore there are a great many caterers, and therefore there is a great deal of novelty.

Last year there appeared in Paris a very singular 'aspirant' for the honour of occupying public attention, and obtaining public gratitude and esteem. Poor fellow, he was sincere, whence it follows that he was a fool. Yet his enterprise was daring, and his honest intention of doing good to others, deserved a higher reward than the trash of public gratitude, a guerdon that much resembles a misshapen, untamed

colt, shy and difficult of approach, struggling to escape when in your grasp, and altogether worthless, if secured.

His name was Melanges, but he pronounced it Mille Anges, and was pleased to be so addressed by his acquaintance. He used to wish that the eloquence of a thousand heavenly messengers would condescend to hover about his lips, and enable him to do justice to the simple truths, which he, with the assistance of his greatest benefactor, had rescued from the cobwebs of superstition.

He was born in Paris, but finding himself, during the Revolution, bereft of home, of parents, and of friends, alone in the world at the age of fourteen, he sauntered, unquestioned, hungry, ragged, and without a hat, out of the barrier of the troubled city, to seek a livelihood elsewhere.

Chance and charity ultimately provided for him, in the establishment of a German professor

with a guttural name, which none of us, except Mephisto, could pronounce, and which I shall not attempt to articulate.

Here, after the vicissitudes, not worth mentioning, which attended the begging of his way from France to Germany, the mind and body of Melanges were nourished by scraps of learning and scraps of bread, bestowed upon him for several years, in return for his various occupations, of errand-boy, scullion, and valet to the professor, and six pupils who lived in the house.

There was something strong and vigorous in the resolution of leaving Paris at his age; the generality of starving urchins would have remained, to beg or steal, in the place to which they were accustomed.

During the period of his residence in Germany, a vast change took place in the character and position of the orphan. He profited by the professor's learning and example, infinitely more than any of his pupils; and displayed such

symptoms of talent and originality, joined to an amiable, but rather soft disposition, that the professor, thinking such a disciple might do credit to his own reputation, relieved him of the greater part of his menial duties, and devoted many leisure hours to the education of his servant. Gradually, the youth so won upon the heart of his kind master, that he became the child, as well as the friend of his adoption, and rose from the humblest walk of life, to be the recognized assistant of the professor in the trade of teaching the idea how to shoot.

In this way many years, probably the happiest of his life, passed away ; simple in his habits, a profound admirer of German wisdom, and German philosophy—terms which appeared to him to be synonymous, he remained uncorrupted by the world, of whose wickedness he was absolutely unconscious.

If the glaring errors of men ever forced themselves upon his observation, he attributed them

entirely to a deficiency, the result of ignorance, in perceiving the superiority of beauty over deformity. This blindness, he had learned to say, obstructed their discrimination between the respective merits of love and hate, virtue and vice, harmony and discord. In short, these wicked ones were unacquainted with German philosophy—a becoming garment, which would make all men good and happy, if they would but follow his example, and clothe themselves therein.

CHAPTER II.

Poor dear Steinmetz is gone, his state of sure blessedness accelerated, or it may be he is buried in • • • • •, and there in that mysterious depth, grows to the spirit of a just man made perfect. Could I for a moment doubt this, the grass would become black beneath my feet, and this earthly frame a charnel-house.

TABLE TALK OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE even tenor of the life of Melanges, was interrupted by the death of his kind friend and patron, the professor.

This worthy gentleman died, as he had lived, rationally and quietly. Indeed, the word rational was continually in his mouth during his life, and when he perceived that the great change was about to take place in his existence, he remarked to Melanges, that he indulged a rational hope of finding, that he himself, and all

men, profiting by their experience in this world, would be less irrational in their tastes and habits in a future state ; and, consequently, more perfectly good, and more perfectly happy.

“ There is no greater fallacy,” he would say, “ than, what you call, death ; no subject more misapprehended than this, by men. The verb, to die ; and the noun substantive, death ; ought to be expunged from every human language. Nobody dies, but every body is changed ; nothing dies, but everything is changed ; in compliance with the arbitrary will of the Great First Cause. This carcase of mine, my dear Melanges, is no longer beautiful.” (He had been remarkable, in his youth, for a fine figure.) “ It is, therefore, time that its ingredients should in some different shape rejoin the elements, of which it is, undoubtedly, a worn-out combination. When the green and pleasant grass shall wave over my remains, look upon it, Melanges, as the reproduction of the beauty of

your old friend, and let no profane lump of stone repress its luxuriance. I indulge a rational hope that whatever refining process, corresponding with corruption, my more etherial essence may have to undergo, it will also be reproduced, and in such a manner, as that our sympathies may again be mingled in rational enjoyment, when you also, my dear friend, are disembodied. Let no idle ceremonies, the offspring of a debasing superstition, and, consequently, however gorgeous, of deformity, dishonour the interment of your preceptor. The heavenly music of the choir, is the only fraction of public worship, in which, without self reproach, I can indulge. In a tranquil enjoyment of the melody, I find it easy to abstract my thoughts from their silly hymn. Seek, my beloved son, a few of the choristers, and let me hear my own requiem before I die. When my spirit soars aloft to his new abode, I would have his new-fledged wing buoyed up by the sweet sounds."

He was obeyed, and his wish was granted by the Great First Cause. He underwent the change without a struggle, enjoying, to the last vibration of his heart, the harmonious voices he so much admired.

Many declaimed against the end of this good man, as utterly abominable, and at variance with his harmless conduct throughout life. Melanges considered him little short of a deity. No wonder,—he had enjoyed many happy years in his society, and besides, he unexpectedly found himself the sole heir to the said deity's effects.

A few distant relations attempted to prove that the old gentleman was mad when he died, and still more decidedly insane when he made his will. They failed in this, but they did not fail to make the place too hot to hold poor Melanges, whom they scrupled not to call an insidious, hypocritical bloodsucker. All this was ugly, but the inheritance, which amounted

to a respectable independence, was beautiful, and therefore Melanges very rationally quitted the ugly place, and carried with him the beautiful inheritance, determining to revisit his beautiful native city of Paris, and there to do honour by precept and example to the sublime principles of his changed but not dead patron the professor; in short, to become the apostle, as he had been the disciple of rationalism.

To make men rational by precept and example! The enterprise was daring, as I have already observed. To make the men of Paris rational! What an ambition! To make the women of Paris rational! What an absurdity!

Yet did Monsieur Mille Anges (for so he called himself, perceiving more beauty in this poetic licence than in the truth), begin his apostolic career, in earnestness, sincerity, and sanguine hope.

He returned to Paris after an absence of thirty-five years. What vast changes had taken

place since he had made his forlorn exit! Napoleon had towered and fallen; Louis le Desiré had eat, drank, prayed, and passed away; his successor had given way to another, and France, insatiable, yet cried out for change! The alteration in himself was most wonderful. He had quitted Paris on foot, an ignorant, bareheaded boy; he re-entered the well remembered gate, seated in the diligence, a complacent elderly gentleman on the verge of fifty, animated by philanthropy, and guileless beyond conception, his pocket crammed with money, and his head crammed with literature and German philosophy.

But although possessed of all these advantages, strange to say, he felt his loneliness more bitterly, than on the day when in a state of destitution, he turned his back upon the city of his birth. His philosophy was nearly overcome by the reflection, that he was as friendless now as at the time of his departure.

Notwithstanding the evaporation of the reckless energies of youth, which upheld him in early difficulties, a sanguine disposition in his maturity restored the equilibrium of his feelings. "I must then make friends," was his reflection, "and that I may get rid of this morbid sensibility, I will set about the business without delay."

He addressed a little greasy looking priest, who sat side by side with him in the diligence.

"Will Monsieur l'Abbé have the goodness to direct me to a quiet respectable lodging? It is many years since I have been in Paris."

"I shall have much pleasure," replied the dirty divine, "in recommending Monsieur to the house in which I lodge myself. A very good house, very moderate terms, and an engaging family."

"A thousand thanks, I accept your offer," said Mille Anges, (for I shall in future humour

his preference when I mention his name.) "I shall have the happiness of enlightening this engaging family, in return for their politeness and their moderate terms. Such good people are worthy of rational enjoyment."

"Ah! yes," replied the little dirty priest, "Madame la Garrenière and her nieces are very fond of that."

"What are they very fond of?" inquired Mille Anges.

"Of enjoyment, as you say, my dear Sir; I assure you that 'vive la joie' is the motto of the family. Their life is a succession of pleasures, and you will have plenty of enjoyment, 'à très bon marché.' "

"Perhaps," said Mille Anges, "my ideas of enjoyment will at first appear rather different from theirs, and even from your own, Monsieur l'Abbé. But I dare say that we shall very soon agree; those who are capable of disinterested

kindness, and habitual good feelings, are worthy of breathing the atmosphere of beauty, beneath the pure and unclouded sky of rationalism."

"Ah ! c'est ça ! Par exemple !" exclaimed the man of dirt and black cloth, who only heard the first words of the philosopher, the more sublime part being drowned by the noise of the wheels on the 'pavé ;' "Your 'jouissance,' you say, is different from mine. Well, 'chacun a son gout ;' but 'prenez garde,' or Madame la Garrenière and her little nieces will make a convert of you. I think she has at present one vacancy ; when we stop at the 'Bureau' I will go on, and inquire."

M. Mille Anges waited calmly, as a philosopher ought to wait, for the return of the little dirty Abbé. Another of his fellow-passengers, a very young man, of pleasing appearance, thus accosted him :—

"I beg pardon of Monsieur, if I intrude, but I feel it my duty to warn him against that

‘cochon de prêtre.’ He is a man of bad character, to my certain knowledge, for I am an advocate, and have seen him more than once in the hands of justice. Let me recommend Monsieur to lose no time in seeking apartments at any hotel in Paris, until he can find a convenient lodging, and by no means to wait for the return of his new friend. But perhaps I do wrong to interfere in that which is, after all, none of my business.”

“Mon enfant,” replied Mille Anges, seizing the ‘avocat’ by the button, an ugly habit which he had acquired in Germany, and used to practise upon the pupils of the professor, when they displayed symptoms of an escape from instruction, “believe me, there is nothing so discordant, so unbecoming, and so unhappy, in a young man, as a tongue that distils calumny and slander. Think no evil, speak no evil, and act no evil, at any time, but more especially in the absence of those whom you would condemn.

Speak rationally, think rationally, and act rationally, if you would be happy and respectable. But, alas ! in the profession of the law, to which you unfortunately belong, as you inform me, the discord of men in their actions is to you the only source of emolument. I cannot therefore hope that you will profit by my advice, were I to spend a whole hour in explaining to you the analogies of beauty, virtue, love, and happiness, with their antipodes, deformity, vice, hatred, and despair. Yet, a free choice is open to you, as to others. I indulge a rational hope, that the diffusion of my principles, dispersing the clouds of ignorance, the errors of superstition, and the trammels of prejudice, will make all men virtuous for the sake of a beatitude, the necessary consequence of virtue. Laws and lawyers will then be superfluous, the world will become one universal family of love, and a lovely, as well as a loving, family."

" Famille d'amour, précisément, je vous re-

ponds," interrupted the snuffling voice of the dirty priest, who, returning from his errand, caught the last words of the philosopher, and imagined that they applied to the engaging family, whom he had recommended.

He was surprised to find Mille Anges holding forth in this style to vacancy, with the button of a great coat in his hand, for the 'avocat' had, unperceived by the philosopher, made that sacrifice to obtain his personal liberty from a man, whom he considered a great knave, or a great fool.

The rationalist was immediately conducted by his friend to a shabby house in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and announcing his name of Mille Anges to the inquiring priest, was presented by him to an elderly lady, very much rouged, and very much dressed, but possessing the remains of great good looks.

"Madame la Garrenière," said the man of dirt, who was cordially greeted as 'le Pere

Morveux,' "will permit me to introduce my friend M. Mille Anges, a candidate for her good graces, and for admission to a place in her establishment, so distinguished for every thing that is 'recherché.'"

"Any friend of our good father Morveux, must be agreeable to me, and to my nieces," replied the lady. "Permit me to welcome M. Mille Anges to Paris."

"Oh ciel! what a pretty name!" whispered audibly one of the nieces to the other, as they stood together, two good-looking, rather stout young women, in white gowns, with black eyes, black silk aprons, hair drawn away from the face, and fastened in large bows behind the head.

"What an amiable air he has!" returned the other niece.

"You will find, ladies," said Père Morveux, "that however prepossessing may be the appearance of M. Mille Anges, he will improve

still more upon acquaintance. His conversation is sublime,—oh! so sublime, magnificent, you have not an idea how magnificent.”

The girls simpered. Madame la Garrenière perceiving, by the ‘gaucherie’ of her new acquaintance, that he was not much accustomed to the society of ladies, or, at any rate, of Parisian ladies, as he hung fire in returning an answer to this volley of compliments, and, being unwilling to prolong his somewhat grotesque embarrassment, filled up the pause by introducing him to her nieces, Mademoiselle Eulalie Fessue, and Mademoiselle Jacotte Tuyère, who, she was sure, would join her in making the friend of their friend Morveux, as happy as was in their power, while he honoured her ‘pension’ with his patronage.

The philosopher stammered out something concerning beauty and happiness, pole stars and loadstones, which Madame la Garrenière received with a complacent smile, while the

girls raised a duet of "Monsieur is too good!" and Morveux regaled his grimy nostrils with a pinch of snuff.

The ladies then retired, Madame saying, as she left the room,—“Our old friend will have the goodness to do the honours to M. Mille Anges. The apartments are ready,—perhaps Monsieur is fatigued.”

Morveux conducted the philosopher to a small chamber at the top of the house, in which were two leather chairs, and a bed with white curtains. His portmanteau and writing case were already deposited on the floor, and Morveux officiously assisted him in unpacking, for no apparent good reason, unless to take an inventory of the humble possessions, as there was no wardrobe in which to deposit the articles, after they had all been tossed upon the bed with white curtains.

During the operation, in which the linen suffered considerably, from coming in contact

with the fingers of the dirty priest, he expatiated upon the 'agrémens' of the chamber,—the snow-white curtains, the airyness, and separation from the more bustling part of the house, and, suddenly observing the abstraction of the philosopher, he pocketed the small bunch of keys that were in the lock of the portmanteau, and a pair of massive gold sleeve buttons, which had belonged to the late professor. These good deeds accomplished, he slipped out of the apartment, muttering to himself, "I wonder where the simpleton keeps his money!"

M. Mille Anges continued his reverie. Reflections on the beauty and happiness of the ladies crossed his mind. "So lovely, so smiling, and so beneficent, as my new friends undoubtedly are, they must surely be harmonious and contented. They appreciate me at once, and so did the obliging Morveux. They are rationalists, without being aware that they are so. How greatly my poor departed preceptor would

have enjoyed their society ! It is true that Morveux is not pretty to look at, and appears to neglect his person in a manner very common in Germany, but which I did not expect to find in a Parisian. But these minute attentions will follow the perception of beauty. Cleanliness belongs to virtue and happiness. I see that he is good and happy ; he will learn from me to be more cleanly, and then he will be more beautiful. How spotless are these white curtains ! How becoming the white robes of les Demoiselles !"

CHAPTER III.

Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty
My practice may ride easy.

KING LEAR.

The meditations of M. Mille Anges were interrupted by a gentle knock at the door.

“ Entrez !” said the philosopher.

To his astonishment the summons was obeyed by the white robed Eulalie Fessue, who without any timidity or embarrassment, skipped up to him before he could rise to receive her, and laying her large, fat, very fat hand upon his shoulder, looked archly into his eyes for a moment, as much as to say, “ Is it possible that you are so very great a fool as they think you ?”

But this silent inquiry was not thus interpreted by Mille Anges, who gazed stupidly in her face, expecting that she would explain her strange intrusion into the apartment of a bachelor.

“ Ah !” said she, when she had finished her scrutiny, “ I see that Monsieur has been enjoying a little nap after his fatigue. I hope Monsieur finds himself refreshed, and ready for his dinner. Madame la Garrenière sent me to enquire if Monsieur was in want of any thing, and to tell him that dinner will be served in half an hour. But, mon Dieu !” continued she, elevating her large dark eyebrows, “ what a litter you have made, M. Mille Anges ! allons, il faut arranger tout cela.” And stooping down to hide her laughter, she began to toss shirts, cravats, caleçons, culottes, and cambric handkerchiefs, into their old repository the portmantau, cleverly secreting three of the last mentioned articles under her black silk apron, and having

completed her task, she turned down the lid, and jumped upon it to cure its refractory gaping, because it could not shut upon the tumbled and crumpled mass of habiliments. Then looking round from that elevation, she complacently declared that it was good. "C'est bon, voyez-vous, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur Mille Anges?"

"Bien obligé, mille graces," said the panic-struck philosopher.

The eye of Eulalie was arrested by the sight of the writing case, which was lying on the floor near the portmanteau.

"Ah! vraiment!" she exclaimed, laying aside her hoydenish manner, "I had almost forgotten my message. Madame desired me to say something to you, which the delicacy of le Père Morveux might prevent him from mentioning, that if Monsieur has anything valuable, very valuable, 'comprenez-vous?' Madame would be glad if Monsieur would do her the honour to entrust it to her, because the servants in Paris

are very treacherous, and although Madame would answer with her life for those employed in her establishment, still it would be agreeable to Monsieur to know, that his 'bijouterie,' or his 'caisse,' were placed beyond any risks from them."

"Madame is very considerate," replied Mille Anges. "I have nothing of value except a pair of gold sleeve-buttons, the legacy of an old friend, which are in that portmanteau, and a few papers in that writing-case, which would be of no use to any one, but which are to me invaluable. I carry the little money I require, about my person ; and the bankers, to whom I have consigned my affairs in Paris, will undoubtedly be responsible for my property. It is melancholy to think, 'ma belle enfant,' what precautions we are obliged to take against those men, who do not know that sweet and lovely in itself is virtue, while bitter and unbecoming is the reward of crime."

“Ah oui!” said Eulalie, looking tenderly upon him.

Then seizing the writing case, notwithstanding the poor account given of its contents by the owner, she added, “Madame la Garrenière will have too much pleasure in taking care of these invaluable letters. We hope to have the honour of seeing Monsieur in the salon in half an hour.” Before the philosopher could protest against this unnecessary kindness, Eulalie had tripped down many a step on her way to the boudoir of Madame la Garrenière.

“What news, Eulalie?” was the unanimous exclamation of Madame, Jacotte, and le Père Morveux, who was sitting there, like St. Peter, with the keys in his hand.

“Pas grandes choses,” answered the girl, but here is the portefeuille. ‘Le Ganache’ says that there is nothing of value in it, except some letters, which he would not lose for all the world.”

“Voyons,” said Morveux, applying one of the purloined keys to the lock, and the scrutiny was, unceremoniously, commenced.

A few school-boy essays, by the favourite pupils of the late professor, on the subject of the Choice of Hercules; a treatise, by the professor himself, on the Origin of Evil; a few complimentary epistles to Mille Anges, on gaining a prize in the university, for an imitation of Lucretius in Greek verse; and an acknowledgment from a banker in Paris, of the receipt of a considerable sum of money, to be invested in the French funds, in the name of Mille Anges, made the sum total of these invaluable papers.

“Pas un sou!” said Mademoiselle Jacotte, very sorrowfully.

“I heard him say something,” resumed Eulalie, “concerning a pair of gold sleeve-buttons, and his habit of carrying all his money in his pocket. There is nothing worth the taking in his portmanteau.” She held her tongue about t

the cambric handkerchiefs, the only article approaching to luxury in which the simple philosopher indulged.

“He is worth keeping, however,” said Madame, “if he has such a fortune in the funds. We have heads, we can surely turn him to account, in more ways than making him pay for the ‘spectacle.’”

“Garçon !” shouted Mille Angès, at the top of his voice from the sky-parlour.

“Send him what he wants, Jacotte,” said Madame, “we must be civil, for it seems he can pay for civility.”

The wants of Mille Angès were few, and were easily, but not very luxuriously, supplied. A little hot water, a towel, and a brush, were provided ; and the ‘decrotteur’ looked disconsolate, when he perceived that there was nothing at hand, belonging to the poor dupe, which he could readily appropriate.

“Madame has been before me,” said he to

himself, as he slammed the door, and retired from the apartment, perpetrating a 'crachement,' and blowing his nose with his black fingers, which rivalled Morveux in filthiness, to show his Parisian breeding.

"What a child of nature is Eulalie Fessue!" soliloquized the philosopher. "Conscious of her own purity, she was not prevented by any untimely bashfulness, from coming, alone, to my chamber, and assisting me with her own hands.

"And the precaution of Madame, how wise! But for her, that ugly wretch of a 'decrotteur' might have taken away my writing-case; and though justice might have overtaken him, I should hardly have recovered my little memoranda of Germany. How pitiable it is, that vice and ill-nature yet dare to shew their deformity among men! But it will not be always so, when the eyes of mankind are opened to the

beauty of harmony, and the goodly advantages of mutual love."

His soul animated with benevolence, and his eyes sparkling with good-will, the philosopher prepared to enter the salon, when his own linen, unconfined at the wrist, attracted his eye, "I had forgotten," said he, "my sleeve-buttons—the relics of my departed friend." He searched for these old-fashioned, but, to him, necessary articles. Where could they be? He knew that he had packed them up carefully, for fear of accident on the journey; he grew hot in the search, and again the portmanteau was emptied, and the contents tossed about. It was all in vain. This was ugly. The philosopher thought so, and swore an ugly German oath. The confusion of his apparel was so great, that these minute appendages might be anywhere. They were nowhere.

"On vous attend, M. Mille Anges," — shouted the voice of le Père Morveux.

Shocked at the idea of making the ladies wait, the philosopher hurried down the stairs, while the perspiration, caused by the recent perplexity, stood upon his brow.

Perspiration is unbecoming; Mille Anges recollected himself, and stopped on the stairs to wipe it away. A voice, not very loud, but clear and decided, caught his ear.

“Soyez tranquille ! I will give you a Napoleon, rather than lose the sleeve-buttons.” The case was this : Morveux had been detected in carrying on business on his own account, by Jacotte, who in the act of resisting some little endearment offered by him, had torn open his snuffy waistcoat, and, in the scuffle, had jerked the sleeve-buttons out of the pocket. Eulalie had mentioned their existence; and Madame quick as lightning saw the affair, and made a snatch at the little valuables. But she was too late, Morveux recovered his booty, and while Madame insisted upon the propriety of dividing

the spoil equally, if it were only a 'centime,' according to agreement; Morveux, who was a judge of the weight of gold, tried to appease her by the offer of a Napoleon.

The philosopher entered the salon. There was a dead silence. Madame looked peevish, and Morveux was a little embarrassed; but the young ladies smiled, and another guest, with the high sounding title of Monsieur le Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille, was introduced.

Morveux slipped away to restore the keys, no longer useful, to their place in the lock of the portmanteau, and returned, looking very innocent.

Dinner was served, and while the Comte was doing the agreeable to the young ladies, with whom he appeared to be a favourite, the dirty priest whispered to Mille Anges, "You see, my dear friend, this is none of your shabby establishments, it is a 'pension comme il faut.'

Monsieur le Comte dines here every day, when his engagements permit him."

The dinner was execrable, but the 'vin et pain à discretion' of this liberal table were rather better, and Mille Anges was in high good humour. He could not however quite forget his fruitless search, and when a momentary respite from the everlasting jabber of the Comte occurred, the philosopher very innocently mentioned his distress.

"A propos of sleeve buttons," he began. (The Priest and La Garrenière looked at one another, and then looked down upon their plates, while the girls talked loud and quick to the Comte Auguste.) "You will sympathise with me, M. Morveux, I am sure."

"Apropos des bottes," answered the priest rather rudely, and speaking with his mouth full, "I know nothing about sleeve buttons."

"I beg pardon," said Mille Anges, "I heard you say, that you would rather give a Napoleon

than lose your sleeve buttons. I would give a Napoleon to find mine. I value them highly, they belonged to the best friend I ever had. I cannot surely have been so careless as to leave them in Germany; I think I remember packing them up, but I have sought every where for them in vain."

Morveux, reassured by this innocent lamentation, remarked, that such small articles were easily mislaid and often forgotten, "probably Monsieur left them behind, thinking that they were on his person at the time."

"Does any one wear sleeve buttons in these days?" inquired M. le Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille, to whom they would certainly have been superfluous; because, although he wore a purple velvet waistcoat, and a dozen imitation gold chains, of every size, from a jack chain downwards, festooned thereupon, the voluminous folds of a black silk cravat concealed

from public view the total absence of any linen undergarment.

“ I do,” boldly answered the philosopher, who detested affectation because he considered it a deformity, and with all his crotchets was by no means deficient in the beautiful quality of courage.

CHAPTER IV.

I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and binding mine honour in my necessity, am forced to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch.

OLD PLAY.

M. Le Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille was a younger son of a noble family, who had dissipated his little patrimony very soon after he obtained possession, and had ever since lived upon his wits, as a 'chevalier d'industrie.' He was by no means a first-rater in his profession, never having duly served his apprenticeship, and was endowed with the will alone, and not the ability, to do much mischief. Yet he picked up a precarious livelihood, by prowling about in search of men more foolish than himself, and

taking a range among small fry of every description.

His efforts afforded him but a meagre subsistence. The morning light found him sleeping in a garret between two dirty sacks of straw, his wardrobe consisting of one light blue coat, with a prodigious velvet collar, one purple velvet waistcoat, one pair of mulberry cloth trousers, one pair of Wellington boots, with moveable spurs, whose virgin brass was innocent of assailing a horse's flank, one dirty flannel dressing gown in which he slept, one coloured silk pocket handkerchief, three yards of black silk which constituted the cravat, and the before-mentioned imitation gold chains, which were displayed upon his person as a decoy to the unwary, like the copper gilding of a stale gingerbread cake.

He was acquainted with a trick or two at cards, and could borrow money of a friend, his memory becoming longer or shorter, on the

subject of repayment, in an inverse ratio with the amount, that is, he would sometimes refund a franc, but never a Napoleon. He displayed some address in making up to a novice or a stranger, and seldom missed an opportunity of secreting rings, watches, snuff-boxes, silk handkerchiefs, or loose money, in the apartments of his acquaintance, but was above picking pockets or shoplifting, and would endure any privation rather than commit such baseness, unworthy a scion of La Haute Truandaille.

When fortunate in his pursuits, 'he lived and moved, and had his being' like a gentleman; when luckless and destitute, he cheerfully endured his garret, and his dinner chez la Garrenière, in the hope of better times. His resources were in the last stage of consumption, when he met the philosopher at the cheap and nasty pension.

He had on that very day risen from his miserable bed with the painful conviction that a franc

and a half was the amount of his capital. He plunged his stockingless feet into his Wellington boots, pulled on the mulberry trousers, trimmed his beard and moustache into a 'farouche' shape with a small pair of scissors,—for he scorned a razor as well as a washerwoman, and had nought to do with soap in any way,—poured some oil on his fingers, and passed them through his hair, tossing the locks about like a haymaker with his pitchfork, washed his face and hands in a pitcher of cold water, like a nobleman as he was, wiped them with his silk pocket handkerchief, which he wrung and spread before the garret window to dry in the sun against the dinner hour, and made a miraculously successful arrangement, before a circular mirror three inches in diameter, of the black silk cravat, the waistcoat, the chains, and the light blue coat. He then put on his hat,—and carrying a dirty pair of kid gloves and a light cane in his hand, he locked the door upon the wet handkerchief and the

dirty flannel dressing-gown, and sallied forth to the Boulevards. There the boots were cleaned, and the apparel brushed, for a couple of sous.

“ I must be content with this for a breakfast,” said he, as he thrust a lump of sugar into his mouth, which he had pocketed, chez la Garrenière, on a preceding day. A weary and fruitless round in search of fresh game at the Tuilleries Gardens, the ‘porte cochere’ of Meurice’s Hotel, at the Palais Royal, with a peep at the purse-proud English, in the reading-room of Galignani, filled up the time, till M. Le Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille returned to his apartment for his silk pocket handkerchief, and proceeded to eat a dinner at the Pension, which, while it cost the unconscious Mille Anges an écu, would satiate his grumbling intestines for one franc. He had consoled himself with the idea that the few remaining sous would enable him to wile away the evening with a glass of

'eau sucré,' and a cigar, and that he might postpone, till the next day, the cruel sacrifice of one of his neck-chains.

But his rencontre with the philosopher, opened a more promising vista to his hope.

"Who is for the Variétés this evening?" said Madame la Garrenière, wishing to change the conversation from the disagreeable topic of sleeve-buttons.

"I shall have much pleasure in attending you there," said the Comte at a venture. He had not quite made up his mind who should have the honour of paying for his admission.

"M. Mille Angès, will you give us the pleasure of your company?" said Eulalie, in a very soft voice. The philosopher politely accepted the invitation.

The repast was considerably prolonged by the ravenous propensities of the hungry nobleman; but there is an end to every thing, and the dinner was at length concluded by the total

absence of eatables; every miscellaneous scrap having found its way into the bottomless pit, concealed by mulberry cloth, and purple velvet.

The Comte perceived, by the polite attentions of the ladies to the philosopher, that their new inmate was worthy of his attention. He, therefore, laid aside his supercilious manner to the stranger, and in a frank and friendly way, requested the pleasure of his company in a stroll towards the Palais Royal, till the hour for going to the theatre. "Do not hesitate," whispered Morveux, "such an acquaintance as the Comte Auguste, is not to be made every day; one of the oldest families in France, a true noble, I assure you."

Mille Angescoldly acquiesced; it was beneath the dignity of a rationalist to be dazzled by rank and title, — fictitious beauties in his opinion.

"That is a good creature, that Morveux,"

said the Comte to Mille Anges, "but I never allow him to walk with me, he is so ugly, and so dirty."

"It surprises me," said the philosopher, "that he pays so little attention to his person; for he has the perception of beauty and becoming virtues in others."

A short pause ensued. The Comte was at fault; but he returned to the charge, determined to find out the weak side of his companion.

"They are charming, those 'poulettes' of La Garrenière's, are they not?" said Truandaille.

"I did not see any at table," innocently replied Mille Anges. "I wish I had, for I am very fond of them."

"Ah! Monsieur is very fond of 'les poulettes!' Good. 'Soyez tranquille,' you will find plenty in Paris, well-dressed, and crying, 'come eat me!'" The philosopher stared.

What a simpleton he is! thought the Comte,

but I will not enlighten him ; the simpler he is, the better for ' nous autres.' They left the Rue Vivienne, and entered the Palais Royal.

"What a beautiful woman!" exclaimed Mille Anges, as a rouged, over-dressed Parisienne brushed against them, and, in passing, gave the Comte a tap on the arm with her fan.

"Oh yes! charming!" replied the Comte, "a particular friend of mine, but, indeed, there are few ladies in Paris with whom I am not a favourite. I allude to the noblesse, of course. And yet a little 'roturière' of the better class, such as the nieces of Madame la Garrenière, may be very 'piquante' in her way, and on some occasions preferable. Less form, less etiquette, greater simplicity, you know."

This speech raised M. le Comte de la Haute Truandaille very much in the philosopher's estimation. "I am very glad," said he, "to find that our tastes are so similar, for depend upon it that mine is correct." The Comte stared in

his turn, for the idea of such a creature as Mille Anges, who had only been eight hours in Paris, laying claim to a correct taste, petrified his nobility.

“Yes,” continued the philosopher, “however charming may be that lady, who just now favoured you with a sign of recognition; however exalted her rank, however refined her perceptions, and however benevolent and harmonious her ideas, there is something yet more beautiful in the simplicity which can charm without the aid of ornament; and greater virtues may be expected from unassisted beauty. You have, Monsieur le Comte, the perception of loveliness. I was wrong in imagining that you would prefer the tulip to the lily; both are beautiful; both are excellent; but until our change comes, experience teaches us that there must be degrees in beauty and excellence. Possibly it may be the same hereafter, but on that subject we are very ignorant.”

“Yet Monsieur is not without a taste for ornament,” replied the Comte, endeavouring to make some reply to this sublime jargon. “I heard you lament the loss of a pair of gold sleeve-buttons. Apropos, this is the very spot to replace them.” And, without ceremony, he dragged Mille Anges, by the arm, into a jeweller’s shop, determined, at least, to see the colour of the philosopher’s money.

“Monsieur has lost his sleeve-buttons,” he began, addressing the shopman, “and I have been telling him that your establishment is the very best place to select their successors.”

“Sleeve-buttons,” thoughtfully repeated the shopman, and he produced a variety of shirt-buttons, or rather studs, some of which were very splendidly ornamented with precious stones. The Comte joined him in assuring Mille Anges that these studs were the very things for sleeve-buttons,—“Take these,” said he, holding up a set in worked gold, connected by a small gold

chain, "they are made on purpose for you, and you will have a spare one, you see, in case you should drop one from your wrist."

Mille Anges admired the shop, the bijouterie, the studs, the every thing, and paid five napoleons readily, out of a long green purse, which he tied in a knot, and returned to the pocket of his inexpressibles.

The keen glance of the Comte appreciated the heavy purse,—“Have the goodness,” said he to the shopman, “to shew us some of your gold guard chains. It is an article in which I have a taste. ‘Je m’y connais.’”

All sorts and sizes of these appendages were displayed to Mille Anges, who admired them very much. The Comte Auguste, while he found some fault with every one of them, inquired their price. They varied from seven to forty napoleons. “Ah!” said the Comte, “that is too much!”

“Monsieur will not get such good articles for

the money, in any shop in Paris," replied the trader.

"Allons, Mille Angès," said Truandaille, "you have been extravagant enough for one afternoon." As they walked towards the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs,—“I am glad,” said the philosopher, that you withdrew me from that tempting counter; I believe I should have been induced to buy one of those beautiful chains.”

“You have been but a short time in Paris, M. Mille Angès,” said the Comte; “I assure you they were not of the pattern ‘comme il faut,’ and, besides, they were a little, a very little, too dear. At the same time, a chain is indispensable to the appearance of Monsieur, who has a ‘véritable gout’ for the beautiful, and does not, like Morveux, neglect the elegant person bestowed upon him by Nature. Look at this pattern,” he continued, pointing to the heaviest of his own decorations; “I have imbibed a

friendship for you, M. Mille Anges, and, being rich, can afford to oblige my friends ; in so doing I gratify my own taste, which is benevolent. If Monsieur will accept this chain from me, (I think the shopkeeper asked thirty napoleons for one not so chaste in design, but similar in appearance) Monsieur will do me the honour to wear it, for the sake of his friend the Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille."

" I could not think of such a thing, I could not bear to rob you, excuse me, you are too good," replied Mille Anges, overcome by this beautiful display of generosity.

" A thought strikes me," said the Comte, " you must have the chain, I insist upon it, and, to relieve you of the weight of obligation, which appears intolerable to your delicate mind, you shall give me ten napoleons for the ' bagatelle.'"

" The obligation, as you say, overwhelms me," replied Mille Anges, " your delicacy is superior to mine. I accept your offer with gratitude,

and shall never cease to associate the name of 'la Haute Truandaille' with beauty and generosity. How my poor friend the professor would have rejoiced in your society!"

They arrived at the pension, and the green purse was again opened, the money paid, and the Comte requested permission to re-arrange his toilet in the apartment of M. Mille Anges. He there added, not a useless shirt, but a very useful pair of black silk stockings, to the spoil, and, calling boldly for a cup of coffee and a glass of liqueur in the salon, which he paid for out of his newly-acquired riches, he reminded the ladies, who were bonneted and shawled for the theatre, that it was time to set out.

La Garrenière and her nieces exchanged looks of much meaning, at the sight of the philosopher, whose black waistcoat set off his new purchase to great advantage. He looked rather sheepish, and might have been taken for a sweep who had stolen the aiguillette of an

officer of the Cuirassiers de la Garde, in the three glorious days of July 1830. The Comte called a 'fiacre,' and generously paid for everybody, to keep up the impression of his wealth and liberality upon the mind of his poor dupe.

Mille Anges gazed about him with delight at the 'spectacle,' and enjoyed the amusement very much, although he blamed the 'morale' of the representations, if 'morale' there could be in 'Les Frères Féroces,' and 'Les Petites Danaïdes.'

He renewed his acquaintance with M. Ormin, the 'avocat,' whom he accidentally met at the theatre, and, after again reproaching him with unjustly aspersing the character of le Père Morveux, he launched out in praise of La Garrenière and her nieces, and in favour of beauty, love, harmony, virtue, and happiness in general.

"Why, you are a very apostle of love," said Ormin.

"An apostle of Rationalism, if you please," replied Mille Anges.

"Who are those ladies?" said Madame la Marquise de Coquelicot to Ormin, when he returned to his own party.

"What ladies?" inquired the avocat.

"Don't pretend innocence, my dear," said the Marquise, "you have this instant quitted the opposite box."

"Oh!" said Ormin, "you must excuse me, I have not the honour of knowing the ladies; I have a slight acquaintance with their cavalier, who appeared to me to be an original. I am fond of originals, they amuse me, and I stepped round to say two words to him."

"Is he not that 'pauvre enfant perdu,' Auguste Truandaille?"

"I think not," replied Ormin. "I mean that placid-looking philosopher, with a fine forehead, and an enormous gold chain. He calls himself an apostle of Rationalism, and sings

the praise of love and beauty, in a style of his own, which it would refresh your heart to hear."

"What is he?" inquired la Marquise.

"I do not know, indeed," replied the avocat, "but his manners are quiet and gentle; I take him to be a provincial savant."

"Est-ce qu'il sent le tabac?" demanded la Marquise, giving an additional 'retroussement' to her little turned-up nose.

"I did not observe it," answered Ormin.

"Then go back to your friend, 'mon petit monsieur,' and tell him that I shall expect the pleasure of his company, 'chez moi,' this day next week; you must come with him, and present him. I also like a 'drôle' sometimes. Remember it is your duty to tell every body, in the meantime, that the Apostle of Rationalism is to be at my soirée, that he is very admirable, and all that sort of thing. If such a novelty as a rational man in Paris does not diminish the 'société' chez Madame Fouquencour, who spoiled

my last fête by exhibiting her 'Corsaire aimable' on the same evening, I shall give up the contest."

Mille Anges received this first tribute to his incipient notoriety with a complacent smile. La Garrenière overheard the invitation. "Nous sommes perdus," she whispered Jacotte Tuyère, "if these ladies of quality get hold of him, they will take the bread out of our mouths."

"Soyez sage, et sachez vous taire," said Eulalie to them, in an undertone, "a great deal may be done in a week."

CHAPTER V.

If I do not have pity on her, I'm a villain,
If I do not love her, I am a Jew.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(MOUVEMENT was here interrupted by Nicholas. "Excuse me, but I must remind you, Mouvement, that we meet in the most influential city of the most influential country, to relate and compare our Influences, in the language of that country. If France held the balance of nations, we should meet in Paris, and converse in French. As it is otherwise, cannot you indulge us with plain English. 'Be wise, and learn to be silent,' is as intelligible to us, as 'Soyez sage et sachez vous taire.' I abstained from remarking upon the Bosh and Bismillah with which Sophia fa-

voured us, out of respect to a lady; and besides, she was very sparing of her foreign phrases, but you give us too many of them."

" 'Learn to be silent,' would be better expressed by 'apprenez vous taire,' Nick," replied Mouvement, "and the injunction itself seems to be thrown away upon you, or you would not have thus interrupted me. But I acknowledge that I am out of order, and will attend to your suggestion.")

The reputation of the self-styled apostle very soon extended itself throughout my capital. The young advocate loudly extolled him to all his acquaintance, and la Marquise whispered his merits, and her good fortune in securing such an original, in the ear of her coterie, with strict injunctions of secrecy, as she intended a little surprise for her friends, who rightly interpreted her wishes, by spreading the renown of Mille Anges far and wide.

In the meantime, the philosopher underwent

a little preparation for his debut in high society. Madame la Garrenière invited a few of her humble friends to enliven her family circle, and the evenings were passed at the Pension in music, dancing, cards, and conversation. The expense was borne by the guests ; for Madame had an eye to business, and the violins, the cards, and the refreshments, brought a mild percentage into the lap of the lady of the house. M. Mille Anges joined moderately in every thing, and held forth occasionally on the subject of beauty and virtue, to an audience who were tolerably attentive, in consideration of his losing a little money at cards, with what he called becoming philosophy.

“ I wish,” said Garrenière to her confederate Morveux, “ that Truandaille had not come in to share with us ; he has made a good thing of his chain, I am sure ; and now that he has tasted the blood, it is impossible to put him off the scent. He walks off with at least a napo-

leon every night at écarté. Truandaille is my evil genius ; I wish he would take himself and his nobility off elsewhere. I lose by him at table, he has such a prodigious appetite."

"True," replied Morveux, "but we can spare a napoleon or two. The Comte has a flattering manner, and keeps up the reputation of the house. Besides, I have a plan in my head that will bring us in more than his flea-bites at the card table."

"His are no flea-bites at the dinner table," grumbled Madame.

"Well, well," said Morveux, "remember that you and I share alike."

"Agreed," replied Madame, swallowing the remembrance of the sleeve-buttons.

"You see," continued the priest, "that la Fessue has made an impression upon the philosopher ; he considers her an incarnation of his catchwords, beauty, virtue, and happiness. Let him find her deficient in the latter quality to-

morrow—let him find her in tears. The poverty of a starving sister with six children, a mother in prison for debt, or an innocent brother to be guillotined for want of counsel to defend him at his trial, may be the cause of her distress, and a whacking loan must be the result. But we must watch the jade narrowly, for she will defraud us of a part, if she can, or perhaps whimper out some love, and make a husband instead of a pigeon of him. She can do that when we have done with him, if she pleases.”

“Trust me,” said la Garrenière, “I will privately attend to all that passes between them; the girls cannot cheat me much, for I make a point of stripping them every night with my own hands, and examining as strictly as the College of Health, or I should not make my own of their board and lodging. But Eulalie would no more marry him, after he has been plucked, than I would.”

The scene took place, as intended by the

conspirators, on the following morning. The sight of beauty in tears was new to the philosopher. He had read about Queen Dido and her griefs, but they were selfish. The affliction of Eulalie Fessue, on the contrary, was disinterested, and what was more to him, it was becoming. She had the impudence to flourish one of his own cambric handkerchiefs in his face, and to tell him that her brother was in prison for a crime of which he was as innocent as herself—that not only he could not pay for counsel to defend him, but that he had a wife and three children in a state of destitution, caused by the loss of their father's productive industry, as a music-master. He bore a feigned name, she said, which she was sworn not to divulge, that their relations might not be distressed by his adoption of such a humble profession; for the family of the Fesses were, she asserted, the most ancient in all France. “My aunt la Garrenière,” she continued, “will do nothing for him. She consi-

ders that she does her utmost in the way of benevolence, by cherishing under her roof myself and my cousin Jacotte. Oh! how sorry am I that you, M. Mille Anges, have won from me the cause of my affliction; how you must despise the poor object of charity, whose brother is about to die, heaven knows how unjustly, the death of a convicted felon! And I would have given worlds for your good opinion!"

The philosopher forgot his philosophy; and, much affected, inquired in broken accents of what crime her brother was accused.

"Of murder!" replied Eulalie impressively. Mille Anges started. "Stop!" exclaimed the girl piteously, "he only gave one of his pupils, who was provokingly stupid in learning his Gamut, a gentle tap with a ruler, to recall his attention,—the boy died that night of a surfeit from over-eating himself at supper,—and the vindictive parents attributed his decease to the blow on his head. They have bribed the sur-

geon to acquiesce in their opinion. Nothing can be clearer than the innocence of my poor brother. But he will die by the guillotine, while his wife and three children surround the scaffold, looking up at the husband and father, and asking him for bread. Alas ! alas ! alas !” Another vigorous discharge of tears settled the affair. The philosopher was only restrained from offering the long green purse, by a doubt whether its contents would be sufficient to arrest the realization of this extraordinarily ugly picture.

“There is yet one course,” resumed Eulalie, in a deep tragical tone of voice. “I can save my brother and his family, though I myself am lost for ever. But I would rather die than embrace this alternative. Yet who am I ? what is my existence in the balance with the preservation of five human beings, my own near and dear relations?”

“What is this dreadful alternative ?” demanded

the philosopher, in a sort of hiccup occasioned by his emotion.

“ I can scarcely find words to tell you,” replied the girl, “ since the regard I have for your esteem will make the sacrifice doubly painful. The Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille offers me a large income, if I will consent to be his mistress; I have no money, I am dependant upon my aunt, and she is sometimes harsh with me, and I—and I—”

“ For the love of heaven, do nothing till I return,” exclaimed Mille Anges, who suddenly wiped his eyes, and sounding the retreat upon his nasal trumpet, made good the same, like an able general, who finds the sinews of war inadequate, without a reinforcement, to his necessities.

“ How much, petite ? how much ?” cried la Garrenière and Morveux in the same breath, as they rushed out of their hiding places.

“ I do not know,” she answered sulkily, affronted by their want of confidence in her

honesty. She was not aware they were within hearing.

An hour elapsed before Mille Anges returned from his bankers, with a beautiful rouleau of fifty beautiful napoleons.

Eulalie employed this period in arranging a plan, whereby she might keep to herself the booty earned by her own tears and dissimulation. That there is honour among thieves, is a maxim long since exploded in practice. A beginner soon finds out that honourable dealings are expected from him or her by the old files, who never dream of paying in that coin themselves. Eulalie Fessue was no beginner,—she had gone through many vicissitudes, and fallen very low in the world, when la Garrenière picked her up. It is almost superfluous to remark, that she was no relation to that lady,—she was engaged by her as a servant of all-work, and assistant in all work, for which she was to be fed, clothed, and lodged, on the express condi-

tion that she was to be satisfied therewith, and by no means to question the orders she received, or expect remuneration out of her own gains. Eulalie would not have been so much offended by the 'surveillance' of Madame, to which she was accustomed, if that lady had not associated Morveux with herself, as a spy upon her scene with the philosopher. No woman is pleased that a man, however contemptible, should be the witness of her artifices ; the freemasonry of the sex is compromised by it ; and the thought that he was to reap a part of the profit, which was denied to herself, inclined her to betray the conspirators to Mille Anges, and throw herself upon his generosity. But what was she likely to gain by that manœuvre ? Nothing, except the wrong side of the street door. How could the philosopher be expected to believe the history of her own real distress, if she acknowledged that she had already worked so powerfully upon his feelings, with the tongue

of an impostor, for the benefit of other impostors? Finally, she determined to see him alone, if possible, and ease him of his expected bounty, unknown to the confederates.

CHAPTER VI.

Thou pure impiety, thou impious purity,
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

CHANCE favoured the design of Eulalie; for when Mille Anges returned, and found her sitting quietly at work upon a new bonnet in the salon, while Madame and Jacotte were looking over the account-book of the Pension, and Morveux was paring his dirty nails with a pen-knife, he judged that it would wound the girl's feelings to speak of her felonious brother in such good society.

“ May I have the honour of saying two words to Mademoiselle Fessue ?” he inquired.

“Very willingly,” replied the girl, “but what can Monsieur have to say to me? Monsieur must be aware that I have no secrets from my dear aunt.”

“Go along, you silly girl,” said la Garrenière laughing, “I dare say M. Mille Anges has some little agreeable surprise for you. I am not afraid to trust you in his hands. He is a philosopher.”

No sooner did Eulalie quit the salon, than she put her finger on her lips, as a sign to Mille Anges to be silent, and ran up the several flights of stairs in breathless haste, beckoning him to follow, which he did as rapidly as his old joints, long accustomed to a sedentary life, would permit.

By this stratagem, the clever girl gained a short space of time upon those who were obliged to steal softly and warily up the steps, in order to overhear the conversation.

“ I have brought you fifty napoleons, Made-moiselle,” said Mille Anges, “ and I hope——”

“ Only five !” hurriedly interrupted Eulalie, “ only five, my noble benefactor. I dare not abuse your generosity by taking more, till I know what use my poor friends can make of your bounty.” She helped herself to this sum out of his extended unresisting hand. “ I will see my brother or his wife, and will meet you here, in your own apartment, at seven this evening. By that time I shall be able to communicate farther particulars.” Then raising her voice, and speaking so quick that the philosopher could not get in a word, she added, “ Believe me, my dear Sir, these five napoleons will save an unfortunate family from ruin. How can I ever thank you sufficiently ! My feelings overpower me, I must retire.” She again whispered, “ Remember seven o'clock,” and ran out of the room, and down the stair, almost tread-

ing upon the heels of Morveux, and the skirts of Madame, as she might be said to drive them before her into the salon, whence they had crept, in order to be ear-witnesses of her success.

“Now, Eulalie,” said Madame, “I do not think I have much reason to be satisfied with you. How could you be such a fool as to let him off for five napoleons? Did he not offer, or promise, anything more?”

“You are deceiving us,” interposed Morveux, “and it is a bad return, Eulalie, for the parental kindness with which you are treated; you who were no better than a street-sweeper when we took you up, and made a lady of you.”

La Fessue remained silent. “Give me the five napoleons, at any rate,” said Madame, “they are better than nothing. I do not accuse you of deceiving us; I think you know your own interest better than to do so, but you have played your part badly, you must acknowledge,

Be in tears again to-morrow, and if they are not more profitable than on this occasion, you are likely enough to cry in earnest, I can tell you. Do not imagine that you can trifle with me ;—who gives you your bread, I should like to know ?”

“ Indeed, my dear aunt,” replied the girl, as she delivered up the five napoleons, “ I am very sorry, I did my best, and I will do again whatever I can to oblige you. Pray do not threaten me.” The philosopher entered the salon, and Eulalie retired. He caught a glance of her eyes in passing, and perceived that her countenance was disturbed, and that a tear stood on her cheek.

Poor thing ! thought he, what a beautiful emotion is gratitude ! I hope she has not been publishing my little gifts. How disinterested is her conduct ! How delicately timid towards me and my intended bounty ! The whole fifty were at her disposal. But I will endeavour to

serve her effectually. I have thought of a plan. I must lose no time. He took his hat, and left the house at a good round pace, like the walk of a man of business, intent upon an affair of consequence.

“Where can he be going?” said Morveux, watching him from the window. “He has forgotten the quiet meditative pace of a philosopher, and strides along like a man at arms. I must not lose sight of him.”

The dirty priest pursued, and kept Mille Anges in view, till he saw him enter a house; where, upon inquiry, he found that nobody lodged, except M. Ormin, the advocate. Contented with this intelligence, and unwilling to be taken for a spy, he retreated.

The tears of Eulalie were not the effect of any very beautiful emotion. They were tears of bitterness, called up by the coarse and offensive expressions of Madame la Garrenière. But I will be even with her this very night, resolved

the girl, and I would rather be again as destitute as I have been, than remain here to be treated like a galley-slave.

The hour of seven arrived.

What a strange fashion is this in Paris, reflected Mille Anges, as he arranged the scanty contents of his chamber; that a lady, of undeniable purity, beautiful in soul, and in disposition, as in person, should not hesitate to visit a gentleman in his own apartment. That ladies of quality should receive visitors in their own bed-chambers is natural enough. They, probably, appear to advantage in all the freshness of the morning toilet, surrounded by flowers and perfumes, and they look interesting, even when confined by a slight indisposition to their couch. But I cannot account for the sensation, yet I feel ashamed to receive Mademoiselle Fessue here; it is, nevertheless, her own wish, and, therefore, it must be right. What an enchanting girl she is! Can there be a brighter example of beauty and virtue? And as to

happiness, when I have relieved her of this load of distress, I shall see her happy. I shall have the pleasure of knowing that it is I, who have made her happy. At this moment the beautiful Eulalie entered to be made happy.

She informed Mille Anges that his bounty had rescued her brother's family from starvation, that his money was to be laid out in clothes for the children, who were almost naked; and that her only regret was, that her brother would not consent to see his benefactor. He could not, she said, hold up his head in the presence of so good a man, till he was cleared of every suspicion. She added, that she hoped Monsieur would not think she was abusing his benevolence, when she informed him, that if he was still inclined to assist them any farther, the forty-five napoleons he so generously offered, would enable her brother to retain counsel for his defence, and to send his wife and children to Lyons, where her relations lived, who would

take care of the family, till the prisoner could shake off his present embarrassment, and resume his profession of a music-master.

“I am sure I shall love him,” said Mille Anges, “a man whose profession is harmony, and nothing but harmony, a man who has the honour to be brother to Mademoiselle Fessue, how I shall esteem him !”

The rouleau changed hands of course, and found a warm place in the bosom of Eulalie, beneath the folds of her white robe. In an ecstasy of grateful feeling she threw herself into the arms of her benefactor, and as he clasped the beautiful, disinterested, virtuous, and happy Fessue to his heart, a new and strange sensation arose in his own breast. Although on the verge of fifty, and a stranger throughout life to the fascinations of the sex, nature reclaimed her power over the man, and philosophy, with a blush, retired from the contest. The ‘tête-à-tête’ became as impassioned, as if Mille Anges

could have pleaded innocent of more than twenty years, and had almost attained its zenith, when Madame la Garrenière, rosy with passion, rushed into the apartment.

“What is all this? What do I see?” she exclaimed. “M. Mille Anges! Fie for shame! Fie upon you! Par exemple! Here is a pretty business! As for you, my child of charity, you shall not pollute my house one moment longer. March! Madam, march! quick, quick, I say, or I will lay hands upon you myself. I disown you,—beg and die in the streets where I found you, Madam. You are no longer my niece, you are a ——, and a ——, and a ——! Jacotte! Jacotte! Jacotte!” she screamed in her highest key.

The philosopher was utterly discomfited; he shrunk from meeting the eye of la Garrenière, like a child that has been whipped by its nurse. However, seeing the turn that affairs were about to take, he thought it would look ugly, if

a man gifted, like himself, with the perception of beauty, were to allow a lovely girl to suffer for a fault which was entirely his own ; and, therefore, hiding his face in his handkerchief, the bashful old boy stammered out, “ Madame, I beg ——,”

“ Don’t Madame me,” answered la Garrenière, “ you hoary hypocrite, this is what your doctrine of beauty and virtue, and the analogy of things, and the consequent happiness, comes to. Or is this the antipodes you spoke of ? you old sinner ! You seduce my niece, before my face, under my own roof ! Fie, fie, fie ; M. Mille Anges, I have been greatly deceived in you.”

The philosopher literally could not summon up sufficient brass, to make any defence for himself, or for the girl ; they had been surprised together, in circumstances which, he could not deny, had an ugly appearance. He therefore resigned himself to his fate, and determined to

bear with patience the just reproof of madame, and to provide himself with a new lodging as soon as possible.

He had also come to a determination of making up in money and kindness to the unhappy girl, whom he seemed at present to abandon, for the loss of her aunt's friendship and protection, on his account.

While he was making these sage reflections, Jacotte had arrived upon the scene, Eulalie had found her voice, and the three women were wagging their tongues together at a merry pace, venting threats, abuse, and recrimination, in tones so loud and shrill, that the noise was insufferable.

Mille Anges, who was a lover of harmony, realized all the agony of Hogarth's 'Enraged Musician.' He seized his hat, thrust his fingers into his ears, and bolted down the stairs, and out of the house into the street, whither Eulalie,

who only dreaded a search, and the loss of her rouleau, followed close upon his heels, absolutely holding on by the skirts of his black coat.

They found themselves making a strange and by no means respectable appearance on the pavé, for mademoiselle had no bonnet, and Mille Anges looked as if he had been hunted. He wished to disengage himself from his companion, who, in the heat of her recrimination, had let fly a word or two, that was not very beautiful, insinuating that Madame la Garrenière was no better than she should be, and that she had seen the inside of La Force before now.

The girl cut short his considerations on her account, by telling him to his face, with a laugh, that he was a fool, that Morveux was a thief, and that her dear aunt was a ——, and that they might all go to the devil together. I myself was at her elbow, but I did not alarm her

by whispering my thanks for her generosity, in devoting those friends to me, whom I held in reversion.

The Rationalist was confounded. Eulalie tripped gaily away to her old haunts, rejoicing in her napoleons, which would soon' furnish a new bonnet, and determining to hide herself for a short time, in case la Garrenière should attack her in the ugly shape of a creditor. Madame had no such intention, for La Fessue in a prison could have confided some disagreeable secrets to the greedy ears of the officers of justice. The good lady was really glad to get rid of her on such easy terms, because, as she and Morveux agreed, the hounds ought to be contented with the pleasure of running down the game,—the pleasure of devouring it being reserved for their masters.

Nevertheless, these worthy confederates were of opinion, that Mille Anges was still too good a morsel to be lost, and had as yet scarcely

moulted a single feather. Morveux therefore went in search of him, to smooth the way for his return.

He again overtook him at the threshold of the 'avocat' Ormin's residence. Le Père Morveux had an instinctive horror of every one connected with the administration of the laws, and he succeeded in grasping the arm of his dupe, before he had knocked at the advocate's door. Mille Anges scarcely dared to look his old friend full in the face. "Do not be too severe upon me, my father," said he, with downcast eyes, "I assure you that I was placed in circumstances of great temptation. I have every reason to believe that Mademoiselle Fessue is a very designing person, she made use of such very unbecoming language. I am not so much to blame, as your reverence may probably suppose."

"My dear Sir," replied Morveux, "make yourself perfectly easy. I hurried after you at

the request of Madame la Garrenière, who is anxious to apologize for any offensive expressions, that may have escaped her in a moment of exasperation, at the discovery of her niece's depravity. That young person has deceived us all very much, and Madame is now convinced, and so am I, that Monsieur was not at all to blame in the affair."

"I believe," said the philosopher, "that Mademoiselle Fessue has deceived me also, but my doubts on that subject will be cleared up, when I have an explanation with my friend M. Ormin, whom I have retained as counsel for a brother of hers, at present in prison on a charge of murder. He bears, I understand, the feigned name, in which he pursued the profession of a music-master; I am ignorant of that name, but M. Ormin promised to find him out for me, as the accusation itself will indicate the right person."

"What a tissue of villainous deceit!" ex-

claimed the priest, with an expression of honest indignation, exceedingly becoming to his dirty face. "I do not think Eulalie Fessue has a brother in existence. I dare say the jade has obtained money from you,—she must be bad enough for any thing."

"Indeed she has," replied Mille Anges, "but till I have seen M. Ormin, I shall say no more on that subject."

"We shall see you at supper, I hope," replied Morveux. "Madame la Garrenière is dying for a reconciliation with you."

"Certainly," said the philosopher; "I did intend to have sought another lodging, out of respect to the very just displeasure of our hostess, to whose pure mind," (he must have forgotten the pure epithets she gave to Eulalie) "vice of any kind must appear in its appropriate shape of deformity. If Madame will be so kind as to overlook this one dark shade in my conduct, I can promise that in future my example shall

be more in consonance with my precepts. I shall return to supper. *Au revoir.*”

Ormin was at home, and laughed heartily at the adventures of the old gentleman, who with much simplicity, humility, and self reproach, confessed his weakness, and his suspicions of the artful girl.

“My dear Mille Anges,” he replied, “if I did not read your sincerity in your actions, as well as in your countenance, I could not have believed that such artlessness would, in this nineteenth century, bear the light. There is no unfortunate music-master, or professor of harmony, as you call him, in prison; there is no man on the list of criminals, who is accused of killing a boy with a ruler. This I have ascertained to please you, and now pray do something to please me. Leave that abominable Pension; I will find you a respectable lodging elsewhere; I told you before that Morveux was a rascal, but you were almost

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offended at my interference. Depend upon it, that his friends are good for nothing." Mille Anges considered a moment, and replied, "That is exactly what Mademoiselle Fessue said to me, after she left the house, and therefore I do not believe it to be true. She has deceived me already, and naturally wished to be revenged on her aunt for her severity."

"Rely upon it, that it is true," said the advocate, "if they were the only words of truth the little diablesse was ever known to utter." The philosopher shook his head.

"Well, well," resumed Ormin, "you must go your own way; I am afraid your experience will be rather bitter, and you are somewhat old for the fiery ordeal. And yet you seem so happy with your sublime theory, that beauty, virtue, and happiness, go hand in hand throughout this wicked world, it is absolutely cruel to undeceive you, if it were in the power of man to do so, and I know that my youth does not

inspire you with much respect for my opinions. Trust me, Mille Anges, that whatever may be the custom in Germany, beauty and virtue are by no means inseparable in Paris. Remember Eulalie Fessue ! Come to me on Tuesday, you know I am to present your philosophic phiz to the Marquise de Coquelicot. She is already in love with you, from my report of your merits ; so have a care, since you confess yourself so very, very, frail !”

CHAPTER VII.

You cram these words into mine ear, against
The stomach of my sense.

THE TEMPEST.

The day arrived in which M. Mille Anges was destined to make his 'debut' among the 'élites' of Parisian society.

He felt a little nervous, as wiser men have felt on such occasions; and although he summoned to his recollection the contempt which he, a philosopher, who had declaimed before a German university, ought to feel for a frivolous audience of fashionables, and the admiration he deserved, as a man of strong mind, and an apostle of rationalism, it would not do.

There is a collective discrimination even in

an assembly of fools, and many a man of thought and genius, unpractised in the art of delivering his sentiments to a numerous assemblage, has felt an indescribable sinking of heart, and sensation of awe, in addressing fifty people sitting together, every individual of whom he could silence or convince in a tête-à-tête argument.

In this instance, however, the debutant was no Solomon, his very rationalism being more irrational than the ideas of any fine lady or gentleman in existence, which is saying a great deal. Nevertheless, he made a very tolerable bow to Madame la Marquise de Coquelicot, and took his seat in the little circle that were chatting around her, without betraying either "gaucherie" or 'mauvaise honte.' Ormin left him to his own devices, after the ceremony of introduction.

The rooms were full, and most of the well-bred people who filled them, pressed forward to have a good stare at the philosopher; but I am

afraid the general feeling was disappointment, the common fate of all wonders.

“Is that an apostle?” said Mademoiselle A. to Madame B. “I really cannot say that I think much of him. I expected to have seen a majestic figure, half naked, covered with hair, with majestic features, a long beard, a head coiffée à la Brutus, dressed in a flowing robe, with sandals on his bare feet.”

“Bare feet! oh shocking!” replied Madame B. “I am sure our dear Marquise would never have countenanced that, if he had been St. Paul himself.”

“But surely,” whispered the Comtesse C., “he will not sit there all night; he will mount upon the ottoman, and discourse about love and beauty.”

“Ah yes,” said Mademoiselle F., “we have not yet heard the music of his voice, perhaps that will atone for his insignificant appearance. Why does not some adventurous person try to

draw him out? Monsieur G., will you have the goodness to begin the attack?"

"Do, there is a good creature," said the Comtesse C.

"In obedience to your commands, ladies, I will," replied the gentleman, "but it is not an agreeable task. These 'savants' are sometimes great savages."

He began. "Will Monsieur l'Apôtre do me the honour to take a pinch of snuff?" He held out his box in an affected manner.

"Much obliged," replied Mille Anges, who, as I have already said, detested affectation, "but I never take snuff. I am happy to say I have nothing to do with that horrid plant called tobacco in any shape." This was not very encouraging; Monsieur G. shrugged up his shoulders and retired.

"What did he say? What was it?" was buzzed about by twenty voices. "He says that he thanks Heaven he neither smokes nor

takes snuff. "Thanks Heaven! dear me, how odd!" and so on prattled the prattlers.

Until this interruption, Mille Anges had been indulging in a reverie, occasioned by a survey of the apartments, which were on a scale of magnificence both new and surprising to him. The usual reflection suggested itself to his mind, that the Marquise must be eminently endowed with the perception of beauty. What a pity that he had not the tact to express this sentiment aloud, and to pour forth one of his customary 'tirades!' He would have established a character for eloquence and politeness.

But he relapsed into a fit of abstraction, and his existence was gradually forgotten by the very people whom his reputation had drawn together.

Presently a slight commotion was heard near the entrance of the long suite of apartments, which commenced with a small anti-chamber, and continued through several salons to the

boudoir of the Marquise, and ended with her bed-chamber. In the boudoir were assembled those who preferred conversation, to cards, music, or the temptations of the refreshment table. There also sat the unobtrusive Mille Anges.

La Marquise cast her eye towards the Salon, and perceived the arrival of a numerous flight of guests, unexpected certainly, and many of them uninvited, though not unknown.

They were headed by a little lady of extraordinary beauty, with a remarkably rich expression in her blue eyes, which her friends delighted, and her enemies trembled, to behold.

Such was Madame la Baronne de Fouquencour, fascinating in person and address, a perfect mistress of the little eccentricities which are tolerated in a woman of talent, and applauded in a woman of beauty,—the rival of la Marquise de Coquelicot in taste, fashion, popularity, and all the nice distinctions, and subtle influences,

of emulation, which make ladies hate one another most unamiably, and, as Mille Anges would correctly remark, most unbecomingly.

Madame de Fouquencour had lately spoiled a 'réunion chez la Marquise,' but finding that the fickle herd who had rallied round her standard on that occasion, intended this night to desert to the enemy, she adopted the bold measure of appearing in person at the house of her rival, with her small, but faithful, retinue of about thirty first-rate people, instead of remaining in her own empty rooms, to sip ices and Roman punch, and receive condolence on the triumph of the opposition. The rival queens were both widows, and both were rich. They were too wise to compromise their liberty by a second marriage, and yet clever enough to keep hope alive in their numerous noble and needy suitors. Both were liberals in their politics, but there was a slight tinge of republicanism in the Coquelicot, from which the Fouquencour

was exempt. Upon this hair they ostensibly split, but their motives were in reality as completely personal, as the jealousy of any other pair of attractive women.

“This is indeed an unexpected pleasure,” said la Marquise, rising to greet the lady and her friends, with a self-possession, and gentle ‘*empressement*’ of civility, which none but a Parisienne could address to her bitterest enemy. “I am too happy to see you here, and yet happier to see you looking so well.”

While her lips gave utterance to these compliments, she remarked inwardly, What can the woman mean by coming uninvited to brave me in my own house! I have not seen such impudence or such short petticoats for a long time.

“You flatter me, my dear Coquelicot,” languidly answered Madame de Fouquencour, taking the arm of her rival, and inclining towards the boudoir, as if they were the dearest friends imaginable, “the fact is, I was so very

dull at home, having only these few every-day visitors to amuse me, that by way of something new and 'piquant,' I made a little party to grace your triumph, and we throw ourselves on your compassion. You will not grudge us a little amusement, will you, my dear Coquelicot?"

"Basta!" replied la Marquise, "you must be aware what pleasure it gives me to have enticed you here, and you must know that it is my delight to please and amuse my friends." This rather equivocal answer was delivered in the softest warble of female eloquence.

"It is long since we have met except upon neutral ground," said Madame de Fouquencour, "but upon my honour, my dear Coquelicot, it is not my fault. I ought not to have trespassed upon you this evening, but I hope you will soon have an opportunity of returning the aggression. Do let us meet sometimes, my dear; no matter whether we kiss or scratch one

another, the blood will circulate ; I detest stagnation, and prefer war to peace, only because it is more exhilarating."

The Coquelicot took refuge in a dignified silence. The little Baronne rattled on. " You should have come to me last week, my dear, to see that exquisite, enchanting younger brother of the late Dey of Algiers. Only think, Coquelicot, he had ten beautiful wives, and he cut off all their beautiful heads with his own hand, when we took Algiers, you know, rather than permit our brave countrymen to boast of a single kiss in his seraglio. Was it not noble ? For he assures me, that he was very fond of them. But he preferred their death to their dishonour. Apropos, Coquelicot, where is your apostle ?"

" There he is, Madame," replied la Marquise, pointing to Mille Anges with her foot, " but I cannot say much for him, except that he has answered my purpose for this evening, as

nobody knows better than yourself. Such as he is, take him, he is at your service."

"What can he do?" carelessly inquired la Baronne.

"He has a great talent for taciturnity," replied the Coquelicot. "I do not know very well what to do with him, to make his merits known, unless I were to pin a slip of paper to his back, with the words,—“This is M. Mille Anges, a clever man, and an apostle of Rationalism.”"

"A rationalist!" repeated la Baronne.—
"Then of course, Coquelicot, you cannot understand him. But I appreciate his delicacy. Par exemple, your friend perceives that ladies and gentlemen talk a great deal of nonsense, and he very wisely sets them a pattern of silence. Can anything be more reasonable? I dare say I shall be able to make something of him, and I have nothing else to do. Heigh ho! Look, Coquelicot, there is your little satellite Eugene Ormin, wondering how long you and I shall sit

and talk together. He is really an amiable child, but don't alarm yourself, my dear, I will leave him to you a little longer, perhaps altogether, if your friend here makes a rationalist of me."

She rose, and tripped gracefully up to Mille Anges, who was vainly endeavouring to suppress a most pertinacious yawn. "I am afraid that Monsiear finds the evening very dull," said she, taking a chair, and seating herself at his side.

"Not at all, I assure you; on the contrary," politely answered the philosopher, startled by her address, and wondering who she could be.

"Oh fie!" said la Baronne, giving the poor creature a rap on the fingers with her fan, so sharp as at least to cure his yawning tendency, "oh fie! a rationalist to wake from a reverie with a fib in his mouth! You are dull, you have been dull, Coquelicot is dull, everybody is dull in this dullest of all possible dull houses, and I have seen your contest with a most unbe-

coming symptom of weariness. They told me that you were a lover of truth, on account of its beauty, and of beauty on its own account. In that case, you would have made an uncommonly desirable lover ; but alas ! I find that, though an apostle, you are as false as the rest of the world."

This was all that was wanting to open the floodgates of philosophy. "I am much obliged to you, Madam," replied Mille Anges, "for giving me an opportunity of explaining my sentiments ; I am convinced that the doctrines for which I would fain claim the attention of every thinking man, and every accomplished woman, would tend to confer upon mankind a degree of happiness, of which they can at present form no idea. I am afraid that my sentiments have been much misrepresented, and my maxims misunderstood—by none more so, than by my young friend M. Ormin, to whom I am indebted for the pleasure of meeting you here.

You yourself, Madam, very plausibly accused me of a dereliction from the truth. I plead not guilty. I have enjoyed—probably more than any one present, on account of the novelty to one of my retired habits—the brilliant assembly of this evening. But were it not so, I affirm that it is unnecessary to sacrifice the grace of politeness at the shrine of a bigoted devotion to veracity. I have been also accused by my friend, M. Ormin, of holding up and promulgating an opinion, that beauty and virtue are inseparable, in other words that beauty has virtue. He has taken up the reverse of my position, which is this, that virtue has beauty, and that beauty has value. Happiness is the result and the reward of virtue, and those who have the perception of beauty will love and prefer virtue, for the sake of her reward; a beautiful beatitude, beginning and increasing in this world, and probably attaining perfection in a future state. Ignorance and superstition

prevent the multitude from embracing this simple view of their existence, for happiness is the acknowledged aim of all mankind. If, then, virtue is to be the choice of man, not on account of what it is, but of what it has, and we cannot describe any thing in any other manner, than by enumerating its properties, I say that daily experience proves to us that virtue has beauty, and that vice has deformity. The beauty of virtue is pleasing to behold, to read, to hear, and to discuss in conversation. The deformity of vice is unsightly, painful, and disgusting. The whole obligation of virtue is mutual love and mutual support; the occupation of vice is mutual injury and mutual hate. There must then be something paramount in this property of beauty which gives such value to virtue. If so, it becomes mankind to produce and reproduce, to cultivate and to cherish this wonderful essence, which our discernment informs us, is partaken by the harmony of music, the per-

fume of sweet smelling flowers, the flavour of delicious viands, and the symmetrical proportions of what we call well-shaped animals, handsome men, and lovely women. Now mankind are not in general so foolish as to prefer the reverse of all these. They do not willingly endure discord; they do not hold the poppy or the dandelion to their nostrils; they do not regale their palates with the flesh or the fruit of that which is poisonous; they will not buy the colt that is cursed with the shape of the calf; nor will they seek the society of any other woman, when they can have the honour, Madam, of conversing with you."

Madame de Fouquencour smiled. The little circle of ladies and gentlemen who had by this time gathered round the philosopher, applauded his unexpected gallantry.

"But, my dear Sir," said Ormin, "is it not advisable, or expedient, or becoming, as you would call it, to prefer a little taste of a poison-

ous plant, the seed of the depreciated poppy for instance, to the juice of the grape, which it must be allowed is more beautiful and more agreeable, if one is afflicted by loss of sleep, or other incidental suffering, in which an opiate may be beneficial?"

"My young friend, I hold all unpalatable and many palatable drugs in absolute detestation," replied Mille Anges, warming as he went on. "They are as prejudicial to the body, as the passion of hatred to the mind. The fluctuations of health arise either from plethora, or from debility. Like a horse in training for the race, the condition of the human subject is improving or deteriorating, rising above the mark of salubrity, or falling below it, since there is no sticking point for any individual fraction of all the elements. We are capable of subsisting on the flesh of beasts, or of living more abstemiously on the fruits of the earth. We are also capable of absorbing a mixture of both

kinds. In a case of debility, animal food, and the cordial juice of the beautiful vine, are the only efficient restoratives; in a case of plethora, vegetable diet, tisanne, and in extreme emergency, blood-letting, will afford the necessary relief to the invalid. In an average state of good health, the medium, or rather the mixed diet, is recommended by experience. It was the opinion of my late friend the professor, who underwent his change in a good old age, and I must also affirm it to be my opinion, that the physician is altogether superfluous. The surgeon, in cases of accident or malformation, is alone requisite to repair the human frame; and he is as competent as his more pompous brother the physician to decide, from which of the two causes the disorder springs, if, indeed, which ought rarely to be the case, the patient cannot discern so much by his own feelings. The apothecary's shop is an ugly unpalatable nuisance, and those who hope, by violent unnatural

remedies, to shake off the consequences of vice and excess, which they have ignorantly preferred to virtue and temperance, will find that they do but persevere in error, and plunge deeper into the dirty waters of their stupid choice."

"Ah, my dear Apostle," said Madame de Fouquencour, "do me the favour to quit the ugly subject of medicine, and talk to us a little more about beauty. I will listen to you for five minutes longer, if you will oblige me."

"I must be brief then," replied the philosopher, "and yet I could speak for hours on the subject."

"He is a great bore," whispered Monsieur G. "He has engrossed the attention of the ladies for an age. I am jealous of the old proser."

Mille Anges continued. "It follows that we, who are not such fools as to offer that which has no beauty to our senses, should no longer insult our minds with the infliction of deformity. Let me not be told that I advance a non sequi-

tur, when I declare, that because beauty, the property of virtue, gives value to virtue, beauty is worthy of our unremitting attention. Let us encourage every thing that is beautiful in thought, in word, and in deed. Let us counteract deformity in every shape. Let us marry beautiful women, that our children may be beautiful," (here the ladies tittered,) "for although virtue is occasionally perceptible in a homely case, it is, undeniably, more attractive in conjunction with loveliness." He turned towards Madame de Fouquencour. "Behold the pearls that so becomingly encircle the heavenly beauties of this lady. They would retain their intrinsic value on the bosom of a coarse Dutch vrau, while they only served to remind you of the muddy fishiness of her complexion. Seek then for opportunities of producing beauty, and combinations of beauty. Seek out, and relieve the afflicted, as far as lies in your power,—the sight of one person restored

from misery to happiness, is more beautiful than a hundred contented men who are unacquainted with sorrow. Encourage the professors of harmony; applaud the elegant efforts of the sculptor; but require from him, and from the painter, those representations only, which are faithful copies of pleasing subjects; discarding the depraved mania for monstrosities, as unworthy the attention of an enlightened being. Observe the man who will adorn his residence with the distorted image of an impossible Hindoo deity, who will ask your admiration for a frightfully exact picture of a grinning skull, you will hardly find in him one benevolent sentiment, one single virtuous inclination. He has deliberately chosen deformity. He is ignorant, superstitious, or a fool. You, who have done me the honour to listen to me, are not ignorant; for in these few words I have laid down a line for your direction. This is my rationalism, these are the principles of which I am the

humble apostle. To be virtuous is to be beautiful, and to be happy. Mutual love, is the obligation of virtue. Give then your suffrages in favour of mutual love, and let beauty drive deformity from the field, with her ugly train of discord, envy, hatred, and discontent. When the trammels of habit universally give way, and give way they shall, to the increasing perception of loveliness, unanimous in virtue, we shall no longer require governments and governors, laws and lawyers, (your pardon M. Ormin,) to protect us from one another ; we shall love our brethren, and cease the interchange of wrong ; the whole world will become one lovely family, one family of love."

"Bravo ! bravo !" exclaimed several voices, in that cordial tone of commendation, which the performer ascribes to the merit of the performance, while it is in reality the mutual congratulation of the company, upon the conclusion of a severe trial of their patience.

“That was very good about the pearls,” said Mademoiselle A.

“What did he say about a grinning skull?” inquired Madame B.

“He cannot, at his age, presume to marry a beautiful woman, yet he had the assurance to speak of it,” said the Comtesse C.

“His remark was this,” answered Monsieur F. “that if he could aspire to the honour of marrying Madame de Fouquencour, their children would be beautiful.”

“Dear me, what a delicate compliment!” said Mademoiselle A.

“But you know half the compliment applied to himself,” replied Madame B.

“Possibly,” interposed Monsieur F. “but remember, that should the dove mate with the jack-daw, should Madame Fouquencour stoop to marry the apostle, *she* might have beautiful children.”

“Oh fie!” said the ladies A. B. and C.

“Does your philosophy approve of short petticoats, M. Mille Anges?” inquired la Marquise de Coquelicot, thinking it was time for her to say something, and anxious to have a slap at her elegant rival.

“Short petticoats, Madame,” said the philosopher, “remind me of the English definition of party spirit, the madness of many, for the very questionable gain of a few.”

“Questionable!”

“Questionable!”

“Questionable!” exclaimed the ladies A. B. and C.

“Is the gain of Madame de Fouquencour questionable?” asked Monsieur F.

“I must confess that to be unquestionable,” said the apostle, bowing to the lady, “there is no rule without an exception.”

“Now, Mille Anges,” whispered Ormin, “be off. You have not acquitted yourself badly;

if you stay, ten to one but they make a fool of you. A word to the wise."

The philosopher did not anticipate being made a fool of, nor did he comprehend or relish this advice ; but he was unwilling to weaken the impression of his eloquence, and had some confidence in the good intentions of his young friend. Besides, he was weary. He made a low sweeping bow from his hips, and retired in the midst of a buzz of approbation.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit.

OTHELLO.

THE night was clear and mild, when the philosopher, in great good-humour with himself, retraced his steps to the pension of La Garrenière.

“ At length,” he soliloquized, “ I have boldly avowed the system, in which my poor friend, the professor, took such deep interest. A frivolous Parisian audience have laid aside their frivolity, to listen to the words of truth from my lips. Oh ! there is beauty in the thought, that I may be the humble means of reclaiming to the path of virtue, such a convert as that fascinating

woman, whose eager desire to hear my sentiments, induced her to address me spontaneously, without the ceremony of introduction. She did appreciate me. At least, I flatter myself she did. But stop, have I not already been deceived? Did not I take Eulalie Fessue to be a pattern of simplicity? a white stone on which to engrave my principles? Alas! alas! whence comes this oanker of deceit, which makes mankind a living lie?" This is a difficult question, which poor Mille Anges is not the man to solve.

He entered the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. It has been said that walls have ears, and that the very stones will cry out if any uncommonly cruel outrage is witnessed by them. The philosopher heard a noise,—a sound that strangely reminded him of the identical "white stone" he had lately apostrophized. He stopped to listen. There could be no doubt. He heard that very white stone singing, in a loud, shrill, and insult-

ing tone, like the voice of a 'poissarde,' a ditty, which the walls of the houses, if they have ears, must have greatly admired. He crept forward to investigate the cause of so strange a proceeding. He was soon aware that Mlle. Fessue was treating her old friends to a serenade. By her wild looks, and disordered appearance, he perceived that she was rather intoxicated, whether from an excessive indulgence in the beautiful juice of the beautiful vine, or from a too copious draught of the more vulgar cordial eau de vie, it is impossible to say. A few formidable Amazons, her new friends, but old acquaintances, apparently under the same genial influence, encouraged and accompanied her performance with repeated cheers, and seasoned their applause of Eulalie with an occasional imprecation on Madame la Garrenière. The following doggrel sung by la Fessue, had been long before composed and set to the tune of 'J'aime mieux ma mie,' or according to the

English edition, of a 'Cottage in the wood,' by the Laureate of a rival 'pension' in the same street, and was but ill calculated to please the lady for whose especial benefit it was intended.

" Le fourreur sait la difference
Entre les chats et les lapins,
Mais les Messieurs de la France
Ne sont pas tout-à-fait si fins.

CHORUS.

" On vous encore étrillera,
Vous, et votre Jacotte Tuyère,
Vous, qui faites manger des chats,
Madame la Garrenière !

" Si de diner j'ai besoin,
Je ne viendrai pas chez vous,
Je n'aime pas manger de charogne,
J'ai peur de votre fricandeu.

CHORUS.

" On vous encore étrillera,"
&c. &c. &c.

" Go about your business!" shouted Morveux,
thrusting his dirty head, enveloped in a still
dirtier nightcap, out of an upper window

“ I will send for the gens-d’armes if you are not quiet,” said la Garrenière from a lower window.

“ For shame, Eulalie !” cried Jacotte, peeping over the shoulder of Madame. A shout of defiance was raised by the women in the street, and a dead cat was thrown at the head of the calumniated hostess, with such violence as to smash three or four panes of the window, and almost to blind her, and her attendant, with blood, mud, and broken glass, while the triumphant assailants renewed their chorus of derision,

“ On vous encore étrillera,” &c.

The philosopher remained a quiet spectator of the scene, speculating upon the deformity of vice, but not endeavouring to counteract the same, as he ought, according to his own principles, to have done. The uproar became at last so great, that it brought the night patrol to the spot, and the women perceiving them at

a distance, dispersed as fast as ever they could run ; so fast indeed that poor Mille Anges was the only human being of whom the gens-d'armes on their arrival could lay hold. His innocence was immediately proved by an appeal to the inmates of the house. He reached his chamber in safety, and crept into his couch with white curtains, regretting that in the case of Mademoiselle Fessue, extreme vice could so well have counterfeited the paramount beauty of virtue.

Several days passed away, before Morveux and Madame la Garrenière could hit upon a promising scheme, for obtaining more golden eggs out of their household goose the philosopher. Even their little gains at the card table were diminished, for Mille Anges began to tire of *écarté*, and would not bet any more with the Comte Auguste himself.

The philosopher was not what the world calls a prudent man, and yet it was a difficult thing

to get at his money. His absurd tenets were to him a bulwark against extravagance, for he would not sacrifice any part of his income, without an evident return of beauty in some shape. He began to declaim against cards, to complain of monotony at the theatres, and to show decided symptoms of a 'blasé.' He frequented the shops of booksellers, and spent the greater part of the day in reading. Morveux decided that it was necessary to put a stop to all this. He held a consultation with the ladies on the subject. "Love and compassion," said he, "are the weak points of Mille Anges; he is ever ready to listen to a tale of distress, and to open that long green purse to any impostor. Gratitude overpowers his simplicity, and he becomes romantically generous. He is also accessible to a very delicate dose of flattery, administered by a side wind, on the score of his philosophic crotchet, particularly when that

agreeable tribute is bestowed by the lips of a pretty woman. You, Jacotte, must take him in hand, and make a protector, if not a husband of him ;—you have a husband somewhere, by the bye ; is he in the army, or at the galleys, or where is he ?”

“ He was in the army, but is sentenced to the galleys for life, thank Heaven,” replied Jacotte ; “ but what of him ? I can sink his existence for the present, and bring him to life again, you know, when we have got all we want out of Mille Anges.”

“ That is a good girl,” said Morveux ; “ your part in the play will be troublesome, but we have confidence in you ; and if your aunt will agree with me, you shall have a third of the profits of this adventure.”

“ We had better lose the old fool altogether,” said Madame, “ than waste any more time or ingenuity upon him ; if this plan does not suc-

ceed, he may walk, for his presence is a great restraint upon our society. You shall have your third, Jacotte."

When a man seeks to marry a woman, his intentions are said to be honourable. If he has obtained such influence over her, that it is his option to make her his mistress or his wife, and nevertheless persists in preferring marriage to the guilt of seduction, he is noble, disinterested, and generous.

Of course, a woman who sets about the affair in the same way, is entitled to equal commendation ; and therefore the intentions of Jacotte were honourable, and she was noble, generous, and disinterested. But an unforeseen vagary in the ideas of the philosopher disconcerted her praiseworthy design.

La Garrenière, by way of breaking the ice, began that evening to hold forth on the subject of matrimony. Morveux joined her in sounding the praises of that sacrament, as he

called it, and expressed his wonder that any man, who was not fettered like himself by the priestly vow of celibacy, could remain satisfied with his selfish, solitary existence, while so many eligible partners were to be found.

“ Did you meet any agreeable women chez la Marquise de Coquelicot, M. Mille Anges ?” enquired Jacotte.

“ I met a great many well-dressed ladies,” replied he; “ and one, whom I have since understood to be la Baronne de Fouquencour, a rich and fashionable widow, appeared to me to be more engaging than the rest.”

“ A rich widow !” exclaimed La Garrenière ; “ take care, take care, my friend ; widows are dangerous customers,—they are apt to make comparisons, if they are remarried. Comparisons, you know, M. Mille Anges.”

“ Married, unmarried, or remarried,” replied the philosopher, “ what does it all come to ? I have had many conversations on that subject

with my poor friend the professor, and I entertain the same contempt that he did, for what is called the holy state of matrimony. It is an invidious monopoly, a folly of follies, which wise men have, in all ages, looked upon to be at best an expedient restraint upon vulgar minds. I go a little farther, and deny this expediency. When the world shall become a family of love, every woman shall love every man, and every man shall love every woman. This principle has been practically recognised by men the most renowned for wisdom. Look through the records of the Greeks, Romans, and Israelites. Divest these records of the taint of superstition common to them all, and select those facts in the biography of their great men, which are independent of oracular imposture, and supernatural fables. You will find that Cato bestowed his wife upon his friend Hortensius, that Socrates would have thanked any one who would have relieved him of Xantippe, and that

the Queen of Sheba left the King of Sheba, to obtain an heir from the loins of Solomon. But in the improved state of things to which I look forward, there will be no outrage committed for the love of women, because there will be no preference ; every man who has chosen virtue, will love his neighbour as himself ; and while men share to the utmost their goods with one another, shall they not also share their women with those they love ?”

The ladies tossed their heads in proud disdain, and endeavoured to blush a little at this unceremonious partition of their favours.

“ I must say,” replied Merveux, “ that I never heard anything so irreligious, and so ungallant in my life. What ! M. Mille Anges, do your wild ideas go so far as to leave the ladies no will of their own ? Are they to pass, like slaves, from this man to that man, at the command of their masters ?”

“ By no means,” said the philosopher. “ I

have already observed that those men who make choice of virtue, will love one another as themselves ; for that is the obligation of virtue. *A fortiori*, then, they will love the women better than themselves ; and if two men should address one woman at the same moment, she will give precedence according to her judgment, and her will shall be law to both her suitors. The man who obtains this precedence will not exult, nor shall the other be depressed; for he knows that his turn must come, and that the partiality of the lady for himself, will be as great as her love of his predecessor, since the family of love will admit of no invidious distinctions. The same rule will extend to a case, where, at present two women would pull caps for the affection of one man. But I would have it distinctly understood, that a capricious refusal from either sex, will be altogether discordant and impossible. There shall be no more monopoly. Behold the world as it goes ! An old man has a young wife, he

is jealous of her, and will not allow her to mix with her young friends. A young man has married an old woman for her wealth. He cannot disguise his aversion to her person, yet she will tear his eyes out if he looks at another woman. All this is contradiction, discord, darkness, and despair."

"But, Monsieur," said Jacotte, "suppose the women also choose virtue, how will this conduct agree with their professions? Will there not be some discrepancy, some discord, between a virtuous reputation, and this universal love?"

"Women, my dear young lady," answered Mille Anges, "are, in all ages, and in all countries, what men make them. They sometimes, indeed, think that they have hit upon a new thing, and that they will show off their spirit at the expense of the other sex; but if they made an impartial scrutiny of their motives, they would invariably find, in the working of their

minds, that they are waging war with one man, to obtain the admiration of all men; or breathing defiance against all men, to secure the approbation of one. They care not for the commendations of their own sex; they place no value on female protestations of friendship; they know, by their own hearts, what one woman feels towards another; contempt or indifference at the best, jealousy and bitter hatred at the worst. The Turks are sensual; their women greet them, in the recesses of the harem, with music, dancing, and forbidden wine. The Russians are cruel, and oppressors; their wives are submissive drudges. The Germans are mystical and sentimental; the over-strained sentiment of the German women, has afforded amusement to all nations. The Dutch are cleanly and avaricious; their women are thrifty housewives, and wash their houses from morning till night. The English require intelligent companions in their retired country residences; their ladies

are well informed, and capable of speaking sensibly, and with moderation, on every subject. Our countrymen require elegance of person, and gaiety of heart, under all circumstances; the French ladies are the best dressed women in the world, and have uttered as many good things, under every vicissitude, from the boudoir to the scaffold, as the men."

"But what has all this to do, M. Mille Anges, with your prejudice against matrimony?" said la Garrenière.

"To prove, Madam," continued the philosopher, "that when all men love one another as themselves, and love women better than themselves, the hearts of women will expand in the same proportion. They will not take that ugly, narrow view of virtue, which enforces a slavish fidelity to one; no, Madam, they will cease their petty jealousies, and vie with one another in giving happiness to the other sex. No idle rivalries, no churlish denials, no silly

hesitations, will remain, to waste the precious time in anticipation, which ought to be devoted to enjoyment."

"Oh! dreadful," said la Garrenière, pretending to be shocked. "Then I suppose, M. Mille Anges, that if a ramoneur were to ask for a kiss, it would not be virtuous in me to refuse him."

"You put an extreme case, my dear Madam," he replied, somewhat embarrassed by this home thrust, "and you are speaking of the world as it is. I speak of it, as it ought to be, and as it will be, by the diffusion of my principles. I see no reason why a ramoneur should not, even in these days, be a very respectable person; but in the course of the expected improvements in the social condition of the family of love, there will be no ramoneurs. No man will be required to work for the convenience of another; no man will ask another to do that, which he himself would object to perform. If you wash away

the soot which disfigures him, a ramoneur is probably as good a man as le Père Morveux, or myself. But menial duties will then be abolished, and the whole train of superfluous luxuries, which are now actually oppressive in respect to the ceremony and etiquette appertaining to them, will disappear, like our shadows on the wall, when I remove the feeble light to which they owe their shape and character."

"We should all be in the dark," said Jacotta.

"The hands of every individual," continued Mille Anges, without noticing the interruption, "will minister exclusively to his own necessities, with this exception, that, since the young and healthy must naturally reap a surplus, they will freely bestow it upon the debility of infancy and old age. Wherefore, you ask, will men act in this way, so new, and so surprising? I answer, because they will love one another. The trade of ramoneur, and every other disagreeable occupation, will be extinct, if a man

is reluctant to sweep his own chimney, he will build it up, and be satisfied with a brazier. But I like not the discussion of these minutiae, the great principle is an answer to them all. What does le Père Morveux think of the general development of my idea, especially concerning mutual love? Is it not a rational and a beautiful definition of the obligation of virtue?"

"I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of your sentiments," replied the dirty priest, who probably felt a sympathy with the ramoneurs, "but, on the subject of marriage, Monsieur must excuse me. I think he owes an apology to the ladies, if not to myself, who am a divine, for handling that topic in so eccentric, and, pardon me, if I add, in so licentious a manner."

"You are a divine fellow, my dear Morveux," exclaimed the philosopher, "and the ladies are divinities of course, and very patient ones, or they would not have done me the honour

to listen to me so long, and that is all the apology my conscience will allow me to make to you."

"Conscience!" repeated Morveux. "What has a lover of virtue in all its beauty, for the sake of consequent happiness, to do with conscience?"

"Conscience, my dear Sir," replied the philosopher, "is no more than the intuitive perception of loveliness, which all men possess in a degree, as the guide of their actions towards beautiful results. But the conduct of some men is so stamped by folly, and by a hankering after every vice, that this most valuable function of the mind is evidently choked by the weeds of passion, or has been but slightly and imperceptibly developed. The seed is there, notwithstanding."

This dry discussion produced but one effect. It decided Jacotte against bigamy. To be the mistress of the susceptible philosopher, the harpy devouring his substance to fatten the trio

of rank swindlers, became the object of her ambition.

The manifold arts of seducers of either sex are too well known to need repetition in any society, far less in our own. Each of us has, I believe, given a patent form to his subjects, suitable to their climate and habits, for the opening, the progress, and the conclusion of the campaign. Notwithstanding the experience, for which Eulalie Fessue charged him fifty napoleons, Mille Anges was persuaded, in a few days, that Jacotte had become a true convert to the perception of loveliness. She gave a proof of her sincerity, by the rapturous admiration she bestowed on himself. I am not young, thought he, nor am I an Adonis; it is the vigour and truth of my sentiments, that give eloquence to my conversation, and reflect their intrinsic beauty on my person. Yes, it is the charm of rationalism, which surrounded me with an attentive audience of ladies chez la

Marquise de Coquelicot, and which has induced the affectionate Jacotte Tuyère to seek shelter in my philanthropic bosom, from the ugly thorns of an ignorant, unenlightened world.

The conquest was achieved. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the golden harvest. The philosopher opened, and replenished, opened again, and again replenished, the long green purse, into which the greedy fingers of Jacotte Tuyère daily dived. Every wish that she could conceive was forestalled, so anxious was poor Mille Anges to shew his gratitude to his 'inamorata,' for the sacrifice of her ugly narrow view of virtue, to her overwhelming and exclusive love of his philosophy. It is remarkable that, with regard to the exclusiveness in this instance, he said nothing more against a slavish fidelity to one. Probably he did not consider it a dogma of vital importance in his grand system. He was happy, and he was a dupe. Would it have been charity to undeceive him?

The booty was regularly divided, whenever a fresh supply was obtained. Jacotte had more forethought than poor Eulalie, and she knew that a young woman can do little in the swindling line without confederates, and that her own were as easy to deal with as any others. She made frequent, but never very large, demands upon the generosity of her old lover, being too wise to startle him out of his dream of a beautiful beatitude. He often confessed to her, that his philosophy had not done justice to the merits of woman's love, and declared that every kiss of la Tuyère was a convincing argument of the beauty of virtue.

CHAPTER IX.

Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? Not to be endured.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

IN process of time the 'pension' became very irksome to the philosopher. The presence of Madame was a great restraint upon his affection for la Tuyère; and he observed, or thought he observed, occasionally, a sly twinkle in the gravy eye of Morveux, indicating a knowledge of his intrigue with that young lady.

Although Mille Anges ought not to have been ashamed of the affair, since he only acted in accordance with his avowed principles, experience taught him that love is partial to retirement, and he indulged a rational hope of per-

suading Jacotte to migrate with him to a comfortable private lodging, where they would no longer be harassed by interruptions, and might lay aside the mask of reserve altogether.

The project was not unpalatable to la Tuyère, but she made a judicious use of her lover's passion. She pointed out to him the merit of her concession, in giving up for his sake the protection of her dear aunt, who had not acquired a sufficient perception of loveliness, and retained her prejudice in favour of matrimony. She must now rely upon him entirely for her support, Madame la Garrenière would never speak to her again ; and he must have seen, by her conduct to her niece Eulalie, how relentless she could be to her poor relations, if her bigoted notions of propriety were set at nought.

The philosopher was very liberal of his promises, and told her that she might rely upon his good faith. He spoke of his love enduring throughout life, and his rational hope that when

his change should arrive, the more subtle essence of his being might be resuscitated in such a situation, as to mingle sympathy with her own when she also should shuffle off her mortal coil. This highflown sentiment, the cream of his philosophy, the death-bed legacy of his friend and patron the professor, was a favourite subject of meditation with Mille Anges, but found utterance only upon great occasions.

Jacotte hastened to communicate the scheme to her confederates, and assured them of her punctual adherence to their agreement, adding that she hoped to make short work of her swain's affairs, and to return to her dear aunt in about three weeks. Morveux insisted upon a condition, to prove her sincerity, that she should visit the 'pension' privately twice a week, and give an account of the progress of her dexterity, that they might consider the expediency of leaving her with Mille Anges. It was possible, he remarked, that her presence might be required

at home, to assist in some more lucrative speculation, than picking at an old dry bone like the philosopher.

The elopement took place with all the mystery, precaution, secrecy and success, which usually attend elopements, when they have been fostered and preordained, by the very persons who are supposed to be deceived, and who act their part so naturally after the first explosion of discovery, that they are never suspected of having laid the train with their own hands or heads.

The apartments which received the amorous couple were beautifully spacious, and beautifully furnished. Jacotte insisted upon a beautiful carriage, and a pair of beautiful horses, with two footmen to attend upon her orders. The philosopher demurred to the two footmen, and a compromise ensued, by which one stout fellow in a handsome livery was conceded. These oppressive articles of superfluous luxury, were,

as the lady very justly remarked, necessary to command respect from an ignorant unenlightened world, but she would willingly renounce them all, and dress their primitive food with her own primitive hands, upon a primitive fire of sticks, under a shady tree, in a beautiful green meadow, when the principles of rationalism should be universally adopted by mankind. Mille Anges was gratified by the sincerity of his convert, and astonished his banker by drawing largely upon his capital, to pour the golden shower into the lap of his happy Danae. "It is as well," she would say, "to spend your money now, while it is of some use. Your sentiments are no doubt rapidly gaining ground, and this dross will be absolutely worthless, when the world becomes a family of love."

In the meantime, M. Ormin was not ignorant of what was going on. He saw that the rationalist was travelling the road to ruin, and at no very common pace. He attempted something

like a friendly remonstrance; but receiving, in return for his intended kindness, a burst of washy philanthropy from Mille Anges, and a hint from the stout footman of Jacotte that he must in future be contented with the outside of the street door, he retired to moralize upon the tyranny of a naughty young woman over a silly intoxicated old man.

Although Ormin was unceremoniously excluded, Mademoiselle Tuyère had many friends of her own, who did not pretend to such strait-laced morality as Madame la Garrenière; probably because they were farther advanced in rationalism, and had a stronger perception of beauty than that lady. M. le Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille frequently honoured Mille Anges and his 'chère amie' with his company; he was the most obliging person in the world; he would breakfast, dine, and sup with them oftener even than he was invited; would drink their liqueurs after coffee in the most con-

descending manner, till he fell asleep upon the sofa in their drawing-room, and would even pass the night in that situation, declaring he preferred it to the finest bed in the world. He introduced a friend, M. le Trempeur, who would do the same, and he assured Mille Anges that when the world become a loving family, he would part with his nobility, and all such invidious distinctions between men, without a regret.

Le Trempeur was a hard drinker, and swore that he loved the philosopher with all his soul, and only objected to his philosophy, because he feared that the family of love might neglect the vintage.

A Madame Biribi, a particular friend of La Tuyère, was also a frequent guest. She brought with her several young ladies of considerable beauty, if not of very high breeding, and her own 'cher ami,' M. Godron, an inestimable quack doctor, whom she called, nobody could tell why,

the Rising Sun. This appellation gave umbrage to Mille Anges; and if envy could find a place in the bosom of a rationalist, I should say that regret for not having in his own person forestalled this bewitching 'soubriquet,' was the cause of the offence.

Be that as it may, one evening, while the ladies and Truandaille were agreeably occupied in winning the philosopher's money from Jacotte, and Le Trempeur was solacing himself with curaçoa in a corner, Mille Anges boiled up a warm argument with Godron, and proved to his own satisfaction that the empiric was an ass. He vented his bile against the Rising Sun, by abusing the whole medical fraternity, regular and irregular, telling him roundly that one surgeon with his lancet and tourniquet was worth more than a whole college of physicians, and that every apothecary and vender of specifics should be compelled to swallow his own drugs in the market-place, and be there exhibited for

the next twenty-four hours in an iron cage; that every passer-by might witness the effect of the medicines, and learn to shun a doctor as he would avoid the devil.

M. Godron, who was himself a vender of specifics, commenced a suitable reply in no very measured terms, when a 'fracas' arose at the card-table, so noisy as to drown this angry discussion, and to save the philosopher from the cutting sarcasms which Godron had been stringing together ready for immediate use, during the 'tirade' against himself and the brethren of the gold-headed cane.

The tones of Mille Anges and the empiric were as nothing, when the gentle Jacotte, the Biribi, her two young ladies, and Truandaille, contributed their sweet voices in one hubbub. La Tuyère accused Truandaille of playfully putting his long arm round her waist, while she was dealing out the cards to the company; and when she gently reproved him for taking this

liberty, his long fingers abstracted her purse, containing thirty napoleons, from her lap. She had whispered her knowledge of the fact, and told him that she would make a joke of it, if he returned the prize. He pretended to be indignant, defied her, and denied all knowledge of the purse. Her wrath, and indeed, poor thing! her fear of going empty-handed before her confederates, induced her to take the very impolitic step of exposing the young noble in her own house.

"I care not," said Jacotte magnanimously, "for the loss of the money, but that purse was the gift of my best friend."

The ladies took the part of Mademoiselle Tuyère; Godron and Mille Anges followed their example, merging their own little differences in this more important question. The Comte Auguste solemnly protested his innocence, but gradually retrograded towards the door, showing front all the time like a hero,

and declaring that he was justly punished by this accusation, for his condescension in mixing up his nobility with such canaille. Le Trempeur bravely covered the retreat of his friend, brandishing his hat in one hand, and in the other a half-empty bottle of curaçoa, which he loved too well to leave in such bad company. He swore by Bacchus that his friend the Comte was a man of honour, that Mille Anges was a perfect gentleman, that he himself was the prince of good fellows, and that the women were a set of good for nothing 'pillardes.' He tripped up the stout footman, who endeavoured to intercept the triumphant exit, not of himself, but of the liqueur bottle; and after requiting the interference of his prostrate enemy, by indorsing him with the point of his Parisian boot, he hastened to overtake his ally, the noble ravisher of silk purses.

Mille Anges dried the tears of the injured Jacotte by presenting her with another beau-

tiful green purse, containing another beautiful rouleau of beautiful napoleons. The ladies comforted themselves with cold chicken, ices, and Roman punch, for the ugly name bestowed upon them by Le Trempeur. Godron and the philosopher agreed upon an armistice, for Mille Anges was grateful to his antagonist, who had taken the part of his beloved in the dispute. The champagne circulated so briskly, that harmony and happiness, the beautiful fruit of virtue, resumed the ascendant, to the dismay of malice, discord, and discontent; with this exception, that Madame Biribi, who was not far advanced in the science of mutual love, could not help grudging to La Tuyère the gold mine at her command.

The next day Jacotte thought it necessary to communicate to Morveux, and La Garrenière, the extraordinary conduct of the Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille. She set out in her carriage as usual, but dismissed the equipage

at the Boulevards, announcing her intention of walking home.

During her absence, a very smart gentleman, who announced himself as the Marquis de Peridot, paid the philosopher a morning visit, and intimated to him, with all possible politeness, that he must fight M. le Comte Auguste with small swords, in the Bois de Boulogne, before he was twenty-four hours older. Mille Anges, as I have already said, was by no means a coward, and would have defended himself vigorously against any man, who might offer to lay violent hands upon him ; but he considered warfare, both public and private, to be a vice, and therefore an ugly habit which he would by no means sanction with his example. His friend, the professor, had declared the same sentiment, and had endeavoured, by promulgating his opinion, to check the absurd practice of duelling, so prevalent among the silly German students.

The philosopher answered the Marquis de Peridot to this effect ; who listened with attention to the new doctrine, and afterwards reminded M. Mille Anges, that he had turned the Comte Auguste out of his house, on suspicion of stealing a lady's purse, and that if he would not give his injured friend an opportunity of vindicating his wounded honour with his naked sword, M. le Comte would be under the disagreeable necessity of waylaying M. Mille Anges in his afternoon walk, and giving him the uncomfortable option of swallowing one of two very ugly medicines, the aforesaid sword of the Comte Auguste, or the words of suspicion which had escaped M. Mille Anges during the fracas.

“ Cease this bravado, Marquis,” said Mille Anges, indignantly. “ If Truandaille, or Trempeur, or you, or any tom-fool of your society, who are bound by the deformed code of honour, presume to take any liberty with my person,

be it known to you that I carry a thick stick, and will do my best to break every bone in the trumpery carcase of the aggressor. A man cannot do more in the way of satisfaction, and though I may get the worst of the ruffle, I am not so old or so helpless, as that my adversary can expect to escape without my mark."

"What a barbarian!" exclaimed Peridot, adjusting his shirt collar, for he was better appointed than his friend the Comte, and actually did sometimes wear a shirt.

"I am not a barbarian," replied Mille Anges. "You, who would set up your friend in an ugly attitude, to take away my life, or to lose his own; you, M. le Marquis, are the barbarian. But I despair of teaching you better things, and I desire no farther intercourse with yourself. Of your friend the Comte Auguste I have better hopes, he has some perception of the beautiful. There is no proof that he stole the purse, and I have by no means a bad opinion

of him. I took the part of the lady with whom he, last night, had some very high words, as well as some very low words, which he ought not to have addressed to a lady. Let him come to me and express his sorrow for having used such unbecoming language ; and I will acknowledge my regret for the unworthy suspicion I no longer entertain. I believe the lady's purse to have been mislaid ; and I am convinced that the Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille is incapable of petty larceny."

Nothing could be more agreeable to that young nobleman, than this message, which was faithfully delivered by Peridot, who acknowledged that it might pass for the 'amende honorable,' if the Comte was anxious to keep up an acquaintance with such an extraordinary being as the philosopher. Truandaille was very anxious to remain on good terms with Mille Anges, for a friend who permits a man to breakfast, dine, sup, and sleep on the sofa in his

house, is not to be met with in Paris, or anywhere else, every day. Therefore, to show his forgiving disposition, he immediately called on the philosopher. A few words of mutual explanation, with a hearty embrace, cleared off every misunderstanding between them; after which, the Comte gratified his revenge, by turning the tables, most promiscuously, upon poor Jacotte.

He began by enquiring for the health of Mademoiselle Tuyère, and after narrating two or three racy old jokes at her expense, he informed Mille Anges that she was in constant communication with Morveux, who was well known to be one of the cleverest sponges in Paris, and that la Garrenière was a lioness or a beast of prey who retained Jacotte as her jackall and her decoy. He had not ventured to inform his friend of this sooner, because he made it a rule not to interfere in the affairs of other people. He was in the habit of dining at the Pension because

the table was commonly well furnished, and the company to be met there were often amusing. While he only paid in ready money for his dinner, he defied the whole nest of rogues to take advantage of him. "Believe me," he added, "my dear Mille Anges, that a sense of your regard for myself, and the generous opinion you have expressed of my actions to the Marquis de Peridot, in spite of appearances, and the suggestions of La Tuyère, induce me to point out to you that you are, and have been, the victim of a conspiracy. Where is your Jacotte at this moment? I will lay a wager that we should find her chez la Garrenière, that piece of strict morality who is so severe upon her backsliding nieces. Let us go there suddenly, and find them all out. I cannot bear to see a man of your excellent heart so basely imposed upon."

"Let us go," answered Mille Anges, thoughtfully. The advice of Ormin recurred to his memory: he reflected that he had spent a whole

year's income in one month, and that Jacotte was outrageously extravagant, whether Truandaille had or had not calumniated her. Besides, he had paid to la Garrenière a most exorbitant bill for board and lodging, because Jacotte pronounced it a mere bagatelle, and his principles would not have permitted him to dispute the amount, before a tribunal of legal deformity.

The nobleman and the gentleman thus reconciled, walked arm in arm to the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. Mille Anges slunk sheepishly behind Truandaille, while the latter knocked boldly at the well-known door. It was opened by a very gaily-dressed young lady, whom the Comte recognised as an old and intimate acquaintance.

“ Ah !” he exclaimed, “ my frolicsome Jeanette, can this be you ? I heard that you had deserted to the Rue Grétry, but it seems that the lost sheep has become a ‘ lapin pénitent,’ and is restored to the protection of la Garrenière.

What name do you answer to in the establishment? sister, niece, cousin, or servant?"

"You are pleased to be merry, Monsieur le Comte," replied the girl. "But what would you have me do? Madam offers better terms than any one else, and I am forgiven and have just been embraced by Mademoiselle Jacotte, who has the goodness to pardon the ugly names I gave her, and I am to be her sister or her maid according to circumstances. Who is that behind you?"

"A friend of mine," replied the Comte with great sang froid; "never mind him, he is a very honest fellow. Is Mademoiselle Jacotte at this moment in the house?"

"Oh yes, and she will be delighted to see you. She is afraid she has offended you, and that you will do her a mischief, and le Père Morveux and Madame have scolded her well for some behaviour to you, which I myself do not exactly understand. You are a great favourite with Madame, Monsieur le Comte."

“ Does Jacotte remain here ? ” enquired Truandaille carelessly.

“ She comes back in a few days to resume her place here,” answered the girl ; “ but she is going away just now to have one more coup at the ‘ gros benêt ’ with whom she has been living. She is a clever woman, Mademoiselle Jacotte.”

The voice of La Tuyère sounded from above. “ Jeanette ! Jeanette Haridelle ! come up stairs ! Who are you gossiping with, you—— ? did not I hear you mention my name ? ”

“ Coming ! coming ! Mademoiselle,” said Jeanette. “ A propos, M. le Comte, I have done as you desired with our child.” Truandaille laughed, and begged leave to decline the honours of paternity.

“ Oh yes ! ” said Jeanette, “ but it is your's, I assure you, and I left the poor thing last week at the door of the medical school. I have quietly enquired about it since, and I hear that it was picked up by a student of medicine, who

has hired a deaf and dumb woman to take care of it, and keeps both nurse and child locked up in his apartments. He watches them, and waits upon them himself, by way of experiment to find out the original language of mankind, but you and I know, Monsieur le Comte, that the child will speak very good French like its parents."

"Jeanette!" screamed La Garrenière. "Will you not walk upstairs?" said Jeanette to the Comte. "Jeanette Haridelle!" shrieked Jacotte. "Jeanette Haridelle!" bellowed Morveux, as he descended the stairs.

"Coming! coming!" answered the girl, as Morveux passed her, and saw at a glance how matters stood below.

"Truandaille!" said he, "we defy you. M. Mille Anges, you are just in time to witness a most interesting scene, a reconciliation, which, as a minister of peace, I have brought about between the penitent Jacotte Tuyère and her aunt. But I see that wicked man, who stole

your purse from poor Jacotte, and palmed off a copper chain upon you for a gold one, has been traducing us all. You shall repent this, Monsieur le Comte Auguste de la Haute Truandaille."

The Comte hummed a tune. "I have had enough of interesting scenes, Morveux," replied Mille Anges. "Your reverence must excuse me. I am glad that Mademoiselle is reconciled to her aunt, for she shall never again preside in my apartments. Good day to you all." He turned and walked away.

The Comte followed, and endeavoured to fasten upon him, but Mille Anges spoke not a word till he arrived at his own door. He then observed to his companion,—

"I believe you to be very poor, my friend, and your poverty may have impelled you to impose upon me. But you have done me so great a service in opening my eyes to these base deceptions, that I forgive you all. Forgiveness is in itself as beautiful, as rancour and revenge

are unbecoming a philosopher. 'Passe pour cela!' and now tell me, how could you have the heart thus to dispose of your own infant? From what the abandoned mother said, I conclude that you authorized the proceeding."

"My dear Sir," replied the Comte, "can the child be better off? You said truly, that I am very poor, although my rank compels me to keep up certain appearances. I could not bring up the brat myself with any advantage. The mother, as you observe, is abandoned, and the infant is in better hands. This student may be whimsical, but the babe cannot learn any mischief from a nurse that is deaf and dumb."

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THE GAMBLER'S DREAM.

CHAPTER X.

Beverley.—Why what a world is this! The slave that digs for gold receives his daily pittance, and sleeps contented, while those for whom he labours convert their good to mischief. What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing. My wishes and my means were equal.

THE GAMESTER.

At the age of fifty a man may be fooled by a woman, especially if habits of long standing have made the society of the fair sex a matter of necessity to his daily comfort.

But if he has existed for half a century without that accompaniment, the loss of the flattering fair one, who has found her own account

in ministering to his vanity for a time, is rather a relief to the old gentleman, than a 'hiatus valde deflendus' in his menage. Thus it was with Mille Anges the philosopher, and thus did he reason on the subject.

“ I fear that I have hitherto been in error! How unprofitable have I found the society of women! I have addressed myself to La Garrenière, to Eulalie, and to Jacotte, to the Fouquencour, the Coquelicot, and the circle of ladies who surrounded me at her assembly; I have laid before them the most sublime doctrines of rationalism, which I clothed in language the most inviting that could be conceived; I did not hesitate to mix up a little flattery with my instructions, in the rational hope that a pious fraud of that ingredient, might rivet their approbation to my sentiments, and induce some of them to forsake the paths of folly. I have been applauded, and I have been derided,—first cherished, and afterwards duped; by this time I

am perhaps forgotten by many of them. Upon my own principle, that women are so ductile, as to become whatever men desire to make of them, I should have addressed myself to the head of the golden calf; and that once under my influence and control, the tail must follow, as a matter of necessity.

“ I should have addressed myself exclusively to the lords of the creation. Not to those who, like my young friend M. Ormin, are fortified in the strong holds of prejudice by the consciousness of good intentions, and enjoy an ignorant, illegitimate sort of happiness, in their determination to make the best of the world as it goes, and a complacent scorn of the enthusiast who offers them a compass, whereby to steer their hitherto erratic course; but to those who have already made shipwreck of their hopes, or have no better prospect for their shattered bark, than a buffeting from the breakers of remorse, and annihilation on the lee shore of

despair. I will seek the gamester in his den, the drunkard in his pavilion ; I will paint in glowing colours to them the errors of their ways, and I will shame the 'ignis fatuus' of their pleasures, by a display of the transcendent light of virtue. The glow-worm shines like a deity in the shadow of the night ; when the sun arises, it is but a disgusting grub. Be it my task to dispel the darkness in which these benighted men have made their choice ; to make them confess, that when seen by the steady light of philosophy, the glittering insect which assumed the name of pleasure, is, in truth, only the grovelling grub of vice."

"My dear Comte," said he, to his rather equivocal acquaintance Truandaille, whom he hoped, in time, to enrol in his family of love, "I want you to do me a personal favour. You are well acquainted with the various amusements of Paris ; I wish you would introduce me to the gambling houses of the Palais Royal. I have

as yet only heard of them." The Comte could not have wished a more agreeable occupation ; and concluding that the philosopher intended to try his luck, in order to dissipate the recollections of the preceding day, he took his friend, without loss of time, to No. 154, in the Palais Royal, where rouge-et-noir and roulette are indefatigably carried on, by relays of the knights of the tables, day and night, without respite or interruption.

" Messieurs, faites le jeu !" said a cadaverous looking gentleman with a very melodious voice, who held the cards in his hand.

" Jeu est fait ! Rien de plus !" The cards were dealt.

" Rouge gagne ! Couleur perd !" said the dealer. A busy rake was applied by the winners to their doubled heap. The losers bore their misfortune with ' sang froid.'

The table was not crowded, and yet Mille Anges did not seem inclined to take a seat.

Four or five coups passed, and the hand of the philosopher deferred a visit to his pocket. He continued to gaze upon the countenances of the company, being on the look-out for a favourable moment of attack. The Comte Auguste misunderstanding his object, wishing to see his friend fairly entered, and intending to borrow a few pieces of him, for his own amusement, lost all patience at this unnecessary delay ; and when the sing-song tones of the dealer again announced the "*Messieurs faites le jeu,*" Truandaille gave the apostle a jog of his idle elbow, and whispered, "Now is your time M. Mille Anges."

As if this unceremonious suggestion had been the summons of an oracle, to goad the tardy orator into action, the philosopher folded his arms in the habitual attitude of Napoleon, and gave vent to his feelings in a loud voice :

"Alas, gentlemen, the jingling bells of a fool's-cap are music compared to the chink of

gold pieces, whose destinies engross your undivided attention."

"Jeu est fait! Rien de plus!" mechanically uttered the holder of the cards, staring at the soft-headed disturber of the game.

The attention of the players was no longer undivided. Although accustomed to the violent emotions of ruined men, they were surprized at the boldness of the Tartuffe, for such they denominated poor Mille Anges; advising him, with great freedom of epithet, to hold his tongue, or quit the apartment.

"I wish to do you a service," continued the philosopher, "listen to me, and I will teach you the winning game."

"Messieurs, faites le jeu!" said the dealer, giving at the same time a slight, but well known signal, to the porter at the door. Mille Anges resumed.

"You are at present losing your money, and throwing away your much more precious time,

while some of you, I may say, from the impatient manner in which you receive my exhortation, appear also to have unfortunately lost your temper. I will teach you to win the unspeakable riches of content, and to maintain an equanimity of soul. You will then wear the serenity of countenance, which is the outward and visible indication of the interior beatitude of the man. I see before me the pallid cheek of the losing gamester ; the hectic flush that denotes a momentary success ; and the compressed lips of the rash and fatal resolve. I see, with pain, the frank and open countenance of the beginner ; and I mistrust the livid smile that curls the lip of the apathetic veteran. Listen to one, gentlemen, who has chosen the right colour ; who refuses to stake his happiness on the red or black ; who throughout this, our chequered existence, rejoices in every variable hue reflected on his soul by the ray of truth, as the sun reveals the component parts of light,

upon each prismatic drop in the showers of April. The admirably harmonious tints of the rainbow, do not form a more perfect combination, than the full transparent beauties of virtue, reflected in the actions of a rationalist. I, gentlemen, have the honour to be a rationalist. Look at me, and tell me if the evil passions, of covetousness, of wrath, and of despair, which, while you strive to cloak them under the mask of politeness, are making such havoc in your features, as to produce the aspect of premature old age; tell me, I say, if these abominable vices are depicted on my ——”

“Will Monsieur have the goodness to walk this way?” said a policeman interrupting the philosopher, before he had wound up his comparison of countenances, by paying himself a handsome compliment at the expense of the amateurs of rouge-et-noir.

Remonstrance was ineffectual. The rationalist was expelled and forgotten, except by the

gendarme, who received a scolding from the porter, for being out of the way when his services were required, to shorten the strange harangue of poor Mille Anges.

Truandaille was woefully disappointed. He kept aloof from his friend in the gambling-house, as soon as he was aware of his hopeless desire of making proselytes to the family of love, among the promiscuous frequenters of the Palais Royal.

No attempt was made to keep Mille Anges in custody; nor did he suffer more than the temporary inconvenience of being handed into a 'fiacre' by two stout fellows, who politely requested a trifle for their trouble, and recommended him not to enter a gambling-house in Paris, if he could not enjoy the game like other gentlemen.

"How difficult a thing it is to do good!" exclaimed the philosopher when he reached his own apartments. "The very officers of justice,

who are paid to devote themselves to the service of the public, are the most alert to crush in the bud, the boldest efforts of philanthropy."

"My dear friend," said Truandaille next day to the discomfited apostle, "I was quite afflicted to see the way in which you were treated by those rascals."

"You did not show much sympathy at the time," was the laconic reply.

"What could I do against such a gang?" said the Comte. "But you must excuse me for observing that you did not display your usual tact on the occasion. You took the bull by the horns. You disturbed, in a very abrupt manner, a number of men busily employed in one common pursuit; a baneful and ugly vocation, I allow, but yet it is their vocation."

"What would your wisdom have recommended?" inquired Mille Anges.

"I do not presume," replied the Comte, "to

dictate to a philosopher, but I think that if you had felt your way a little, by sitting quietly down at the table, and staking a few crowns, or a few napoleons, like other people who visit a gambling-house, you might have entered into social conversation with your neighbours, you might have selected the most promising,—I mean the least hardened among them,—you might, perhaps, have addressed yourself to one whose mind, heavy with losses, was predisposed in favour of your friendly remonstrance; and thus, at the expense of a little courtesy, and a little dross, you would have enrolled a convert to the family of love, instead of being rudely ejected as a nuisance.”

“ I agree with you,” said Mille Anges, “ I was too abrupt. The effect proved it so. What you say about courtesy and feeling the way, is very plausible; but as to staking the money, I am doubtful. Cannot I sit down, and open my

subject after a little discourse on indifferent matters?"

"The Proprietors," replied Truandaille, "are great enemies to those who frequent their rooms merely for the sake of looking on. The tables are often crowded, and a man who does not stake his money, is not permitted to retain his seat, when a player, purse in hand, requires the accommodation. Besides, if the proprietors are aware that you come to their establishment, not only without any intention of playing, but with a design of curtailing their profits, and preaching against their profession, they will very soon take, or make an opportunity, to renew the unworthy treatment of yesterday. You must blind them, my friend, absolutely blind them to your intentions, by playing a little, a very little. Surely the object you have in view is worth the risk of a few napoleons."

I need not trace this argument much farther ; it is sufficient to say that it succeeded ; and on that evening Mille Anges was persuaded by his friend to repair to Frescati in the Rue Richelieu. He made his 'reconnaissance' of the company, and was pleased to see that they appeared infinitely more civilized than the motley crew he addressed in the Palais Royal.

A number of well-dressed ladies gave an elegant appearance to the handsome rooms, and a place was very politely offered to him at the rouge-et-noir table, by an elderly gentleman who was about to retire a considerable winner, and wished Monsieur the same good fortune with his chair. The philosopher was in great good-humour, and lent the Comte five napoleons to assist him in his laudable intention of blinding the proprietors.

Fortune has strange whims of fancy, and is said to encourage a beginner with success. If so, she made an exception on this occasion, for

Mille Angeles, who began by staking crown pieces singly, had the mortification of seeing them consecutively swept away. He looked about in vain for an opening wherein to insinuate his philosophy, for a gay lady sat on each side of him, and he had made a resolution to forbear any more attacks upon the sex, which had already cost him so much bitter experience.

The ladies were, however, too well-bred to permit him to lose his stakes in silence; the long green purse was lying on the table before him, and ready money will make a man of fifty attractive. They remarked to him that his hand was unlucky, and they offered to assist him in the business. Mille Angeles was always very polite to the ladies,—how then could he refuse such condescension? He changed a few napoleons into silver, and his new allies went to work for him immediately.

They staked upon different colours, and he limited them to a five-franc piece every 'coup,' so

that if one lady lost, the other won;—an arrangement on which the philosopher congratulated himself, as he kept his seat at the table on the look-out for a convert, without any risk, as he conceived, while he paid with one hand, or rather with one lady, the sum which he received through the other.

But he was at last beseeched by the lucky lady to double his paltry stake, while the unfortunate damsel, getting tired of the old gentleman and his five-franc pieces, retired, taking with her in an absent manner the last stake, which she happened to have won. The other, who kept the field, now insisted upon putting down a napoleon. The cards came up an 'après.' She paid the half without a moment's hesitation, assuring Mille Anges that it was the safest plan, for that he would have lost the whole if it had remained upon either colour, and that he had better trust to her discretion to win a fortune for him, as he seemed to be very

ignorant of the game. The philosopher was confused, he could not at once understand the 'après,' and got into a train of thought upon the subject, not being aware of this advantage peculiar to the bank.

In the mean time Truandaille had made a more profitable speculation. He thus considered with himself, as he sat opposite to Mille Anges, with the five napoleons which his soft friend had lent to him.

"He will play to night, if he will ever play at all. If he wins, I can borrow more money from him. If he loses, I at least shall not suffer, for I will watch him, and play regularly against his stake."

In the course of the evening, however, Mille Anges won a large sum of money. The lady who so obligingly played for him, received a considerable share as a gratuity, besides a small portion for which she was indebted to her slight of hand. The Comte Auguste, according to

his scheme, borrowed largely from the winner, who was extremely liberal at any time, and now more so from the view of his increased heap.

The fascination of deep play is well known to overpower every other feeling; and for about three weeks the philosopher forgot his philosophy, forgot his own powerful arguments against this ugly, unbecoming vice, and went through every vicissitude common to gamblers in general. Sometimes feverish with success, at other times furious with disappointment; night after night he returned to the scene of action, and, instead of teaching his fellow-creatures the winning game of the incalculable riches of content, he played the most losing game that can possibly be conceived. Even when he won, the ladies or Truandaille diminished his profits, by borrowing, or stealing, or coaxing him on to his ruin.

It is seldom that men of business interfere in the private affairs of their clients, yet the

honest banker, to whom Mille Anges had been recommended by a German correspondent, ventured to hint to him, when he had occasion to inquire whether a large bill cashed at the gambling-house was his genuine acceptance, that more than half of the funds intrusted to his care had been already dissipated, and that he feared M. Mille Anges had fallen into bad hands. This roused the attention of the philosopher, and he paused in his career, just in time to save himself from destitution.

He investigated his affairs, and found that he had little more left of his capital, than would produce him about a thousand francs annually. He had already changed his apartments for a more humble lodging, and he began seriously to consider of the dereliction from principle of which he had been guilty.

Anxious as all men are to throw upon others the blame of their own follies, Mille Anges decided that the Comte Auguste de la Haute

Truandaille had been in fact the real cause of all this evil; had seduced him from his allegiance to the beautiful, and reduced his fortune to a quarter of what he possessed when he arrived at Paris. He determined to cut this acquaintance altogether, and vowed never again to exchange a word with so powerful a promoter of the antipodes to virtue. That he might escape the more readily from his persecutor, he again changed his lodging, forswore the Palais Royal and the Rue Richelieu, and hired a small bedroom in the Fauxbourg St. Germain.

Before his removal, he paid a visit to M. Ormin, for whom his late misfortunes had taught him additional respect, and, with his usual candour, he informed the advocate of his indiscretions, and his intention to retire from the immediate neighbourhood of temptation.

M. Ormin congratulated him on his strength of mind, in abjuring the study of the four kings, before they had made him absolutely penniless,

and told him various instances of other victims, who had been led on, step by step, in their downward career, from affluence to beggary, and from beggary to dishonesty, till detection and despair had driven them from the society of men, in some instances to the commission of suicide, in others to the living death of a lunatic hospital.

The philosopher shuddered at these frightful pictures, while he assured Ormin that a rationalist could never be guilty of self-murder, and he quoted his friend the professor on the subject.

“He who commits murder on himself or others, is like the ignorant child who gathers the fruit while it is green. Who can tell that a mortal is ripe for his change? A man cannot discriminate in his own case, for the greatest fool becomes in a degree wiser by the experience of each succeeding day, and knows not to what height of improvement he may attain. Of course he cannot read the progress of a

similar alteration in other men. The mysterious power which causes the tree to bring forth its fruit, is the sole judge of that state of mellow-ness, at which it is expedient, according to his beautiful arrangements, that every acorn should arrive before its fall. Therefore no one who is gifted with the perception of beauty, can do violence to the greatest problem of creation, the sublime structure of a reasoning animal. Nor will the well-attuned feelings of a rationalist permit him with word or blow to wound the mind or body of a man, since he would thereby mar a most wonderful harmony, which it is utterly beyond his power to reproduce."

"My dear Mille Anges," replied Ormin, "I am glad to see you have not forgotten your philosophy. You tell me that your finances are reduced; suppose you write a treatise against suicide? Mix up with it a few of your best rhapsodies, and season them with anecdotes of your late professor. That will be an interesting

occupation for your leisure, and the black and white is more suitable to a man like you, than the red and black, to which in your idleness you had recourse. Besides, we shall know what you would be at, when your philanthropic principles appear in print. Every man of us contradicts himself every day, as you have done, my good friend, by your actions, and I suspect you of a little discrepancy in your sentiments, but we cannot convict you till you are fairly committed on paper."

"I will think of it," replied the philosopher.

"Au revoir!" said the advocate.

CHAPTER XI.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till quite transmogrified, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking.

BURNS.

As Mille Anges stood upon the threshold of his own apartment, he was greeted with a hearty slap on his philosophic back, and a shout of recognition from the friend of Truandaille, M. le Trempeur.

“I am so glad to see you,” said his old acquaintance, “though I find you did not come here to see me. You have taken an apartment here, have you not? So have I.” Mille Anges coldly assented, and was very much bored at finding Le Trempeur such a near neighbour.

“ I hear,” continued the latter, following the philosopher without ceremony into his chamber, “ that you and your ‘fidus Achates,’ Truandaille, have had a quarrel. Bad fellow that, Monsieur Mille Anges, a very bad fellow with all his nobility; I also have had a breeze with him. I told him a few days ago that I was out of cash, and that I knew he was in a case to oblige a friend, because you had set him up, you know, and he had made the most of a run of good luck at Frescati. He answered coldly, that he could not afford to assist me. I asked him to give me at least the price of a bottle of wine, and proposed that we should drink it together. He had the insolence to read me a lecture upon the ugly, unbecoming, ungentlemanly vice of drunkenness, and quoting some of your eloquent maxims, assured me, that no man who had any perception of beauty would advance the price of a bottle of wine to another, who was certain therewith to make a beast of himself.”

“ Ah !” cried Mille Anges, “ how true is the proverb, that the devil himself, to suit his own purpose, can hypocritically adopt the language of an angel ! The words, my dear Le Trempeur, were the words of wisdom, although uttered by a scurvy villain like this Truandaille. I did intend, I confess, to have shunned your society, not out of any disrespect to yourself, but because I dreaded your intimacy with that man.”

“ I am sure you need not give yourself the trouble of shunning me,” replied M. Le Trempeur carelessly, “ although we occupy apartments in the same house. I have no intention of troubling you, M. Mille Anges.”

Ever shrinking from the infliction of the slightest wound of the feelings, the philosopher hastened by a cordiality of protestation, which his principles should have prevented him from lavishing upon a drunkard, to do away with the effect he had produced.

Le Trempeur received his apologies with

pompous dignity, nor would he again have condescended to good fellowship with a man who could speak of avoiding his society, if the philosopher had not generously offered to restore and cement their friendship with a social glass. His own habits had always been extremely temperate, but alas! they were not doomed to continue so.

The practice of drinking, like that of gambling, or of making love, only wants a beginning in the human subject. There are three well known degrees in this unhappy vice,—drunk, very drunk, and dead drunk. Mille Anges served his apprenticeship to Le Trempeur, and although he never so far forgot himself, as to attain the third degree of abomination, he very often reached the second crisis, and for many nights he never retired to his couch without qualifying himself for the milder epithet of a tippler. He was still eloquent against the enormity of drunkenness, considering it always in the third

degree; but he compounded for this conscientious severity, by making excuses for the artificial excitement obtained by drinking as much wine as he could carry, without requiring the aid of others to find his home. "While I drain my glass," he would often say, "in the society of cheerful companions, I find, and the perception is new and delightful to me, that a flow of eloquence, spontaneous and unlaboured, often indeed unexpected by myself, escapes my lips without effort or embarrassment. When the cordial juice of the grape is used without being abused, it dissipates the thousand petty cares of life, which crowd upon the brain at other times, and prevent a man from doing justice to his subject, by some of those ill-timed recollections, which however foreign to the topic of discussion, will intrude upon the orator in the pulpit and in the senate. I have always been dissatisfied with my own discourses on Rationalism. I have ever wished to behold a more able and energetic

apostle of that sublime doctrine than myself; but if ever I have had cause for self-approval, if a complacent feeling has ever stolen upon my mind, that I am not altogether unworthy to point out the analogies of that beauty which gives to virtue her triumph over vice, the occasion has been one of festivity, when the fire of the solar ray absorbed by the vine in the vineyard, has imparted vigour to every function of my body, from the pulsation of the heart to the organ of speech. Nor does the juicy stimulus confine its benefits to the orator; the wine-cup predisposes my audience to harmony and good humour; like me they forget their petty griefs, their poverty, their disappointments, and deceitful friends, and are inclined to essay the lovely web, which I, in my enthusiasm, spread around them, wherein, I who had almost despaired of a single convert, have made captives to the Family of Love, more than a dozen of the votaries of

discord and discontent, since I called this noble auxiliary to my assistance."

This allusion to a dozen converts was so far true, that while Mille Anges was sufficiently good-natured to pay the reckoning, his bottle companions listened to him with respect, and at his desire had signed their names on a sheet of paper, which was headed "the Family of Love." Of his philosophy they knew no more than Adam, but they made a point of agreeing to all his propositions. I frequently took a peep at their orgies, and a fine sight it was to my merry self, to behold unobserved this self-styled Family of Love, consisting of a dozen drunken Rationalists, rallying gaily round their spiritual papa, and extolling his maudlin effusions above the inspiration of any prophet that ever lived.

The meetings of the apostle and his disciples were sometimes held in their own humble apartments, but more frequently in the 'guinguettes'

or little pot-houses in the environs of Paris. Their zeal did not altogether confine itself to building one another up in the beautiful system ; the congregation would occasionally sally forth, inflamed by the influence of liquor and philanthropy, to publish to the world at large, that is to any group of idlers who would listen to them, the great advantages to be obtained, by dismissing from their minds every early prejudice ; or, as some of them most correctly explained the system, “ by renouncing the errors of their forefathers, and cordially embracing those of M. Mille Anges.” A bumper of the Vin de Bourdeaux was generously bestowed upon every convert, a species of internal baptism, which came home to the feelings of every man, which mightily promoted the cause, and was by many considered the best part of the business. So fascinating indeed was this ceremony of initiation, that when the apostle and his friends were half-seas over, many a proselyte contrived, by

well-timed reappearances, to renew his conversion and his baptism very frequently in the course of the same evening.

It is a pity that this rational enjoyment could not be perpetual as well as rational. But in Paris there is an old system very much opposed to the new system of M. Mille Anges. Whenever a few knaves and fools are gathered together for the sake of haranguing as well as drinking, a Mouchard is sure to insinuate himself into their society.

One of this ancient and amiable body of men had announced his conversion, and received his baptism from the philosopher, who considered him a most promising disciple, because he asked for more explanations than other neophytes, and displayed symptoms of, what Mille Anges called an inquiring mind.

In the course of an animated discussion, when the philosopher was going over his old ground, and comparing the necessities of men as they

are, with the absolute independance of men as they ought to be, when enrolled in one great Family of Love,—he, as usual, threw overboard with a clean sweep the laws, lawyers, magistrates and dignataries, which have in all ages stood so unbecomingly between the light and a philosopher. Being asked by his new disciple the Mouchard, if the Chambers of the Peers and the Deputies, the King and all the scions of Royalty, were included in the number of dignitaries whom the Family of Love kindly intended to cast adrift, he answered the crafty question most ingenuously.

“As they are men, we shall receive them with open arms, as Rationalists we shall enrol them in our Society. It is true that we shall cast adrift their functions, we shall trample on their invidious distinctions, but we are ready to greet them as our brethren, if brethren they are contented to be to us.”

Poor Mille Anges did not perceive that, while

he spoke, his converts, M. le Trempeur included, melted away, not exactly into thin air, but into the purer atmosphere outside the walls of the suburban wine shop, in which they had been carousing for several hours.

The fact is, that his disciples smelt a rat, if such a vulgar expression is permissible, and though ready enough to drink with a philosopher, they would have been very unwilling martyrs to philosophy.

From the result of the short catechism I have related, they were fully aware of the danger they should incur, by making common cause with an orator, who advanced such inflammatory doctrines, and several of them were birds of that feather, who possess an intuitive perception of a policeman, however dull may be their perception of loveliness.

The enquiring neophyte made no unnecessary comments. He proposed walking home with the philosopher, since the party appeared

to be entirely broken up, by the strange and abrupt departure of the company from the 'guinguette.' Mille Anges innocently expressed his wonder at the proceeding, and the Mouchard having ascertained the residence of his victim, they parted with expressions of mutual respect.

On the following day the unsuspecting apostle was summoned to appear before the authorities, and his philosophy was thrown in his teeth as a crime of the very highest description. He behaved, however, like a man before the Juge de Paix, and while he acknowledged the utterance of the words laid to his charge, he denied the very natural inference that he was a traitor, or a disturber of the public peace.

"I am not," said he, "the leader of a band of malcontents, who would wade through a sea of blood, to the object of their selfish ambition. I belong to a society of Rationalists, who preach peace and good-will to their fellow-creatures, as

the sum total of our duties upon earth. The privileges on which I rather incautiously proposed to trample, must be the voluntary sacrifice of the converts to our sentiments. It is abhorrent to us to take aught from any man, save that which he surrenders of his own accord. Have not men of high degree, in every station, and in every age, denuded themselves of their power over their fellow men, to seek repose in the tranquillity of private life, or consolation in the monastic sanctuaries of their faith? and who denies their right to act in this manner? Let kings and princes, ministers, and field-mars-hals, abandoning the load of care which galls their backs, repair to the humble Mille Anges, the apostle of Rationalism, and learn from him the rudiments of a beatitude, as superior to that which is offered, but never realized, by the sceptre, the portfolio, and the baton, as the dawn of the light of hope in the human breast is more excellent than the black cloud of despair."

“ He is but a harmless madman,” said the juge de paix, addressing the préfet ; “ and his companions, you say, were mere leeches and drunkards, incapable alike of honesty or treason. I will admonish the old fool, and let him go. It will be long before he receives the visits he seems to expect from the illustrious persons, whose privileges he holds so cheap. M. Mille Anges, you are discharged on this condition, that you give me your parole as a Rationalist, that you will not again harangue your fellow-citizens in public houses, in the high-ways, or by-ways, on the conversion of kings, ministers, and field-m Marshals, to the flowery path you so kindly propose for them. Your doctrines may be very orthodox, and very loyal, but there are many, like myself, to whom they are incomprehensible ; they are also liable to be misinterpreted by your disciples. Your incautious expression of trampling, appears to me to savour of the levelling system, and on that

account it is my duty to inform you, that a repetition of the offence, for such it is, will bring upon you the penalty of a year's imprisonment."

Mille Anges made the required promise, and a bow, and a much greater escape than he was aware of, so completely was he bound up in his Quixotic errand, of teaching men to appreciate the beauty of mutual love. This interruption was nevertheless beneficial to him, for he broke off all connexion with the slippery friends who had abandoned him to his fate on the preceding night. He reflected on their conduct with compassion; they wanted, he thought, but a little of choosing virtue; they were wax to receive, that was right; they were not marble to retain, that was wrong. "But I am not as they are," he continued, following up his train of thought in his solitude. "I am strong, if not victorious in the cause; if a martyr is required, I am ready. I have given my word

of honour not to preach, but I am free to publish my principles upon paper. Who knows whether the dispassionate study, the calm investigation of my sentiments, embodied in a 'brochure' of twenty pages, and distributed gratis to the public, may not have a more permanent effect upon mankind, than a casual attention to the winged words which I have hitherto employed !"

Full of this new idea, he entrenched himself in his apartment, was resolute in denying admittance to his old associates, and calmly told Le Trempeur when he met him on the stair of their lodging-house, that he could not afford to pay for his wine any longer. His daily habits also underwent a change. He rose early, wrote fasting and without intermission till twelve o'clock, he then promenaded the Bois de Boulogne for two hours, and after a hearty meal at the lowest price of the cheapest restaurateur,

he returned to his inky task with enthusiasm, and continued at his work till after midnight.

An incongruous edifice of philosophy, constructed upon an untenable foundation, requires a judicious selection of terms, to conceal its incapability of defence. From the assumption of false premises, by a very logical chain of argument, the philosopher arrived at a false conclusion, which was, nevertheless, the conclusion he desired, nor did he spare an opportune sprinkling of bold assertion, well knowing that, with the multitude for whom he wrote, that weapon is every whit as efficient, as the finest mathematical solution of Archimedes. He put the finishing stroke to his performance, after the unmitigated labour of three weeks, and he devoted another period of seven days to the pleasing task of admiring and correcting his performance.

It is recorded of the illustrious Don Quixote, that he adapted a pasteboard vizor to his

helmet, but in a rash attempt to prove its efficiency, he marred it considerably with his own sword. Nothing daunted by this failure, he repaired his vizor, and though too wise to play tricks with it again, he persuaded himself that it was an impregnable protection.

In like manner, by an awkward process of demonstration, my philosopher very nearly pulled down, in one chapter, the temple of Rationalism which he constructed in another; and having plausibly repaired the breach with a little sophistry, he abandoned the ugly test of reasoning altogether, and launching into loose comparison, high-flown metaphor, and general illustration, he concluded his labour in the persuasion, that his treatise on the beauty of virtue, entitled "The Family of Love," would be henceforth the complete armour of every Rationalist.

CHAPTER XII.

Let others spin their meagre lines for hire,
Enough for Genius, if itself inspire.

ENGLISH BARDS, AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

THE next thing to be done, was to gratify M. Ormin by a private view of the precious manuscript; not that his advice was to be required, his approbation was to be absolutely commanded, and he was to be confounded by the unanswerable arguments of the philosopher, in behalf of the lovely system he had despised.

Ormin thanked the old gentleman for his politeness, and glanced over a few pages of the manuscript, while Mille Anges sat in rapturous expectation of the applause he anticipated for his performance.

“ By the bye, my friend,” suddenly exclaimed the young advocate, “ I have surely heard a strange report concerning you. I have been told, that, forsaking your abstract chimera, of a Family of Love rejoicing in virtue, you lately resorted to the more practical, if not practicable, old system of levelling all distinctions except your own apostolic function, and that you were only checked in your stale scheme of sedition, by a threat of imprisonment from the Juge de Paix, who was kind enough to take your word of honour as a security for your future good behaviour.”

“ That is true,” replied the philosopher very calmly, “ except that I never spoke a word of treason. I promised the Juge de Paix that I would not preach, but I never said a syllable about publishing. You see I am determined to cheat mankind into happiness, if they will not come to me fairly of themselves.”

“ But,” said Ormin, “ this paltry reservation

is surely unworthy of a philosopher. You have promised not to disseminate such and such principles; now tell me, does this manuscript actually contain the same doctrines, for which you have already been admonished?"

"I believe you will find them there," replied Mille Anges, with a complacent smile, "and if you will only take the trouble to read a little, you will perceive that I have at last done justice to my system, by more consecutive argument, more explicit definition, more forcible language, and more alluring invitation, than I have hitherto exhibited 'vivâ voce.' I have not minced the matter, believe me, and the Juge de Paix will confess, I am sure, that though I am gagged, I am not handcuffed."

"But he will handcuff you this time, depend upon it," was the answer of Ormin, disgusted with the folly of his friend, "and what is more, you will richly deserve it. You talk of cheating people into happiness, while you are only cheat-

ing your miserable self, by making a handle of the lenity of the magistrate, to do that which you have promised to desist from doing. If this is your Rationalism, M. Mille Anges, I am unable to appreciate such philosophy; if your virtue comprehends a breach of faith, I cannot discover any beauty in such virtue. Publish that 'brochure,' and you will be incarcerated to a certainty. Your reflections in a dungeon will be agreeable, when you have forfeited the esteem of men of honour, and of your well-wisher Eugene Ormin in particular. Bon jour, Monsieur le Rationaliste."

"There is one consolation in all this folly," thought Mille Anges, when he regained his apartment. "When a youth like this advocate can presume to counsel and condemn a philosopher of deep thought, of learning and experience, it is clear that this world, so long the slave of vice, is turning upside down of its own accord, and that a new state of things is about

to commence, wherein virtue, let us hope, will be uppermost. This Ormin is but a clog upon the wheel, whose revolution it is beyond his power to arrest, nor shall any false principle of the false code of honour, prevent me from giving an additional impetus, with my unanswerable treatise on Rationalism."

The advocate was, nevertheless, a true prophet. The pamphlet was published, and the philosopher was arrested. Many copies were distributed gratis by the apostle, most of which met with the bright destination, so peculiar to trashy gifts of that nature, of illuminating firewood and tobacco, instead of throwing light upon philosophy. But there was too much of the leaven of sedition pervading the bombast professions of good will, with which the page abounded, to admit of any farther indulgence to poor Mille Anges, who was considered at best a contumacious blockhead.

To a prison, therefore, the philosopher was

consigned, to await his trial for conspiring, with other malcontents, to deprive His Gracious Majesty of majesty, and for inciting other men to do the same, by circulating an inflammatory publication, entitled "The Family of Love," whereof he, the chief malcontent, was the author.

For a short time Mille Anges kept up his spirits, by that powerful self-approving enthusiasm, which has sustained, under the most excruciating agonies, every victim of a staunch adherence to his own belief, from the chanting Christian martyr at the stake, to the self-immolating widow of the Hindoo.

But as "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," so does a trial deferred increase the irksomeness of confinement; and there were but few among his fellow-prisoners, with whom the philosopher could exchange a single idea, so little calculated were his principles for the adoption of mankind in general.

This unsatisfactory existence was at length alleviated by the arrival of an old acquaintance. "How does your reverence?" exclaimed Mille Anges. "This is kind of you to visit a friend in distress, especially after the abrupt manner in which we parted."

His reverence was no other than Le Père Morveux, who stood in all his customary dirtiness before the philosopher. "I am afraid that you rather overrate my civility," was the reply of the priest to his old companion, "and I may as well tell you why you see me here, as I know that you are handsomely booked for treason. The fact is, that last night there was a considerable crowd in the Parterre of the Odéon, where I was seated with your old friend Jacotte, when I saw a low, rascally pickpocket, transfer a very handsome gold snuff-box from the pocket of a gentleman to his own. I restrained my feelings of indignation at the time, being unwilling to interrupt the performance;

but I watched my opportunity at the finale, and quietly despoiled the spoiler of his spoil, with no other intention, you may believe, than that of restoring the box to the right owner. But a good action seldom meets with a good reward, as nobody knows better than yourself, for I was arrested on the spot as a common thief, several gentlemen having witnessed my dexterity. So here I am, shut up with a parcel of rascals, excuse me, my old friend M. Mille Anges, for my too great zeal in performing an act of justice."

This rather equivocal explanation was not exactly swallowed by the philosopher, whose eyes had been partially opened by experience; but he was too glad to meet any one with whom he could talk, and therefore did not make any very strict inquiries.

It so happened that Morveux was of great use to him, for that worthy understanding his case, pointed out the folly of standing a trial

when a little contrite submission might get him off. The dirty priest very sagaciously observed, that if the principles of the philosopher had not prevented him from virtually breaking his promise with the Juge de Paix, still less ought they to stand in his light, if by recanting the objectionable paragraphs, and writing a counter treatise in favour of monarchy, he could procure his emancipation from confinement, and be again at liberty to promote the cause of Rationalism, avoiding always the corollary about dignitaries, which was by no means an essential part of the subject.

This subterfuge was in consonance with a sentiment which Mille Anges had long felt, but had not indulged, and he actually set about his recantation, while the good Ormin believing him to be sincere, relented in his contempt of the promise breaker, and gave him every assistance in his power.

The 'brochure' in favour of monarchy was

about as conclusive as the Family of Love, and contained precisely the same number of pages, if not the same hearty enthusiasm. Yet it sufficed, and the railor against hypocrisy succeeded in obtaining a free pardon, by the use of the very weapon he had denounced, as the most dangerous enemy of Rationalism, when poor Eulalie Fessue, and Jacotte Tuyère, were convicted of mercenary motives.

He was free, but what was next to be done? His finances would scarcely afford him bread and water, and he was still so improvidently generous, and so childish, that the income which might have supplied both these necessities to any other man, would scarcely provide more for him than the water without the bread. On this subject of perplexity he as usual had recourse to M. Ormin, who listened patiently to an elaborate statement of the avarice of ladies, and the spunging system of Le Trempeur and his associates.

The advocate, who was seldom entirely at a loss, understanding that M. Mille Anges had been an assistant to the professor in educating the pupils committed to his charge, recommended him, as his learning had not flown away with his pocket-money, to engage himself as a teacher in some respectable Parisian school.

The situation was found without difficulty, and his qualifications were deemed sufficient by the head of the establishment; but a recommendation on the score of respectability was required.

Before Ormin would consent to be the voucher of his poor friend's character, he required from him, and obtained a solemn promise without any reservation whatever, to drop the acquaintances he had formed in Paris,—namely, Truandaille, Le Trempeur, and Morveux.

From this period the days of the apostle of Rationalism relapsed into the sluggish monotony

which had characterized his former life in Germany, before the inheritance turned his head.

I hate to see things at a stand still, it is my delight to spur the willing horse; nothing will suit me if I take an affair in hand, but the frantic pace that hurries to perdition. Mille Anges had hitherto afforded me some amusement, and I did not intend that he should now slip through my fingers without an exemplary finale to his career.

My dirty coadjutor, Morveux, had the good fortune to escape the punishment of his theft, because the prosecutor, himself a pickpocket, would not prosecute. He was unwilling to persecute an artist who followed the same trade as himself, and besides, there were various charges against him, which made his appearance in a court of justice inexpedient. Morveux was accordingly dismissed, and when he offered his congratulations and his dirty hand to his late

fellow-prisoner, M. Mille Anges, his acquaintance was so positively declined, in consequence of the stipulation with M. Ormin, as to rouse all the bile in his composition.

He vowed to be revenged, and he succeeded. The philosopher was no match for such an enemy, and little anticipated that in his present humble occupation, the breath of calumny could reach him, and disturb his peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

Seem they grave or learned ?
Why, so did'st thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnished and decked in modest compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but with purged judgment trusting neither ?
Such, and so finely bolted didst thou seem.

HENRY THE FIFTH.

Him too the mania, not the muse has seized,
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased.

ENGLISH BARDS, AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

WHEN an all absorbing idea has taken possession of a man's intellect, every thing he says or does bears a reference to that idea, however inappropriate may be the subject.

Thus Mille Anges, although he avoided the topic of Rationalism, in his intercourse with his

pupils, whom he considered too young to comprehend it, could not always resist an involuntary allusion, to the paramount value of beauty, in his instructions. Every fault was anathematized as unbecoming; idleness and stupidity were said to be ugly features in a boy's character; insolence or insubordination to a superior, were declaimed against as unsightly offences. Obedience was lovely, industry was admirable, and respectful demeanour was beautiful and becoming. Every virtue was a beauty, and every vice was a blemish. The young students were not slow in acquiring the catch-words, and like all youths, soon hit off their pedagogue's weak point. It was as easy to say, "you ugly fellow," as "you stupid fellow," and the new definitions of right and wrong became habitual to them. But the gentle manners of the philosopher made him agreeable to his pupils, and the head master found every reason

to be satisfied with his erudition, and his power of communicating knowledge.

Unfortunately, however, for poor Mille Anges, two of the youths got into rather awkward scrapes, and having no better excuse at hand for their folly, they laid the blame at the door of the philosopher, although without any mischievous intention. One of them, a lad of sixteen, was detected in an intrigue with an old apple-woman, who happened to have some remains of good looks about her; and the delinquent humbly pleaded these 'beaux restes,' with an appeal to the astonished assistant, in behalf of the indefatigable pursuit of beauty, which he had so often, and so earnestly recommended. But this clumsy defence did not save him from an immediate dismissal from the establishment.

The other scapegrace was under the age of twelve, and a merry, mischievous urchin as ever

lived. He had been out on a visit to his parents, and on his return, meeting the carriage of Prince Talleyrand, threw a stone with such correct aim, and such effect, as to shiver the plate glass of the chariot window, and alarm the drowsy Machiavel on his cushions. The little culprit was immediately secured, but the old gentleman compassionated his youth, and releasing him from the rude grasp of the police, sent his footman to see the boy safe to school, with a report of the misdemeanour for the consideration of his preceptors. The little fellow was interrogated as to his motive for perpetrating such an outrage against the prince.

“ I did not know,” said he meekly, “ that he was a prince, but I saw that he was very ugly, and M. Mille Anges teaches us to hate ugliness, and to love only that which is beautiful.”

“ Foolish youth !” exclaimed the philosopher, losing patience, “ how dare you quote me so unbecomingly ? I am sure I never taught you

to hate any man, and I invariably reprobated the practice of throwing stones. Don't you see, you unsightly little vagabond, that if you had hit him, you would only have made him uglier? That is not the way to cultivate beauty." Universal tittering followed this explanation; the head master himself could not maintain his gravity; and as punishment would have been a joke in such circumstances, the little rationalist escaped altogether.

These two stories were too good not to transpire, and there was many a laugh at the expense of the poor assistant. But a man of fifty cares little for a laugh, if people cannot laugh away his bread and butter.

A more serious imputation than that of folly, was conjured up by the dirty, vindictive Morveux; who taking a garbled version of these accidents, as a text for an aggression upon Mille Anges, wrote a malicious and anonymous circular to the parents of the pupils at the school,

asserting that the assistant was an atheist, and unfit, as well as unlikely, on that account, to inculcate morality in the youth committed to his care.

The two pamphlets already published by the philosopher, had inoculated him with the 'cacoethes scribendi,' and he was imprudent enough to answer this accusation, which would probably have died away, if left untouched, by another 'brochure' of twenty pages. In this production, he recapitulated his general principles, which, although more moderate, were as incomprehensible as ever; but in avoiding the Scylla of treason and atheism, he fell into the Charybdis of deism and heterodoxy. He said that he only aspired to be a rationalist, but he boldly avowed himself a deist. This incautious confession was his ruin.

The head of the establishment was by no means a bigot, and regretted the necessity of

dismissing Mille Anges; but he candidly explained to the luckless author, that as many parents and guardians were Catholics, his school must suffer if it were generally understood that he retained a professed freethinker as his assistant.

This blow actually stunned the unhappy rationalist. Of a gentle and affectionate disposition, he had become attached to his superior, and to many of his young pupils. He had been accustomed to the free tone of the German universities, and had never anticipated this necessity of raising an objection to a teacher on the score of religion, or irreligion. Atheism he justly considered an effort of which the human mind is incapable; but deism was his abstract idea of true piety. To these sentiments he was bound by his own hand-writing; there was no loop-hole for controversial distinctions; no door open for escape, except indeed, the

street-door of the academy, out of which poor Mille Anges walked very sorrowfully, carrying his little bundle in his hand.

His reflections were bitter in the extreme. After the many buffetings he had undergone since his return from Germany, when he had at last attained a respectable asylum, and a permanent occupation that suited his taste and habits, and was amply sufficient to supply his simple wants, by one foolish stroke of a grey goose quill, he had again become an outcast and a wanderer.

Scarcely conscious of the direction in which he bent his steps, he found himself in the street where Ormin lived. "'Tis strange," said he, as he paused before the door, "that this excellent young man should have more wisdom than a philosopher, who has numbered twice as many years as himself."

The advocate did not happen to be at home, but Mille Anges obtained permission from the

servant to await the arrival of his master in the study. Finding writing materials at hand, the heart-broken philosopher employed his time in inditing the following extraordinary letter:—

“There is no one, except yourself, my dear young friend, who cares a straw about the destiny of your poor Melanges. For Melanges is my name; and I no longer lay claim to the harmony of a choir of spirits. It was my wish to have benefited all men; it was my earnest endeavour to do good. Alas! I have done nothing but evil, and you alone, of all men, have endeavoured to benefit me. I thank you,—a dying man thanks you. I shall trouble you no more, my dear Ormin.

“I have seen cause, lately, to moderate some of my opinions, and to abandon others altogether as untenable. Do not suppose that I include the maxims of Rationalism; the moral beauty of virtue, and the intrinsic value of that beauty; the deformity of vice, and the abstract

worthlessness of deformity ; the desirable substitution of mutual love, for the unhappy interchange of mutual wrong ; the decadence, into mere material variations, of the body, by the corruption that follows death ; and the refining change, which, without any interruption of consciousness, our more subtle essence shall at that period undergo ; do not suppose, I intreat you, my dear Ormin, that I include this transcendantly lucid system among the sentiments which I have moderated or forsaken. I allude partly to a feeling that these principles are too bright for the human race at the present time, and my own experience has led me to believe, that an arbitrary, and not a voluntary, alteration must be effected by the will of the Great First Cause, in the dispositions of his utterly helpless puppets, before the universal family of man, endowed by him with a very partial perception of beauty, can endure the too dazzling light of Rationalism, and become one universal family of

love. I allude also to my own individual existence ; and I wish to modify for your especial information, the sentiments which I once casually expressed to you, on the subject of inflicting death on self or others. Undoubtedly those sentiments were correct, and hold good in as far as they are applicable to the violence which men are inclined to offer to one another. But I am now aware that a case may arise, nay more, that this case has arisen, and is mine, when it becomes the peremptory duty of a reasoning man, to separate his material from his ethereal essence, and thus accelerate the necessary change in both. Attend to me. My late friend, the professor, did honour, by his harmless life and consistent example, to the same principles which I have dragged through the mud of Paris. I have endeavoured to cultivate the perception of beauty in women. By them I have been seduced, pillaged, and derided. I raised my voice of warning in the gambler's

den,—but who shall play with pitch and escape defilement? I became entangled in the very snare which I denounced. I drew a line for the instruction of the drunkard, between the use and the abuse of the cordial vine. Why should I hesitate to confess to you, that I have often practically confounded my own distinction? I have suffered for other follies, and I have not cared for my sufferings; but I have been deeply afflicted by the reflection, that the cause of Rationalism has become a bye-word through my imprudence. Yet am I as sincere as the good professor in that system, which, if I have failed in every endeavour to promote, I will at least cease to retard by my unbecoming life. Who can tell but that my ethereal essence, refined by the change which I am about to accelerate, may acquire a mysterious sympathetic power, of refreshing the minds of men with new ideas? As for this unwieldy mass of matter, which now bears the stamp of more

than half a century, it will cease to intrude its craving opposition to morality, upon the nobler aspirations of which I am conscious. In nourishing the maggot and the fly, in communicating a new fertility to its kindred dust, it will be harmlessly, and I may say, beneficially employed. Adieu! therefore, my dear Ormin, my only friend. Have not I proved to you that it is the peremptory duty of poor Melanges, whose present existence is mortifying to himself, and discreditable to the great cause he would wish to serve, to withdraw himself, at once, from the scene of action, in the rational hope of ulterior improvement. Does not the more consistent, though far from exemplary conduct, of the Israelite, the Christian and the Mahometan, reflect blame and reproach upon Rationalism, as exhibited in the unfortunate failings of his career, who adopted the lofty character of an apostle? And shall I remain to bring scandal upon the doctrines, which

received a sanction and a grace from the whole tenor of my late friend the professor's existence upon earth? Perish the thought with my perished hopes of enlightening the world. Once more, then, my dear Ormin, adieu. You will hardly forget the departing—*MELANGES.*”

Having concluded this account of the cogent reasons which induced him to put an end to his existence, or as he called it, to accelerate his change, the philosopher left his strange epistle ‘*selon les règles,*’ in cases of suicide or elopement, in a prominent situation in the study, to catch the eye of the friend he was leaving behind. He left the house, and walked with hurried steps to the river Seine, as if he was afraid of an ebb tide in his resolution, and selecting what seemed to him a proper place for his purpose, jumped headlong from the quay into the water.

Whether he is yet destined to grace the gallows or the guillotine, I cannot tell, but I know

that he was not drowned. He was picked up by the clumsy crew, of a lighter, who contrived to hit his philosophic head so hard with a boat hook, in their humane intention of rescuing him from a watery grave, without personal immersion to themselves, that a concussion on the brain has been the result. So ill-calculated was his thin skull to play at bowls with, that this accident has deprived him of his senses, and he is at this moment an inmate of a Lunatic Hospital in Paris.

Ormin has goodnaturedly arranged his affairs for him, and employs the little remnant of his wasted fortune in supplying him with every comfort he is now capable of enjoying.

This good young man frequently visits the hospital, and it would seem from the long, inconsequent harangues in which it is still the pleasure of Mille Anges to indulge, that he has forgiven his unlucky carcase for being so unprofitable, and he is never so happy in his affliction

as when he holds a large mirror in his hand, and receiving the patient attention of his friend Ormin, points out to him, what he terms, the increasing loveliness, of his own pale and wrinkled features, the reflection as he declares upon his countenance, of the ripening beauty of Rationalism in his heart.

THE INFLUENCE OF HANS.

THE INFLUENCE OF HANS.

CHAPTER I.

Oh blood and thunder ! and oh blood and wounds !
These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,
Too gentle reader, and most shocking sounds,
And so they are ; yet thus is Glory's dream
Unriddled.

DON JUAN.

“ HANS ! you old rascal, be quiet, will you ? ” exclaimed the angry Nicholas, when Mouvement ceased to speak.

“ Don't call names, Nick,” growled the monster. “ Two can play at that, my fine fellow.”

“ Permit me, however, to observe,” answered Nicholas, “ that you have been scratching my

shins for the last half-hour, with the five talons at the extremity of your hind paw, which you doubtless have the assurance to call your foot, in your clumsy attempts to squeeze Sophia under the table, and but for my friendly interposition, she would have suffered by these delicate attentions. I have only to add, Hans, for your information, that having so much cause to regret your bad manners, we should not much regret the loss of your society, and if you persist in making yourself disagreeable, I shall propose your expulsion from our league, and a requisition to old Juggernaut to supply your place. He considers himself my vassal, and is dying for an invitation. Having some little influence in Leadenhall Street, he proposes to entertain us there, if he is admitted."

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it!" said Mephisto, addressing Hans. "I blackball old Juggernaut," exclaimed Obi. "Then," said Mouvement, "let us have Mammon from the

United States. I guess he will considerably amuse us. But have you nothing to say for yourself, my old caterwauling Cock of the North?"

"Burn you all! what can I say?" answered Hans. "You conspire against me because I have scratched old Nick on the leg. Strike me ugly, if I don't scratch his head for this. By the beard of Odin, you had better leave me alone." He resumed his cigar in moody silence.

"By the beard of Ammon," said Pol, "you must leave Sophia alone."

"I cannot bear," interrupted the lady, "to be the cause of any discord amongst ourselves. Besides, how can I tell whether Mammon or Juggernaut would conduct themselves better than our old friend Hans? Jonathan Mammon is proverbially uncourteous. Juggernaut has a nasty habit of burning his women, a most ungallant as well as impolitic measure; there is no better mischief-maker than a frisky widow.

Come, come, be at peace with one another. Shake a paw, Hans, there is a good old boy. Nick shall forgive you for my sake, and I hope that Mouvement will call upon you for your Influence. Perhaps, while your tongue is actively employed, your other unruly members will tranquillize themselves."

Who but myself ever dreamed of a diablesse turning peace-maker? Yet so it was, and after a preliminary growl, accompanied by a loud indecorous eructation, as if the choler he was obliged to swallow nearly choked him, the hoary demon commenced his 'Influence' in these words.

——If you are not infernally ashamed of the milk and water with which you have diluted your respective Influences, all I can say is, my old companions, that you ought to be. Sophia drowns an old woman in the Bosphorus, Mouvement shuts up a fool in a lunatic asylum, and Mephisto complacently massacres a wretched

Jew. Is this the spirit who taught rough Calvin to burn his brethren? Did these subtle ones train up Mahomet and Napoleon?

“*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*”

Take that, my friends, for your motto in future. Put that in your pipe, Mephisto, and smoke it. Strike me hideous, but I am tempted to cry out with the late, lamentable, lamented, Byron,

“Oh for old Saturn's reign of sugar candy!
Meantime I drink to its return in brandy.”

(The action was suited to the word; Hans gulped down a bumper, and resumed.)

Brandy is very well in its way, but blood pleases my palate a great deal better. I wonder that none of you retain your taste for it. You are much too refined, forsooth, to relish your former diet, and prefer macaroni to blood puddings, an intrigue to a homicide at any time. I stick, without compunction to the old trade, and one, Nick, who bears your honoured name, has served me up a few sops in

the pan lately. One of these is, perhaps, worth mentioning at this table. It was a truly delicate morsel of a murder.

A short time before the final dispersion of the insurgent Poles, some divisions of their resolute army, although cut off from every communication with each other, retaining their integrity, discipline, and confidence in their leaders, continued for many days an orderly retreat in various directions, undismayed by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Fully aware of the tender mercies of the Russians, to whose clemency no surrender could entitle them, they preserved their compact order of march with admirable perseverance, and cherished a hope that some false manœuvres of the pursuing army, which must of necessity divide its strength, to act against each separate force, would admit of their effecting a reunion, and, consequently, enable them, in a general action,

to strike one more blow for the liberties of Poland.

It is almost superfluous to mention, that no such opportunity occurred. The little bands were successively exterminated. Military executions disposed of the greater number, who survived the sanguinary encounters in the field, and a few have been taught, in the mines of Siberia, that liberty is, after all, a comparative expression, that the degrees are many, between the genial temperature of free institutions, and the zero of personal slavery, and that the yoke of foreign dominion, the iron in the soul of a patriot, is freedom, compared with irons on his body.

One division of these devoted victims, in number scarcely amounting to five thousand, retreated for five days, in good order, before the enemy, across a flat and open country, intersected by large drains, and occasional morasses,

sufficient to retard, in some measure, the cavalry and artillery of their pursuers.

Utterly deficient in the latter arm, the Poles marched in hollow square of the whole body, gaining ground at their angle, carrying their stores, their baggage, and their wounded, in the centre, and ready, at the word of command, to halt, and shew front on every side to the enemy, after receiving into the shelter of their square, a small body of light cavalry, their defenders against the harassing attacks of the Russian skirmishers.

So formidable did this handful of heroes contrive to make themselves, that, every attempt having failed to break their ranks, and throw their square into confusion, by successive charges of cavalry, and continual volleys of musketry, from the advanced guard of the enemy, the Russian general turned all his attention to accelerate the motions of his artillery, and succeeded, after a six-days' chase of

these impregnable, in peppering their little phalanx to his heart's content.

No sooner had the grape shot mowed out a few gaps in the living fortress, than a wild charge of the irregular Russian cavalry put an end to all order and organization ; the word of command was no longer heard, and the artillery ceased their deadly performance, only because the conflicting parties were so mingled, that friend and foe must have equally suffered. The Russian infantry followed in the track of the Cossacks, who left the remainder of the business to the bayonets, and commenced rifling the baggage of the vanquished, according to the custom of these warriors.

Several carriages, containing the families of officers of rank, were included in the spoil on this occasion, the ladies having preferred the protection of a camp, in which their lords were respected and obeyed, to the risk of proscriptions and penalties, as participators in the crime

of insurrection, for it is by no means an uncommon example in Russian jurisprudence, to inflict the punishment of the knout upon a fine lady, convicted, or even suspected, by the authorities of ultra liberalism in anything but love.

The shrieks of these captive countesses were fearful. They were heard above the groans of the wounded, and the shouts of the triumphant assailants. Some had suffered personally from the grape-shot, others had endured the greater affliction of beholding the violent deaths of their husbands and children. One calèche appeared to have been riddled with bullets, and no sound proceeded from the interior. The Cossacks in their scramble upset this carriage, and, wonderful to relate, a fair young girl, about sixteen years of age, with a sucking infant at her breast, rolled out among the horses' feet, alive and uninjured. Their escape was altogether

unaccountable, for I reckoned above twenty shot-holes in the crazy vehicle.

But alive they were, and very beautiful. The young girl was the wife, or widow, of a Polish officer, Count Stanislaus, and mother of the babe within her arms. She neither shrieked nor cried, nor appeared to notice the turmoil around her, nor did any one exactly notice her, except to curse and stumble over the tender limbs stretched out to shield her infant, in eager contention for a share of the plunder.

The child, a blue-eyed boy, about eight months old, born in the camp, and accustomed to the bustle of soldiers, hardy, and healthy, and in high spirits, crowed with delight at his emancipation from the darkness of the calèche, till a turn of his little head shewed him the solemn dejection of his mother's eye, and the sympathy of infant feeling changed his ill-timed merriment into rueful wailing.

Some of you gentler spirits would doubtless expatiate hypocritically upon the sorrows of poor Katinka, whose grief for the loss of her young warrior, supposed to have been numbered with the dead, had swallowed up nearly all anxiety for herself and her unconscious offspring. You would, perhaps, season the description of a tragedy, brought about by your own pernicious influence, with crocodile tears enough to extinguish the fire of your eyebeams. That is not exactly my line, I confess, but I have a taste for a picturesque ruin as well as the best of you. I shall, nevertheless, mention for your comfort, that the young warrior, Stanislaus, is no more dead than I am. He lives the hero of my tale, and is at this moment one of the cleanest butchers on my staff.

CHAPTER II.

But what he did, was to lay on their backs,
The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacks.

DON JUAN.

I ACKNOWLEDGE, Mouvement, my obligations to your Victor Hugo, for although his portrait of my incarnation is not flattering, and I can now seldom spare time to visit my seat in Iceland, owing to a pressure of business on the Continent, it pleases me to be 'très bien répandu' throughout the world; and I am fully aware that, like a Scotch terrier, my beauty consists in my ugliness. To my delight in blood he has done ample justice. Indeed, I may say that it is my element; I revel in the sanguinary tide with the same enjoyment that

a warm bath affords to a debauchee. The Cossacks are strongly imbued with a like preference, but only in a degree compared with my wishes, for the lust of plunder is too apt to divide their affection.

One of these gentry in whom the latter passion predominated, had succeeded in appropriating to his private use a casket of jewels and a lady's cloak richly trimmed with sables, from the carriage of the unfortunate Katinka. Satisfied with his share, he began carefully arranging these articles under the sheepskin on which he rode, that his sacred person might not suffer inconvenience when he remounted. While he was thus employed in his vocation, the snorting and retrograde movements of his hitherto passive steed, unaccustomed to see a young lady and child dressed in white, sitting at his feet on the blood-stained grass, called the attention of the spoiler to the disconsolate girl.

Every individual is said to have his own

peculiar view of an interesting subject. A painter of landscapes admires the gambols of young lambs under a spreading tree, in a green field, irrigated by a winding river. The gourmand anticipates their future merits on an outspread tablecloth, garnished with salad and French mustard, to be washed down with a few glasses of refreshing claret. A pretty woman in distress will inspire various feelings in various persons. A German would sentimentalize over her; an Englishman would bluntly promise assistance and protection; a Frenchman would kiss her '*sans cérémonie*,' and propose to supply the place of her absent lover; a Jew would offer to advance a trifle of money on the security of her upper garment, or might coincide with my cold-blooded Cossack, who only saw her to covet her gold ear-rings.

These unsophisticated children of nature go very straight to their mark. He stretched out his hand and tore one of the baubles from the

bleeding ear of poor Katinka, omitting 'with your leave,' or 'by your leave,' or any of the little conventional graces, in which more polished nations trick out their greatest acts of cruelty. A bailiff only requests 'the pleasure of your company,' when he leads you to the debtors' prison, perhaps for life; and the commonest executioner will breathe a 'permettez moi,' before he arranges the last neckcloth of his victim. You would have blushed to behold the rudeness of my Cossack.

Alas for the insecurity of human acquirements! He had scarcely obtained possession of the ornament, when a sabre descended on the suture of his pericranium, so true, so perpendicular, and so energetic, that his head was instantaneously transmogrified into a pair of grotesque epaulettes for his brawny shoulders. The blow was inflicted by a Russian officer, who was well aware of the only remonstrance likely to be effectual with the unreclaimed

and unreclaimable savage whose brutality had roused his indignation. Being a man of prompt decision and vigorous arm, exemplified in this somewhat Quixotic action, he next raised the unfortunate lady from the ground, and set her upon the horse of the defunct ruffian. Then placing the infant tenderly in her arms, he ordered two of the spoilers to remount, and lead her carefully away from the field of battle to his quarters in the rear of the Russian army. However unpalatable the command, Ivan Davidowitch, a distinguished officer, and aide-de-camp to the Russian general, was well known throughout the army, and the Cossacks prepared to obey.

The libation of blood in the field was followed by a libation of wine at the table of the chief on the evening of this satisfactory success. Every officer on the staff had been invited, and amidst mutual compliments and congratulations, every one had a historiette to tell of his own in-

dividual experience. The mention of poor Katinka excited a deep interest, and the commander himself expressed a wish to be of service to one who had so narrowly escaped perforation by a score of his own well-directed bullets. Victory had made him complacent, wine opened his heart, and a description of the lady's person inflamed his curiosity. He announced to Ivan Davidowitch his intention of going through the camp, and afterwards paying him a visit at his own quarters, to make a personal inquiry into the rank and name of the female prisoner.

Whatever might have been the design of the magnanimous General, whether he would have emulated the conduct of Alexander towards the Haram of King Darius, or whether, if he had enacted Agamemnon, his aide de camp would have responded in the tone of Achilles, whatsoever consequences might have followed these 'grand rounds,' if the lady had been, where she

ought to have been, must remain as doubtful, as the character of Socrates.

Neither man, woman, nor child, that is to say Cossacks, Katinka nor babe were to be found in the tent of Ivan Davidowitch, or elsewhere throughout the Russian encampment. An officer was immediately dispatched to the rear guard, to require a vigilant look out for the deserters, and patrols were sent forth in every direction to scour the surrounding country for many miles: all was done that could be done to save the unhappy woman. Above three hundred men were put in motion for this object, and much wonder was excited in the camp, seasoned of course with a little grumbling, that so great a commotion should be made about the wife and child of an insurgent at such a time. This, however, is invariably the case, when a great man takes an interest in a trifle.

There was nothing going on in the camp to interest me, and an invading army require very

little stimulus, to induce them to seek and to do everything, which for their own sakes they had better leave alone. The soldiers drank and gambled, swore great oaths and quarrelled, when the luck was against them, if they lost their fragments of plunder, their arrears of pay, or allowance of liquor. The officers employed themselves equally well, but with this difference, that their horses, women, pistols, canteens, and loose cash, changed owners, without much interruption of their habitual politeness. To such a pitch of 'insouciance' had some of these gentlemen attained, that I remember to have seen an officer, whom the dice had stripped of everything, even to his sword and epaulettes, calmly walk up to the Jew banker and suttler, who kept the hazard table, and offer to set one of his ears against an inconsiderable stake. The Israelite, whose attention was otherwise engaged, without exactly hearing what was said, or dreaming that the officer was in earnest, gave a

careless, good-humoured assent to the proposal, and for the fun of the thing I gave the victory to the Jew. Instantly, and in silence, the young man hacked off his ear with a penknife, threw it upon the hazard table, and walked out. The Jew, to do him justice, was disgusted with his own success ; he could not be induced to touch or remove his extraordinary trophy : and when some of the officers who owed him money proposed to make him swallow it, he trembled at the thought of an abomination, to which a pork cutlet would be a trifle. He was also in fear that the affair, for which he was really not to blame, might be unfavourably reported to the Commandant. He therefore hastened to entreat a brother officer and friend of the mutilated man, to follow and return to him his sword and epaulettes, left in pawn with the Jew for a sum of money lost in play. The modern Scævola could only be persuaded to receive this favour as a temporary loan of the amount advanced

upon the articles. This debt he has recently repaid, and by pulling his chaco well down upon his head, and cherishing a heavy lock of greasy hair where an ear ought to be, the loss is not observable, and if it were, no remark would be made, for he is not a man with whom others love to take liberties.

Apologising for this episode, I return to my Perdita, in whose fortunes I was more interested, than in the excesses of the Russian camp. A few words will suffice to inform you that the Cossacks did not relish the orders of Ivan Davidowitch, that they grudged their protection to a woman in whose cause a comrade had been sacrificed, and themselves defrauded, by this escort duty, of the pretty pickings which might have fallen to their share.

The union of courage and forbearance, command the respect of civilized men ; but courage without brutality, is scarcely received as sterling coin by the savage. He classes humanity and

faint-heartedness together, and considers them absolutely inseparable. The ruffian who rent the ear of poor Katinka was as brave and as brutal as man could be. He had been respected by his comrades, and the lion's share of every spoil was generally conceded to him. A man of few words, and a great appetite ; a blow, or a thrust of the spear was the only answer he condescended to give to the remonstrance even of a friend and companion.

Ivan, therefore, settled his accounts on his own terms, when he clove him to the chine for his barbarity.

The casket of jewels belonging to poor Katinka had not escaped the eyes of his comrades, to whose care she herself was now confided. They knew that it was safely stowed under the sheep-skin on which she sat ; and a few gruff sentences passed between them as they left the field, in a language unintelligible to the lady, by no means complimentary to her protector.

CHAPTER III.

Two villanous Cossacks pursued the child
With flashing eyes and weapons ; matched with them,
The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild
Has feelings pure and polished as a gem,
The bear is civilized, the wolf is mild.

DON JUAN.

Oh horrible ! oh horrible ! most horrible !

HAMLET.

THERE are some of you, my old companions in iniquity, who make a practice of elevating the points of your fastidious noses, at the broad relation of any very rich occurrence, brought about by my energetic Influence. Although your occupation is everlastingly the same as mine, and similar results attest your operations, you tell me with a patronizing grin of mild

reproof, and modest suggestion, that "there is a way, a sort of way, a manner, a kind of manner, in speaking and acting, which leaves nothing unsaid,—nay, gives a happy zest to the most horrible outrage, yet escapes the irretrievable offence of coarseness." If I cannot sail so near the wind as that, at least I will endeavour, out of deference to your purity, to speak as like a gentleman as possible, and will avoid dwelling upon any anecdote too 'piquant' for your ears polite.

My Cossacks (for I had long since set my mark upon them, and my mark, though but a blot, is indelible) were a pretty pair in every respect, excepting years. One was fifty, the other twenty years of age. In their brief conversation, when they left the field, they arranged their plan of robbery, desertion, violence, murder, and partition of the spoil. The old soldier coveted the jewels, the young man had an eye to the lady, and the cloak of sables. Their

compact was in accordance with their preferences, and the infant son and heir of Stanislaus, being of no value to any but the owner, remained unappropriated by either party. They agreed to return in a few days to the army, with a plausible story of rescue, captivity, hardship, and escape, sufficient to ward off the wrath of Ivan Davidowitch.

Poor Katinka, helpless, passive, and almost unconcerned, suffering a confusion of intellect from the accumulation of her misery, was incapable of observing the surrounding objects, yet she retained a dim recollection of the aide-de-camp's kind interference, and a shadowy confidence that the Cossacks were leading her, by his orders, to a place of safety and retirement, where she and her poor babe might lay down their heads and die. Was not her own Stanislaus gone before her? Was not the fountain of young life dried up in her unhappy bosom? And, were it otherwise, could she

wish the son of her noble young warrior to survive, the crouching slave of a Russian task-master ?

Such were her incoherent ideas, while the gentle amble of the Cossack horse bore her far from the field of battle, from the camp, and the protection of Ivan.

Night drew on. Still the sure-footed hackneys maintained their easy untiring pace. The bearded profiles and high caps of the horsemen, the golden hair of the white-robed lady streaming in the wind, her countenance pale as death, and an occasional cry from the feeble child, clasped convulsively to the mother's breast, formed a group which, in the cold clear moonlight of the north, might have been taken by a spectator, as the steeds swept across his path, for the progress of a fallen, yet beautiful, spirit to the shades below, under the escort of our unrelenting familiars.

The Russians were not riding at a venture,

they had determined upon the place of their bivouac. They halted at the smoking ruins of a village, sacked and burnt by themselves and their comrades in a wide foray on a previous day. They entered without dismounting into the enclosure of a roofless tenement, whose bare walls afforded a partial shelter from the wind, and after securing the horse of Katinka that he might not follow them, they made a slight reconnaissance around and throughout the place. All was safe. The few had fled who survived their inroad. They returned to the wretched lady, who was fainting with fear and exhaustion. An indefinite idea of the horrors of her situation for the first time crossed her mind, and a paralytic tremor shook her frame. The Cossacks lifted her carefully out of the saddle, still grasping her screaming infant in her arms, they spread their sheepskins on the ground, and laying her down on this savage couch, they poured some brandy into her mouth, and covered

her with her own mantle. Their uncouth kindness, like the habits of the domestic cat, was only the prelude to their cruelty.

After kindling a tolerable fire from a collection of the reeking embers around them, they selected the least serviceable of the horses, which they killed without hesitation by a thrust of the sword behind the shoulder, and consoled his companions for the loss of his society, by serving them out some black bread from their havresacs. They removed the hide from the neck of the prostrate animal, the only part of his thin, wiry carcase that offered an inch of flesh to the knife. They cut up his meagre crest into slices, and laid them upon the hot cinders for the evening meal.

According to promise, I much touch lightly on the events which followed. They were extraordinary beyond my expectation, the catastrophe more comprehensive than I cared to see. No abject prayer, no maniac malediction,

no wild promise of high reward, the price of pity and forbearance, could save the feeble, the unfortunate Katinka from suffering by the younger villain the most humiliating wrong, to which woman is liable from ferocious man. The voice of humanity was not extinguished in his breast, because from earliest childhood it had never spoken. Meanwhile the elder Cossack turned the horse-flesh on the fire with his sword, and laughed! aye laughed! laughed like one of us! (The unruly voice of Hans, in my imagination, here rose to a high and discordant shriek, thrilling through my every nerve, and leaving an impression like the horrors of the nightmare.)

I beg your pardon, he continued, I forgot myself. There is a point in every species of torture, that varies according to the capability of endurance, after which, no increase of agony, no sense of additional pain, can be inflicted. The feelings and perceptions are numbed, by

the utmost tension of the animal machine. Insensibility often follows this extreme process, sometimes, but by no means invariably, attended with gradual extinction of life. In this plight I must leave the unhappy woman, to relate the strange retributive accident which ensued.

The uncouth repast having been sufficiently prepared, was greedily devoured by the Cossacks; and the old man, like every veteran debauchee, began to recount the galantries of his early days in a strain of unnecessary exaggeration, before which the pranks, as he called them, of his young comrade, faded into utter insignificance.

So merrily did the old roister go to work, that he elicited bursts of obstreperous laughter from his auditor, who was only interrupted in his twofold occupation of eating and chuckling, by the concussion in his gullet of scorched horse-flesh and funny stories. The most glorious

eachinnation was suddenly stifled by a pledget of carrion; the features of the struggling youth were blackened, his eyeballs protruded from their sockets, and losing his squatting attitude, he rolled over in a state of suffocation. The sudden silence aroused the attention of his victim, who had partly recovered her faculties, during the carouse of her oppressors.

She made an effort to look up, and succeeded. The back of the elder Cossack was turned to her. He was kneeling, and held the head of his comrade against his breast, while he endeavoured to relieve him, in a very ungentle manner, by ramming down the obstacle with his fingers. The naked sword which he had used in his cookery, was lying on the ground at his heels.

Urged on by an irresistible impulse, a mixed feeling of hope, revenge, and desperation, Kattinka crept out softly upon her knees from her bed of sheep-skins, and eagerly laid her hand upon the weapon, undetected, save by a side

glance from the upturned eyes of the choked Cossack, who, in his agony, made an abortive attempt to warn his comrade of her approach.

“Keep your head still, young accursed, or I cannot help you!” muttered the angry old man, addressing his patient, and giving him at the same instant the ‘coup de grace’ by a dig with his fore-finger.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when a feeble, awkward, two-handed blow, made with the back, not the edge, of his own curved sabre, and falling almost short of the intended object—his ugly head, sent this ancient warrior, this veteran ‘galant’uomo,’ to accompany his youthful accomplice on a longer journey than either of them intended, and completely cured him of fingering horseflesh, telling funny stories, and running off with distressed ladies, for the future. The point of the reversed weapon had entered the spinal marrow at the junction of the head and neck; and the outraged

Katinka had done the business as expertly as the most accomplished Matadore in Spain. 'Procumbit humi bos!' the brute was dead. He fell forward upon the lifeless carcase of his friend, whom he had endeavoured to save from suffocation; and the Polish Judith, overcome by her exertions and astonishment at the success of her own performance, sank down on the remains of her prostrate enemies, as pretty a pyramid, as sublime a trophy, to injured innocence, as could be desired.

A feeble cry from the infant of Katinka, recalled her to a partial sense of her situation. The pale moon-light was reflected by a shining brandy-flask, belonging to the Cossacks. It was lying within her reach, she seized it, and drank copiously.

The fictitious strength of intoxication circulated throughout her frame, revivifying and restoring exhausted nature. Once more the milk gushed spontaneously to her bosom, and

her babe drank in a renewed existence from the breast. She devoured, with returning appetite, some fragments of black bread remaining in the havresacs, and again stood upright upon her feet, unappalled by the horrid objects that met her eye.

The horses, well accustomed to blood and slaughter, their heads drooping with lethargy, and spirits tamed by recent fatigue, had not budged from their places, nor showed any symptoms of consternation, at the violent death of their companion or of their masters, who made a fatal meal of his '*ardua cervix*.'

Frantic with the transition from despair to hope, with the gratification of her revenge, and with brandy, the wild wife of Stanislaus slung his infant son, enveloped in the fur mantle, across her shoulders, secured it with the sword belt of a Cossack, and mounting astride upon the able animal which had conveyed her to this den of horrors, she rode gaily forth into the deserted

village. Brandishing, in her right hand, the sabre which overcame her enemy, she applied it fiercely to the ribs of her sluggish charger; and careless of the direction he chose to take, she urged him to the utmost speed of which he was capable.

The merry pace, shot a gleam of maniac exultation across her brain; she gave vent to her stormy feelings in a wild hurrah, which was answered by the steed without a rider, who followed industriously on her track, and neighed aloud, as it were to cheer her on her way.

CHAPTER IV.

Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind.

We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is checquered with the Northern light :
Town, village, none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black ;

And save the scarce-seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had marched o'er ;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod ;
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by,
I could have answered with a sigh,
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray,

And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane.

MAZEPPA.

THIS 'denouement,' as I before remarked, was contrary to my expectation, but I had no reason to be dissatisfied with the result.

There had been already plenty of mischief; and although this pair of ruffians had been at all times able and willing instruments in my hands, they were ripe for destruction; and such tools are to be had in abundance. I am partial to soldiers, as Victor Hugo has faithfully reported, when he describes my little larder in Iceland, after I had breakfasted on a Munkholm grenadier. As soon, therefore, as Katinka had departed, I clothed my spirit once more in fleshly garb, well furnished with potent organs of digestion, and regaled myself with the tripe of the younger Cossack. Having concluded this slight refection, I resumed my power of

-

ubiquity, and followed the fortunes of the fair equestrian.

Katinka was mad, or very nearly so ; which, considering all that she had endured, was not surprising. But the horse on which she rode was perfectly sane, a sensible ruminating animal who had seen the world, and was by no means in such a devil of a hurry. Finding his head loose, he determined upon returning to the Russian camp, to his companions at picket, foray, and battle. Being a horse of observation and discernment, who did not travel through a country with his eyes shut, he recollected his route of the preceding night sufficiently well to retrace his steps most accurately. He also remembered that the way was long, and decided to decline the pace that kills, as unsuitable to a journey of many miles. His long gallop gradually subsided into the quiet amble, which, from early instruction and much practice, he could sustain for many hours ; and he bore the

repeated blows upon his ragged hide, which the impatience of the lady induced her to inflict, with the most philosophic good-nature and disregard. By degrees the sword descended more feebly and more infrequently upon his flank; and when Katinka, wearied out by his obstinacy and her own perseverance, sank into a profound reverie, the reaction of her excited feelings, her unconscious hand relaxed its grasp of the weapon, and the good steed was relieved from the persecution he had so patiently endured. Many a league was traversed at the steady pace, and so completely was her ladyship absorbed by her own reflections, that when a tempting stream of clear water, bordered by some luxuriant herbage crossed their track, and the sagacious animal gently checking himself paused awhile to assuage his thirst, and cool his mouth with a bite of the refreshing grass, she thought not of interfering with his convenience. The other horse at this moment came neighing

merrily up to his fellow, and the companions in war rubbed noses most amicably together; nor is it impossible that these two friends might have loitered away more time than was desirable to any but themselves, had not an unexpected addition to the party appeared in the distance on the open plain.

The old horse on which Katinka sat, was the first to notice the approach of his acquaintance. Standing up to the hocks in water, his nostrils buried, and his teeth vigorously employed in a tuft of grass, he suddenly pricked up his ears with new excitement, and craning out his neck to its utmost length, screamed aloud his joyous welcome to a detachment of Russian cavalry, which advanced at an active trot towards the rivulet.

The officer in command was much astonished at this rencontre, but could obtain no intelligible information from the lady; and finding her so singularly situated, he rightly conjectured

that she was the person, for whom diligent though fruitless search had been already made ; and since it was well known that the general had taken an interest in her safety, his business undoubtedly was to do the same. A few horsemen were instructed to seek out and apprehend the deserters, whom he conceived to be in concealment close at hand, having probably abandoned their horses and their prey at his approach, and his conversation by signs with the lady, seemed rather to confirm this suspicion. But the signs of poor Katinka might have been interpreted in any way.

The moon-struck lady, for such they considered her, was carefully conveyed by the soldiers to the not far distant camp, or rather to where the encampment of yesterday had stood, for the tide of war rolled on, and the head-quarters of the general were appointed at a village thirty miles in advance of the scene of his petty victory.

There still remained, however, a multitude of supernumeraries, the usual encumbrance of an army ; and a farm-house with adjoining offices, lately the quarters of the artillery brigade, had been converted into a temporary hospital for the wounded of both nations. A strong guard of infantry, and two squadrons of dragoons had been left in the place, to take charge of the numerous prisoners, and furnish escorts to pass them on to their future destinations. The surgeons were very busy, as may be supposed ; arms and legs were hewed away without mercy ; tourniquets, bandages, and hospital assistants were in great request.

A soldier entered the hospital, and informed one of the practitioners of the new arrival of the sick woman and her child. He enquired, according to the order of his commanding officer, whether she could be received into the hospital or any where else.

The Russo-medico, as it happened, was a

character, which description is, I believe, in your language, Nicholas, appropriated to those exclusively whose actions and sentiments are either very good or very bad. This little doctor, I must say for him, was very good; but at this moment his whole attention being very properly engrossed by his patient, he replied,—

“A woman! what the devil have I to do with a woman at such a time as this? Send her here, if she can pull lint and hold the basin, as she is sick, she will perhaps hold her tongue, and do her work. He was occupied in bleeding a violent subject, suffering under a brain fever from a wound in the head.

To hear a surgeon in his own hospital is to obey. The Cossack orderlies are not in the habit of reflecting upon the fitness of an individual for any prescribed duty. Indeed, so little attention do my jolly commanders pay to such trifles, that when a regiment is drawn up in line, and a deficiency reported in any depart-

ment, ten men from the right may be told off to be musicians for life, ten more to be tailors or farriers, according to the demand, and the knout gives them a wonderful aptness for their new calling. Katinka was introduced, in all her dishevelled misery and idiotic distraction, and left standing by the side of the doctor, who thrust an earthenware pipkin into her hand, and desired her to hold it to the vein of his patient, without bestowing one glance upon her extraordinary appearance.

And she did so; but with a countenance, had any observed it, on which the most marvellous changes followed in succession, rapidly, like the drift of fleecy clouds across the disk of the moon in stormy weather.

“ I think I have cooled the courage of Ivan’s protégée,” said the Doctor, when his patient swooned from loss of blood. “ You may take off the straps that pin him down; I am much mistaken if he can do harm to himself, or any

one else at present." He felt the pulse of the sick man, who now showed the usual symptoms of recovery from syncope. "Phlebotomy for ever!" he continued; "I could kiss the lancet that has operated such a turn in the disease, if the subject were a loyal Russian, and not a recalcitrant rebellious rip of a long Pole. But he must be watched, for fear he should take a pull at his head bandage, when the wound on his pericranium begins to tickle him, otherwise he will destroy all our labour, and Ivan, who is rather crotchety, will look for him at my hands. Let the woman mount guard over him in the meantime, and I will send her a ration for her trouble. Give her some lint, that she may earn her salt, and keep her hands out of mischief." And the doctor passed on to the next suffering candidate for his attentions, while Katinka sank on the ground almost at his heels, by the bed-side of her own Stanislaus, for he it

was whose claret she had been receiving in her pipkin.

Cruelty, fatigue, and famine, had overcome both the mind and body of this extraordinary female; but while the sight and the recognition of her young hero, wounded, but not hopelessly injured, and like herself at the mercy of the enemy, had renewed her mental energy to the full exercise of moral courage and self controul, for which she deserved a crown, her enfeebled frame was incapable of sustaining the conflict. To know that he was in life, and in her presence—that she herself was actually appointed the guardian of his couch, was an ecstasy, although tempered by a vague fear of again losing him, if she pronounced his name, or proclaimed her own connexion with him then and there. This apprehension, fortified by a strange cunning, the remains of her delirious excitement, stifled the cry of joy, so natural, when

she beheld her husband, and obliterated entirely from her memory, during the short period that her trembling limbs supported her, not only the extraordinary vicissitudes she had undergone, but even the welfare of the wretched infant, slung wallet-fashion in the cloak upon her shoulders.

This little gentleman, however, had no fancy for an early death, the boon said to be conferred on the favourites of the upper circles, though scarcely considered in the light of a benefit by the said favourites after a short trial of existence. When Katinka came in contact with the floor, the little sprig of rebellion set up such an outcry, as resounded through every ward in the hospital, and roused even the doctor from his apathy. A confirmed old bachelor himself, confined in his practice as an army surgeon almost exclusively to the diseases of men in the prime of life, he abhorred the music which at this moment regaled his ear, and though inferior to

none in humanity and benevolence, whensoever an opportunity occurred for their exercise, he could not suffer the repose of his patients to be broken by the squalls of an interloping infant.

"Silence that brat!" he exclaimed in an angry tone.

I passed my influence into the automaton form of a Russian attendant, and took such complete possession of his empty soul for the moment, that I may almost affirm I silenced the brat myself.

("You are a braggart, Hans," interrupted Sophia. "Life and death are no more in your power than in mine. The Muscovite, as I understand you, throttled the child. He will reap the sure reward, as you well know. Why defraud him of the merit of the murder?")

"You speak, Sophia, with an open mouth, like any woman. Shall not I, Hans of Iceland, do my own work with the tool that suits me best?")

CHAPTER V.

But every whyte will have his black,
And every sweet his sowre ;
This found the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely houre.

OLD BALLAD.

WERE I made of the same stuff as your lords and ladies, Nicholas, who indite yearly a parcel of lying histories, which they are pleased to call novels, though there is nothing novel in them, and romances of real life which have neither reality nor romantic interest, wherein they unwittingly libel their own feeble species, by ascribing to poor humanity the conception of motives derived immediately from us ; had I any sympathy with what these authors and authoresses term the feelings, (blessings on the sweet

expression!) of their heroes and heroines, I could serve up a dose of lemon and sugar as well as the best of them. For my part I stick to plain narration, and leave the garnish to you, Pol, who excel in that line. Candide suits me better than Werter; indeed I owe some sort of obligation to the former, for the happy thought recorded in his adventures of laying the ladies in a besieged town under contribution to furnish rumpsteaks and blood-puddings for the famished garrison.

Either the irritation of his wound, or possibly some intuitive and mysterious sympathy with the sudden extinction of his son and heir, caused the Pole to utter at this moment a prodigious yell, accompanied by a convulsive quivering in all his limbs.

The Medico returned quickly to his patient, in order to find out the cause of this vagary, but Stanislaus had recovered his tranquillity; the woman, however, appeared to require attention.

The fact was, that poor Katinka had remained all this time in a state of insensibility, or there is no doubt that she would have been unruly when her naughty noisy child was hushed.

“Poor thing !” exclaimed the doctor, “I dare say she is starving, but why the devil did not she tell me so at once. She does not appear like one who would faint at the sight of blood. The child too looks more than half suffocated, dangling out its head at her back like a young kangaroo in its mother’s belly bag. Dead as a door nail, by Jupiter ! and I heard the little fellow squalling an instant ago ! but I may yet succeed in saving the wretched woman. What the deuce brings such cattle as these to me just now !”

Having thus once more vented his spleen on this subject, he applied the usual restoratives with success. Bread and milk were brought at his command, which the famished creature devoured with such a greediness, as would have

alarmed persons unaccustomed to the horrors of campaigning.

The corpse of the unhappy infant, as yet forgotten by its mother, in her own necessities, and in the emotion of a still stronger affection, was produced by the attendants at her desire, and now commenced an outpouring of her heart in lamentations, piercing and clamorous, as the sorrow of all females in the same distress. Little did she imagine that the hands of the menial who brought her victuals, had actually put a period to the existence of her babe, and I am not sure that the brute himself did not feel a regret for his hasty performance, and wish, when he beheld the mother's agony, that he had not compressed his digits quite so close. Cold and hunger, or suffocation in the folds of the mantle, bruises and fatigue, might have done the business,—what mattered the cause? The child was dead.

All self-restraint ceased with this discovery.

The desolate woman cursed herself by all her Gods. She invoked her own and her husband's ancestors to avenge her loss, as if they could have rendered her any service. I have them safe, myself.

But why make a short story long, by retailing her frantic ravings. Suffice it to say, that she forgot herself sufficiently to put the doctor, and every one around her, in possession of her secret. The name and fame of Stanislaus were known and appreciated in the camp of his enemies, and the Medico began seriously to consider what his line of conduct should be to prisoners of such high rank, as his brain-fevered patient with a noisy inconsolable wife.

Thus stood the case. Ivan Davidowitch had been informed, after Katinka's disappearance, that some soldiers had brought in from the field a wounded man, already stripped by the followers of the camp, but supposed, from the delicacy of his hands, to be an officer of rank, who was

evidently warm with life, though speechless, and stunned by a sabre wound on the head. And further, that, when he recovered the use of his tongue, he raved about a woman and child in a calèche, threatening horrid vengeance to any who should approach the carriage, as if he were actually engaged in their defence. Putting these circumstances together, Ivan, after seeing the prisoner, was not sorry that the poor fellow was incapable of receiving such an aggravation of his misfortunes, being quite delirious, as the knowledge of Katinka's abduction must have inflicted. Mourning over the frustration of his own benevolence, he recommended the sufferer to the especial care of his friend the Doctor, desiring him to ascertain his name and rank as soon as he was *compos mentis*, if he should recover. The Emperor's pleasure must of course decide what was to be done with him,—and in the event of Katinka's recapture or reappearance, Ivan directed that the pair should be imme-

diately confronted, to prove the truth of his conviction that they were intimately connected.

This part of the business was now cleared up. The Doctor made up his mind, after a little reflection, that, although it was labour lost, in such busy times, to raise a man as it were from the door of Death, that he might become a subject for the skill of the executioner, or a miserable drudge in the mines of Siberia; that, however impolitic it might be to feed up a starving woman, who might daily consume the rations of two soldiers, and would certainly breed more young rebels when she had opportunity; nevertheless, the interest Ivan had taken in these people, almost warranted him in the suspicion that they were objects of solicitude to the emperor himself, whose confidence the aide-de-camp was known in no small degree to enjoy.

To leave them in the crowded hospital was out of the question, though at first he had con-

sidered it an indulgence to admit them, and his own quarter was the only refuge at his command.

Thither he carefully transported his patient, and the forlorn woman followed by his invitation, gratefully blessing him for his good offices to her husband, and suffering herself to be soothed and consoled by his gentle words for the bereavement of her offspring. Refreshed by the additional comforts of linen, a plentiful repast, and a cheerful fire, she laid herself down at the foot of the couch relinquished to Stanislaus by the doctor; nor did this considerate friend omit, ere he returned in haste to his manifold duties, to withdraw the corpse of the infant from the parents' view. It was cast into the receptacle for the dead excavated behind the hospital,—and I intended, according to custom, to have had a taste of it, but the little wretch was so emaciated by privation, that I was disgusted, and left it to the worms. I am not very partial to things strangled.

Days passed on, and my hero recovered rapidly. I shall not describe the milk-and-water scene, when the husband recognized his devoted wife. All exciting topics were forbidden, for fear of a relapse, and the patient was sufficiently contented with his situation, to acquiesce in the postponement of enquiry, touching the death of his child, and other interesting subjects.

All this was extremely comfortable, and to them, no doubt, vastly satisfactory. But this putting to rights of all things suits not me. We have all experienced the annoyance of seeing matters mend, which we had hoped to have effectually marred, and idiots on a sudden become reasonable, whom we had fooled to the top of their bent.

In my treatment of Stanislaus, I thought it necessary to exhibit an effervescent. I watched my time well, when the doctor was engaged, and threw in an insidious influence of curiosity.

“Tell me, Katinka,” said he, “by what miracle you were preserved and restored to me. Relate your adventures in this Russian camp. I am sufficiently recovered to hear all now ; I am not sleepy, and if your story is dull, perhaps it may act upon me as a soporific. There is no danger of a relapse, I assure you, in spite of our good friend the doctor’s apprehension. I am really charming well again to-day. So begin, unless you wish to fret me into another brain-fever with curiosity. I know that our child died in the hospital. So far am I from repining at his loss, that I can scarcely wish him back again, the doomed bondsman of our insulting task-masters. While I can, I would hear your sweet voice murmuring in my ear. Who can tell how short may be this enjoyment ? What mercy can we expect, who have been foremost in the struggle for liberty ? Fortitude must be my motto as well as yours, Katinka. Do I not see you calm and resigned to our bitter prospect ?

We can surely afford to smile at sufferings that are past. Let me tell you that talking is more likely to injure my health than listening, and I warn you that I will hold forth while my breath lasts, unless you tell me all without reserve."

Any person but an ignorant young woman, might have perceived the symptoms of returning fever in this harangue. Nor were the flushed complexion and the brightening eye wanting to corroborate the suspicion. Katinka only saw in these changes a restoration of that energetic beauty, which had in happier days captivated her youthful heart.

How inexplicable are the actions of women, defying our most penetrating scrutiny! We know their ruling principle,—jealousy arising from the love of admiration, so strong that they cannot brook a rival in good or evil. But the variations to which this main-spring is liable, the disguises it assumes to obtain advantage, make it difficult even for us, who can read

the heart, to unravel the tangled skein of woman's ways.

The unfortunate lady fell into an error which proved fatal to her. Whether she sought by her ill-judged candour to merit the approbation of her husband, whether she considered herself to have out-Lucretiad Lucretia, and expected, by publishing her shame, to earn the blessings of notoriety in the page of history, I know not. But I was present when she revealed her wrongs to Stanislaus.

During the early part of her recital, comprising her feelings in the battle, her wondrous preservation amid the bullets that made a sieve of her carriage, her patriotic hope for the success of her countrymen, mingled with anxiety for her warrior and her babe, the lip of Stanislaus curled with pride, and his eye sparkled with increasing animation, at the heroic qualities of his enthusiastic wife. But he heard not, he has never heard, her story to its end.

No sooner had the sentence reached his ear, which left no doubt of the unmitigated outrage, than he sprang, as springs the wild beast from its lair, exclaiming,

“ Katinka dishonoured, and alive !”

A paroxysm of feverish energy came upon him, accompanied by mental aberration, comparable only to the frenzy of Alcides, as represented, Pol, in ‘ basso rilievo,’ by your Canova. Like him, I say, like that Hercules, who turned his cruel archery upon the fruit of his own body, the infuriated Pole dashed the devoted woman against the wall of the chamber, and as he beheld the completion of his horrid work in the fractured skull, and scattered brain of his poor victim, he shouted and capered with infernal glee, till he fell backward in a state of bodily exhaustion, more helpless than when he was brought into the hospital from the field of battle.

CHAPTER VI.

• *Vive un médecin de faubourg ! ses fautes sont moins en vue, et ses assassinats ne font pas de bruit.*

GIL BLAS.

SUCH an affair as this does not pass very quietly, and the little village, crowded with prisoners and non-effectives, was warned by the voice of Stanislaus that something extraordinary was going on in the doctor's quarter.

The good man was of course summoned immediately, and comprehended at once what had occurred.

“Some curse,” said he, “must be upon these Poles for their rebellion. Who could have anticipated such a relapse ? attended as it is by such a catastrophe. Damn the fellow, I have a great

mind to let him die." At the same time he paid the greatest attention to his patient, having ascertained that the lady was beyond the reach of his assistance.

"And such a woman!" he continued, glancing at Katinka. "Beautiful without affectation, and a brave one, no mistake. Devilish well-made too, I perceive. The fact is, that she was a great deal too good for a rebel. It is a pity, and a crying shame,—but what is done cannot be undone, and in the meantime business must be attended to. We medical men must not pretend to feelings for which no one will give us any credit. If I succeed in bringing round the unlucky madman, this day's work may as well be kept a secret from him. It could not have happened in the hospital. But I am not to blame. Take away the corpse." Muttering these coarse, disjointed sentences, he concealed his real emotion from the bystanders; but as soon as he found himself alone with Stanislaus,

he prayed for him, and wept over him like a maudlin child. I never could turn this man to any account.

The "diary of an invalid" must be uninteresting. I pass on to the convalescence of my young widower, omitting the details of his recovery. His youth was in his favour, and his health returned to him. His animal energy resumed its vigour, but his memory was confused and inefficient, though his words were coherent and his actions discreet. No one who was acquainted with his story made any effort to refresh his recollections of recent events; on the contrary, his enquiries were evaded by vague replies. He subsided into a tranquil conviction that the chances of war had proved fatal to his wife and child, and that he himself might expect any day to be sent to prison. A pleasant prospect this for a young hero; but heroes get very hard at last, by repeated lacerations of both mind and body.

At length an order arrived from the General, commanding all prisoners to head-quarters, under escort. The Poles were subdued, and the campaign was ended.

This order was accompanied by a letter from Ivan, who had been informed by his friend the doctor of all that had occurred. He gave instructions to the little man therein, which were acted upon in the following singular manner.

“Stanislaus,” said the Medico, addressing his patient abruptly, “I think you are hardly aware how good a friend you possess in Ivan Davidowitch, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of all the Russias. To his friendly, and, I may add, chivalrous, interference, you owe the rescue of your wife and child from the dangers of a field of battle; and although his good intentions in this respect have been frustrated by the decree of Providence, which has placed them beyond the reach of peril in this world, you are not the less

under obligation to Ivan. With regard to yourself, he recommended you, a prisoner, to my especial care, and I trust I have faithfully acquitted myself of the charge. Such men as Davidowitch soften the horrors of war. But his good offices, I am happy to inform you, stop not here. He has communicated your distressing case to the Emperor, whose good opinion he is fortunate enough to have acquired; and although that great man cannot pardon your rebellion, or set you free, without incurring an inconvenience from the pressure of other equally ill-grounded claims upon his clemency, he has signified verbally to Ivan, that if your escape can be contrived by any arrangement, so as to avoid suspicion of himself or any authority being privy to it, he will not institute a very rigorous search after your person." The doctor paused in his harangue.

Stanislaus, however, remained silent. The tender mercies of the Russians, so pathetically

enumerated, only awakened a jarring key in his Polish bosom. Gratitude was at zero, and the doctor continued.

“ I have thought much upon a device for this purpose, but the business is surrounded with difficulty, for the look-out is sharp, our people conceiving that they must answer for your carcase with their own. But we may outwit them, if you will submit to my directions.”

“ I will,” said Stanislaus.

Accordingly, the plan was digested, and a certain powder, prepared by the doctor, was also digested in the stomach of his patient, to whom he explained its composition and operation, as the greatest of all possible favours. These Medicos are always averse to questions about physic.

This potion procured a sleep for Stanislaus, which lasted, with every appearance of death, for thirty-six hours. It was taken at sunrise in the morning, so as to time the revival in the

evening of the following day, and give him the advantage of darkness for his escape. In this state of lethargy he was cast naked into the trench, where his Katinka lay festering below. A little earth and a few corpses divided the married pair,—a strange contrast with the luxury of their bridal chamber !

The dead were not covered till sunset, when one "dust to dust" served for all. Curiosity induced many to take a look at the supposed corpse of the man who had killed his wife, albeit unintentionally.

Evening drew on, and Stanislaus had been exposed for three hours. In two hours more, according to calculation, he ought to revive. Under pretence of requiring a subject for a 'post mortem' investigation, the doctor, with a bold face, but trembling heart, accompanied by his attendants bearing a sack, and carrying in his hands a bag which he said contained his instruments, but which in reality held a disguise for

the use of his protégée, repaired to the military sepulchre. Having selected his subject and sacked him, he directed his assistants to bear him to a retired spot, a little beyond the outpost of the camp, explaining to them, as they trudged along with their burthen, that he did not like to give offence to the other prisoners, or to pollute his own quarter, by the stench of the dissection ; that he had brought his knife, handsaw, and lamp, intending to examine the cerebellum, and that having found a convenient place near some running water, in which he could wash his own hands, and dispose of the carcase, he should have no further occasion for their services, and desired them to return to the camp immediately, and cover up the dead with earth as usual.

Patiently did he then wait for the resurrection of the Pole, and never did any out-of-the-way scheme succeed more perfectly. The man revived, and was made aware of his whereabouts,

swallowed bread and brandy in moderate quantities, was furnished with a suit of light garments, a large false beard, and a broad-brimmed straw hat; nor did his preserver omit to provide him with a little money. Few words passed between them, for the time was precious, and on this occasion the Pole was too much overcome by his grateful feelings, to be eloquent in the 'viva voce' expression of them. He looked unutterable things, no doubt; but it was too dark to see them, when he grasped the hand of his friend for the last time, and set out on his travels, he knew not whither. The doctor, putting the empty sack upon his shoulder, lighted a cigar to assume the appearance of 'insouciance,' satisfied the patrole and sentinels with the countersign, and retired to his quarter, congratulating himself upon his ingenuity.

I had no intention of losing sight of my young hero, in whom I perceived the promise

of a vast variety of vice. Keeping close to his elbow, of course invisibly, I endeavoured to give a useful turn to his reflexions. He suffered considerably from the effect of the opiate, and his sinews were still unstrung by recent illness. His progress therefore was slow, and his spirits dull ; but he tried to enliven them occasionally, by a soliloquy heavily shot with imprecations.

So far, so good for my purpose ; and I delicately insinuated the suggestion, that revenge was yet in the power of any man, however numerous or powerful might be his enemies, who condescended to make war upon them with drugs and daggers. He took the hint, and gave way to his feelings in the following tirade, though destitute of any audience except myself.

“ This then is the premium for valour—these are the tender mercies of our enemy. The loss of wife, child, fortune, rank, and name, requite my hearty endeavour to throw off the yoke of iron, that galled my country beyond

endurance, and goaded us into rebellion. Our foes are too many for us, for never did we quail before them; and surrounding nations looked on, and wondered at our prowess. Looked on! Yes, idly and ingloriously gazed as at a spectacle, extolling us from day to day in their public prints, but withholding the right hand of power to support our cause. Why should we persist in the tournament for their amusement? If victory smiled upon us, it was at the expense of our bravest hearts; if we earned a harvest of laurels, the reapers were themselves mowed down. Numbers must overcome, and the single-handed contest is unavailing. Henceforth I abjure the service of the God of Battles, and dedicate myself a secret and consuming fire to the entrails of Russia; an avenger, life for life, of the noble blood spilt in resisting her oppression.

“Why should I spare them? They spared not us. Shall I, having the power, forbear to

doom mine enemy, while the Autocrat daily signs his cruel warrant ? I shall be my own executioner, that is all the difference between him and me. He that can wield the sword may thrust with the stiletto ; he that can strive with his foeman in the field, can suffocate his sickly victim in his compressed embrace. The medicine to which I owe my safety is at my command, I can administer the proportions that affect existence. I will turn medico, and murder wholesale, like others who profess the art of healing. Emperors and doctors are your only men who can thin the population with impunity. I will do it by—" (several great names which are better omitted.)

Avoiding the beaten track of the army, and all great thoroughfares, halting in his gait, and soliciting alms from those he occasionally met, he arrived in a few days at Warsaw without molestation. So much changed was the young nobleman in appearance, by dress, disease, fa-

tigue, and anxiety of mind, that he excited amusement rather than suspicion in his own metropolis. Some children hooted him in the narrow street, where he sought a lodging, but he bought their friendship with a few sweetmeats, and desired them to go home, and tell their parents that the Wise Man was come. Women are notoriously credulous, and this trifling but oracular reply to the insults of a few ragged boys and girls, procured a reputation, in a small way, for the man with the black beard and broad-brimmed hat.

Stanislaus then set up boldly in his native town, assuming the character of a quack doctor, and converted Jew. He pretended that he had been driven, by the persecution of his brethren of the circumcision, and the jealousy of the legitimate sons of Galen, from Vienna.

Circumstances favoured this imposition, and he had learned a little of the jargon of the trade, from his friend the military surgeon of the Rus-

sian camp. He called himself Doctor Maccabee, attended Mass regularly, and shewed every symptom of a new convert to the Catholic Church. The entire Israel of Warsaw avoided him as a pestilence, which saved him from betraying his ignorance of the Freemasonry current among these people.

His first care had been, by some additional articles, to make his disguise impregnable. His practice was confined entirely to the lowest rank, but he consoled himself with the reflection that every thing must have a beginning, and made a shift to live upon his paltry profits.

Weeks passed on in this manner, and he was as far as ever from an entrée into the houses of the great, the high game at which his soul desired to fly. During this period, by administering his opiate, he actually gave relief to some who put confidence in him; and the fame of Doctor Maccabee was beginning to arouse the attention of the faculty, and the public in general.

One day, when he was indulging a melancholy retrospect of the past time, in which he walked the Parade of his native city, a man of bright fortunes, and influential character, instead of skulking in an obscure corner of the said city as at present; in one of these moods, I say, when he began to lay plans for regaining an honorable position in society, and I was on the point of losing my gentleman altogether, a messenger came in a deadly hurry to require his attendance professionally, upon a Russian officer of rank.

This appeared to be the opening, for which he had so long panted in vain. Heedless of present guilt, and future remorse, reckless indeed of consequences of any kind, he fastened like a leech upon the invalid, and physicked the poor man to death with his first prescription.

While he silently watched over his victim, with the variegated feelings which invade the weak sons of humanity, after the perpetration of their first deliberate murder, who should

arrive in breathless haste, though too late to save, but the little doctor, the patentee of this effectual soporific !

With one glance levelled at Dr. Maccabee, he recognized the shrinking Stanislaus ; with one look at the state of the inanimate patient, he appreciated the result of the medical knowledge he had himself imparted.

“ Wretched man ! ” he exclaimed ; “ I repeat my conviction, that a curse is upon you, and your rebellious generation. Depart, lest I forget myself, and betray your secret. Leave me to pray that the sight of you may never more pollute my eye. I know not, nor do I care to know, whether in ignorance or malice you have closed the career of Ivan Davidowitch. The deed is done. Begone ! must I speak twice ? ”

There was no necessity for iteration. Spurred on by a remorse, more excruciating than commonly falls to the lot of mortal man, Stanislaus

quitted the chamber of death, and the city of Warsaw. As if the continent of Europe were too narrow for his stormy breast, he stopped not till he arrived in this metropolis.

But his feelings, after the lapse of a short period, have subsided into a kind of callous philosophy. He has become a fatalist, and considers himself irresponsible. Beautiful doctrine ! Simple creed ! Comfortable conviction ! How admirably adapted to those in whom vice has become a second nature !

I am happy in adding that the widower is now ripe for more mischief. I left him this afternoon smoking a havannah in the Quadrant, plotting against the life of Count Pio di Bio, yet looking as meek as Melancthon all the while.

THE INFLUENCE OF NICHOLAS.

THE INFLUENCE OF NICHOLAS.

CHAPTER I.

Spirits, when they please,
 Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,
 Not tied or manacled with joint and limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh ; but in what shape they choose,
 Dilated or condensed, bright, or obscure,
 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.

MILTON.

The conceit of Donne's Transformation, or *Μετεμψυχώσεις*, was, that he sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman.

BEN JONSON'S CONVERSATION WITH DRUMMOND
 OF HAWTHORNDEN.

It was an inconceivable relief to me when Hans ceased to speak. His voice was always

in horrid extreme, varied by sudden transitions, from the sepulchral croak of the Ghost in Hamlet, to the shrill cry of a screech-owl in distress, and the effect it produced was painful and alarming, like the attempt of a deaf and dumb person to express his wants aloud. This was probably inoffensive to his company, but very disagreeable to me, the humble dreamer, who involuntarily supped so full of the horrors of his Influence.

It was a strange feeling of consolation that I experienced, when understanding pretty well the localities of the demons, I reflected that Nicholas, who was evidently a gentleman, presided over the iniquities of my country, instead of the unmannerly bear who had just concluded. The very sound of his accents fell like soft music on the ear half deafened by a violent struggle of the bassoons in an overture, or like the warble of the French horn after a solo on catgut.

Thus he began, without making, or waiting for remarks, on the sanguinary Influence of Hans of Iceland.

“ ‘ *Fœdus hunc mundum intravi, anxius vixi, perturbatus egredior!* ’ Such was the dying speech of that worthy old fellow Aristotle, and such is the compendium of mortal biography. But there are often passages in the ‘ viscera ’ of this sum total, in the ‘ *anxius vixi* ’ of Aristotle himself, and of others, which are more worthy of record on the score of entertainment, than either the dirty chronicles of the nursery, or the humiliating agony of the closing scene.

“ It is my turn to select a specimen for your amusement,—but there is, alas! such a similitude in the fiery track of our essences, such a monotony of murder, lust, and rapine, that like your Xerxes, Apollo, who coveted a new pleasure, I begin to feel the necessity of a new crime.”

“ I dare say,” interrupted Mephisto, “ that

if you could compass such a desideratum, you would keep it like a selfish mortal to yourself. The absurd exclusive system of your islanders, would at least induce you to take out a patent for the invention."

"You wrong me, Mephisto," answered Nicholas. "We are all equally interested in the march of intellect, and if my subjects, forgetting the failure of the Titans, should invade the heavens in a host of aeronautic transports, I should be the first to communicate to you their improved balloon equipage, and to request an auxiliary armament from Germany. But the old temptations are yet wonderfully efficient, and the only novelty I have been able to hit upon, is an occasional change of parts among the actors,—the tempted, the overcome. I have made revolutionists of those who have every thing to lose, and despotic rulers of those who have every thing to gain. I have made young men afraid of exposing their complexions to

the winds, and women who fear nothing on the face of the earth. I allude especially to a female poacher, who was a great favourite of mine, and you must allow that trade in a woman to be a new trick in 'diablerie.' 'Nihil humanum a me alienum puto.' This is my device, as an industrious spirit. Charlotte Panther appropriated it to herself in every sense, along with a great many vices and devices of her own."

"What is the use, my dear Nicholas," enquired Pol, "of displaying your learning here amongst your friends? Cannot you recount your Influence without raising the language of my Romans from the tomb? It is dead, and so are they; but you hurt my feelings, Nick, by your barbarous pronunciation of their vowels, a liberty taken by none but Bulls and Yankees. Besides, what can your 'Foedus,' &c. possibly have to do with a female poacher?"

"Alter only the gender," replied Nicholas, "and you will not find the quotation misap-

plied, to a child born in the superfluous filth of a gipsy tent, subsisting in womanhood upon her wits, and perishing by the combined efforts of fire and water.

I was present at the birth of the infant Panther, which took place on the day her father was hanged for horse-stealing. That crime was a sure gallows business in those days, and as the culprit had served me well in all respects, I thought it my duty to call upon his family in their tent by the way-side. I wished to see how they sustained the loss of a parent, and to find out whether so staunch a stock as their papa, had left any promising shoots to supply his place.

His dirty widow was, literally, in the straw ;—not figuratively, as is the case with a fine lady, who makes a quiet straw-yard of the street at her door,—but lying in it, expecting to lie in therein, and very filthy straw it was for the purpose. Two or three of her gossips were

drinking in the tent, talking over the spoil that each had that day acquired, by picking pockets, and telling fortunes, in the gaping crowd assembled to see the horse-stealer reap his harvest of hemp seed. Half-a-dozen hardy brown brats, almost naked, attested the connubial virtues of the deceased, and were occasionally rebuked by the wise women for disturbing their mother with their noise, especially when the din they made was so great, as to interrupt their own interesting conversation. Gipsies are not the only people in the world, who encourage a nuisance, till it proves inconvenient to themselves.

“ Out of the ken, covies, and toure a toure, till we bring ben the native, and hail you !” was the sudden exclamation of one of the women, laying about her with a wooden ladle, till she had cleared the tent. “ If I seize you dogging the mort, you are slashed !” meaning thereby, that they must not peep through the canvass at

their mother in labour. They went out, and Charlotte came in a short time afterwards. I marked her at her birth for one of my own, giving a chuck to her chin, which dimpled her for life, and made her smile irresistible to the male sex.

When the mother was a little recovered, I dived into her bosom, to examine her intentions towards my protégée, for these people sometimes nip the bud, if they are not watched. But I found in her breast so much milk of human kindness, that there was no cause for apprehension on that subject, and her thoughts at the moment of my scrutiny were otherwise employed, in deciding upon a step-father for her numerous offspring.

This she achieved very soon after her restoration to health, by securing in the noose of matrimony, according to the rites of her tribe, the person of a stout young fellow, named Aaron Brand.

We are none of us very partial to match-making, except it be within the prohibited degrees, an affair not easily or frequently arranged in this country.

“Apropos,” said Mouvement. “What a match-maker Mercury has become in New Holland!”

“Your observation,” answered Nick, reminds me of a subject, which I wish to be discussed this evening in our conclave. Mercury, once my satellite, installed chief clerk of St. Nicholas, has set up for himself, at his head quarters in Botany Bay. He has enticed a vast number of my women, useful and loyal subjects to me, to emigrate. Many of these, in the foolish way he has disposed of them, have no further exercise for their talents and accomplishments, but sink into household drudges for the rest of their lives. I do not wish to quarrel with Mercury, he is a very clever fellow in his line, and it is very natural that he should act in the

manner of which I complain. But I think I have hit upon an arrangement, subject to the approbation of our league, which will accommodate all parties, and promote all interests. Let us arrange more definite boundaries with the spirits of the South. Let us send an ambassador, I am willing to undertake the duty myself, and represent to the seven mightiest of their mighty ones, the advantage of forming a separate league of their own, instead of endeavouring individually, as they do, to weaken the charm of our mystic number, by the intrusion of an eighth. I should pay my respects, and shew my credentials, to Juggernaut of Hindostan, to Mammon of the United States, to Legion of South America, to Bonze, or Bronze, as he calls himself, of Japan, to Hum Bug Joss, of China, and my friend Mercury, of New Holland, not forgetting little Taboo, of the South Sea Islands. Instead of leaving the place of meeting a bone of contention, I should recommend them to essay in

turn the comforts of their respective capitals, beginning with Peking or Calcutta. Then, for the settlement of my little embarrassment with Mercury, I should propose to him to make an arrangement with Chinese Joss, for an annual supply of the supernumerary females of his population, who have hitherto been drowned in earliest infancy. A slight alteration in the interior policy of the great Hum Bug, would easily effect this improvement; and it is a shame that such a number of victims should escape us altogether, as they have done by the practice of female infanticide in China."

"You must lay your account with some difficulty," said Hans, "for Mercury has nothing but soldiers to give in exchange for the women; and Hum Bug Joss, with whom I sometimes have a little chat, through a hole in the wall that separates our dominions, is a selfish old 'dog in the manger' to my knowledge."

"Go on with your Influence, Nick," said

Sophia, "we will take this scheme of yours into serious consideration, and settle it all some other time."

"As you please," answered Nicholas, peevishly. "My embassy would not take up more time than the discussion of it. I can knock off all my visits in a fine afternoon, and am sure to be well received by our seven brethren."

My indifference about marriages and match-making prevented me from attending the splice of Charlotte's mother, and for a dozen and a half of years or more, I gave no attention whatever to the brood of Panthers, and had almost forgotten my protégée herself.

Some time ago this same distemper of matrimony, to which, in spite of me, my subjects are extremely prone, attained such a height in this metropolis, that I was actually disgusted with the Londoners. The young men were all on the look-out for wives; the young misses were as usual agog for husbands; and the good ladies,

their mammas, had the bad taste to neglect their own intrigues, for the sake of sorting and pairing these turtle doves. I exhibited two active agents, Malthus and Martineau, the one an Incubus, the other a Succubus of the first water, to arrest the progress of this matrimonial inflammation, but I found that an omnibus load of such instruments would be of no more avail than were the precepts and example of my beloved Mary Woolstonecraft.

To escape from this universal fever, so catching that I myself felt a touch of its influence, and was once on the point of proposing to Madame Vestris, I bethought me of Charlotte Panther and her fortunes, resolving upon an excursion into the country for her benefit. Cursing the connubial epidemic, I called in the Cholera to attend to my friends during my absence, and started, like a squib, for Suffolk, where my little gipsy at that time resided.

I beg her pardon; she was no longer a little

one. The lapse of years had changed the filthy babe into a tall handsome young woman of eighteen. Her complexion was a beautiful olive, and her dark eyes sparkled with strange fire, scarcely inferior to our own. Her limbs were strong, yet symmetrical, like the lusty life portrayed in the vigorous women of Rubens. She retained the expression of cunning peculiar to the gipsy tribe, so indicative of superior intelligence, compared with the stupid stare of Chaw-bacon and his Dolly.

Her dress was picturesque and well arranged, though she had forsaken the black hat and red cloak of her family, for the attire of a bar-maid in a village pot-house, the sign of the Golden Mallard, kept by Aaron Brand. This worthy now numbered above forty years, and had abandoned the wandering life of a gipsy, to rid himself of Charlotte's mother and her encumbrances, having found by painful experience that it was no joke to be tied to a woman fifteen

years older than himself, with a ready-made family to fret his heart out. Besides, he was but a bastard sort of gipsy, the spawn of a tinker who had joined the gang for his own convenience. Consequently he had no respect for the mummary of their marriages, nor would the tribe have allowed him to select a wife among their daughters, though they permitted him to take unto himself a poor ill-favoured widow.

How, or in what capacity he persuaded Charlotte to accompany him, I did not take the trouble to inquire. But he was a very clever fellow, and a great rascal, or he could not have scraped together money enough to set up as a publican. My adopted passed in the village for his niece, and their dwelling was a house of call for all classes of scoundrels. The housebreaker, the footpad, the smasher of base coin, and the poacher, frequented the Golden Mallard, and made love to Charlotte, who wheedled them so coaxingly out of their ill-gotten gain, that she

was generally known among the flashmen by the name of the Decoy Duck. In fact, her appearance was so much in her favour, and the smile with which I endowed her at her birth so bewitching, that she had many followers with honourable intentions from the middle classes, and yet more suitors among the neighbouring gentry, with designs most decidedly dishonourable.

Both ranks she was obliged to discourage and sacrifice, on account of the rogues harboured in the house, who very naturally preferred domestic privacy, to the impertinent eyes of either description of men. The Decoy Duck therefore passed for a paragon of virtue, Aaron paid his rent and taxes punctually, and the house bore as good a character as other pot-houses.

How hard our best servants work to please us! How willing are they to sacrifice health, honour, and happiness in our cause! Aaron Brand, after saving a little money, might as

easily have conducted a respectable establishment, and married an honest woman to comfort his life. The industry and activity of Charlotte Panther would in any reputable service have gained her a provision, and in all probability the favour of her superiors, while her beauty must at any time have enabled her to pick and choose a husband to her liking. But the greater the risk, the greater the profit. Loose habits acquired in early life seldom yield even to the conviction that honesty is the best policy, and the line of beauty must ever reject the trammels of straight laces.

Aaron's gains were rapid, for gaol-birds must pay through the nose for accommodation, while the Decoy Duck enjoyed a surfeit of love and money.

CHAPTER II.

With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

My friend Swing had been busy in Suffolk; and the house of Aaron Brand was, very consistently, according to nomenclature, the rendezvous of the fire-brand fraternity.

The executive in this business is a very inferior line; and consists of those, exclusively, who bring heart and hand to the work. Whether their inducements are high pay, or the love of mischief, is of no consequence to the men who find head-piece for these concerns; men, whose motives, whatever blame may be

laid upon old Cobbett, arise more frequently from private pique, than from any other cause.

But the danger of detection is so great, that few clodhoppers, I beg their pardon, agriculturalists, will venture upon this speculation at any price, and the machinery is therefore generally imported from London. An engineer of this art, vulgarly called an incendiary, was at this time enjoying his 'otium' at the Golden Mallard, having been sent for by a farmer of the highest respectability, whose landlord had refused some repairs of his premises, and the tenant intended to prove to him, by a conflagration, the folly of being penny wise, and pound foolish.

This professor of pyrotechnic science, rejoiced in the name of Tom Dorking, and was most innocently enjoying a supper of liver and bacon served up by the hands of the Decoy Duck, and seasoned with the society of William Wareham, the most astute and intrepid poacher

in Suffolk, at the time when I, invisibly, joined their party.

Though the conversation of my friends was rather spicy, there was somewhat too much of propriety in their manners to please me. However, I soon detected the cause of this offence, and perceived that I had arrived in the nick of time, (excuse me, the pun upon my name is unintentional) to rescue the Panther from the 'ignes fatuus' of reformation.

I dived into her bosom, and, to my great astonishment, found a vista of virtue there in 'ovo.' I say in 'ovo,' for it was unworthy even the dignity of a foetus, yet I could trace therein a vague intention of marrying Wareham, and a picturesque view in the distance, of a game-keeper's place for him, with herself in the foreground, as a nursing mother sitting at his door.

Now all this would never have done for Charlotte, who had no right, considering the interest I was pleased to take in her, to bur-

lesque the celebrated character of my patriot, by giving up 'what was meant for mankind,' to any 'one party,' however eligible. I am no friend to the inclosure of commons in a ring fence.

A stiff bowl of punch succeeded to the supper. Aaron and his niece were invited to partake. I am partial to hilarity myself, and suggested several good things to the 'convives,' who made themselves merry, in some sense, at my expense. Aaron Brand had the impertinence to deny my existence, and to prove the sincerity of his avowed opinion, very inconsistently drank a bumper to my good health. Wareham maintained stoutly that I lived and moved, here and there, as he expressed it, like a bunch of quicksilver; that he sometimes felt an alloverishness after being drunk, when he was certain sure I was all alive in him like a bag of fleas, and besides, if I was not I, what the devil, he would ask, was the use of a parson?

Tom Dorking replied, that I was the very best friend the parson had. If I was not, he affirmed, up to so many tricks, there would be no more necessity for a priest in the parish, than there is for a mole-catcher on board a man of war.

“But I know,” interposed Charlotte, “that there is a devil, and that he sets snares for us, like you, Will, for your hares and rabbits. He is an ugly old fellow, and wears knee-breeches, I have seen him very often in my dreams.”

“And what are his baits, my beauty? What are his snares made of? Tell me that,” said Wareham, putting his arm round the waist of the Decoy Duck.

“I can answer that question,” said Tom, “if she will not. “Her rosy lips are the baits old Nick sets for you, and if you nibble, ten to one, Will, that you are caught in her arms. After that, you goes to gaol if you can't pay for your

bastard, and that is what I calls snared and sacked."

At this coarse remark Charlotte began to pout, and Aaron thought it time to interpose.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, Tom," said he. "My niece is a good girl, if you rub her with the grain, but she will stand no bloody nonsense, I assure you."

"He had better not rub me down any way," added Charlotte.

"Burn me," exclaimed the incendiary, "if I meant anything but a compliment. I will tell you a bit of my mind, Aaron. Old Scratch," (meaning me, I presume,) "has only to set such a one as your niece in our runs, and I am blowed if he and she won't catch us all."

"I am not offended," said Charlotte. "But you shall never play the devil with me, Mr. Dorking. And as to you," she continued, turning to Warehan, from whose arm she was

struggling to disengage herself, "as to you, my sweet William, I have a crow to pluck with you. What have you done with the lock of my hair I gave you?" The Decoy Duck rejoiced in a luxuriant crop of coarse black hair.

"What have I done with it?" echoed Wareham. "Why I have it safe at home to be sure. I intend to get a glass case for it, and wear it round my neck."

"Don't believe him, Miss Panther," said Tom, laughing. "He will never wear anything round his neck but a halter, and perhaps may get a glass case to himself at Surgeons' Hall. I will tell you what he has done with your keepsake. He has plaited it in fives, and made springes thereby, for cock pheasants."

"No such thing. But he has done worse with it," answered Charlotte, "he showed it to Sal Fowler, the poulterer's daughter, and singed it in the candle, making fun of me, and he boasted that he could get plenty more where

that came from, to make her believe that he is a favourite with the women."

"Then it seems, Miss, that it was a springe for a hen pheasant," said Tom, who was a wag in his own way.

"Making snares of your wig, Charlotte," said Aaron, chuckling, "come, that is a good one at all events!"

"I have got my belly full of supper," rejoined Dorking, "but I think I could eat all he will catch with them."

"Give me a long tress from the back of your head, duck," said Wareham, rather lushy, and stimulated by the jests of the incendiary, "and I will bet them a sovereign apiece, that, using nothing but your hair, I snatch a brace of pheasants before morning. You shall go my halves, if I win, Charlotte, and have one of the birds for a tooth-pick into the bargain."

"Done!" said Tom.

"Done!" said Aaron Brand.

“ Play or pay, Will ?” added Dorking inquiringly.

“ All bets are pay or play here,” said Aaron.

“ ’T is the rule of the house, and William knows it.”

But there were too things displeasing in the business to Charlotte. First of all, she could not bear to be called ‘ duck’ before company, and was inclined, on that account, to refuse the material ; but the second cause, which, like the reasons of women in general, ought to have weighed in contradiction to the first, was a lurking partiality to William Wareham, whom she did not wish to be fleeced of a couple of sovereigns, knowing that she could, when she pleased, appropriate them to herself. Perhaps also like other ladies, she disapproved the profane use of her crown of glory.

Be this as it may, she swore by the hookey, by goles, by jingo, and by other elegant asseverations, that I should take her before she parted

with a single hair. Wareham coaxed in vain. Aaron laughed; and Tom ordered another bowl of punch, on the strength of the sovereign he considered already in his pocket.

"What is to be done?" asked Will, discomfited.

"Why, down with the dust," said Tom Dorking.

"You must fork out the blunt," quoth Aaron Brand.

"I'll be damned if I do," replied the poacher.

"And it is not play or pay without I yield, Mr. Dorking," said Charlotte, endeavouring to get Wareham out of the scrape.

"If you thinks to come it over me, Miss," answered the fireman, "I will show you a trick worth two of yours. The holy land of St. Giles' against Suffolk! Blast me, but I will have a tuft out of your top-story shoe-brush, and then he can't go for to make no more excuses." While he spoke, he stretched his left hand up

to her head, and pulled down her top-knot in a twinkling, then brandishing a knife soiled with cheese and butter, he would have sawed off a handful of her hair in no time, but for the angry interference of William and Aaron. The Decoy Duck defended herself as well as she could, and her step-father endeavoured to wrest the knife out of Dorking's hands. The scuffle was promiscuous and sanguinary, for it ended like the duel of Shakspeare's Mercutio, Wareham receiving the blade in his belly under Aaron's arm.

Charlotte put him to bed and washed his wound, but no medical assistance was sent for. He groaned and grunted for an hour, but said nothing intelligible, except that Tom ought to be hanged for letting out his tripe.

Before day-break he was dead and buried in the garden, the floor of the room in which he was murdered was mopped and sanded, the gory sheets in which he died were in the wash-

tub, and the Decoy Duck was working hard at them, up to the elbows in soap-suds. Death can decide a bet as well as the Jockey Club.

But although the scene of this homicide had resumed the appearance of tranquillity, though the brow of Aaron Brand was unclouded, and Thomas Dorking devoured an enormous breakfast with his usual appetite, the consequences of the affair were gravely debated at the Golden Mallard.

"Since there was to be mischief in the wind last night," began the landlord, after a long pull at his pipe, "it is to no use to reflect on what is done, Tom, but I could have wished that the breeze had set the other way."

"So that the breeze blows great guns when I flare up to-night, it matters not to me which way it sets," said Tom. "I do the job I was hired for this evening, and start for the Holy Land to-morrow. Keep your own counsel, Aaron, and stopper-up Charlotte, and no one

need be a bit the wiser about last night's mishap, for Will Wareham was but a roving kid. I am sorry for him, too, with all my heart, but he ran upon the knife like the grey moth to the glim."

"That won't altogether do, Tom," replied Aaron, "nor 't isn't altogether what I mean neither. I say that I should not have been so sorry if the breeze had set the other way; if honest Will Wareham had tapped your belly, Tom, instead of being forced to put up with your burglariousness upon his'n. The like of you, Master Fly-by-night, is never missed nowhere, but Will had his customers regular for his feathers."

"And there is that Sal Fowler," said the Decoy Duck; "she will be asking me what I have done with him."

"I will tell you what it is," continued Aaron. "We must all be out of this before to-morrow, and you, Tom, must starve the salamander this

time, in regard that I do my best to keep you out of trouble. I owes a quarter's rent, come Wednesday, and the folk will think I bolts to save the money; but if you go for to burn the barn to-night, Tom, ten to one but they mistake me for the fire-fly, and that is what I won't stand at no price." Here he lighted a fresh pipe and resumed. "I would have kept the body, and had a crowner's quest upon it, but it would not have done no good to him that's gone, and the company what keeps me would have split upon us, for bringing the beaks and traps into the old ken. We might have swung as high as the sign of the Golden Mallard, and if not, the quest would have smoked the character of the house, whereby, as you know, Tom, I gets my living. We will booze at your crib in the Holy Land, till I settle the next peg to hang my hat upon. There will be no bloodhounds laid on for the rent; I leave goods enough

behind me to knock that down ; but your bon-fire would certainly blow us all to the devil."

The counsel of my Ulysses was approved, and the incendiary was obliged to forego his illumination. The result of this side wind was inconvenient to me. The farmer who had engaged Tom Dorking repented of his mischievous inclinations. He passed such a night of anxiety and remorse, while in the hourly expectation of seeing his barn in flames, that he has never to this day ceased to congratulate himself, on the supposed non-arrival of the fire-fly, which gave him time to countermand the order altogether.

I confess my own clumsiness in this affair. We commonly contrive to make one folly the parent of more ; but in this case the murder of William Wareham took a morsel out of the mouth of my poor friend Swing.

CHAPTER III.

Then your blowin will wax gallows haughty,
When she hears of your scaly mistake ;
She will surely turn snitch for the forty,
That her Jack may be regular weight.

SONG OF SLANG.

THE moveables of three scamps are very moveable indeed. My trio arrived in the Holy Land of St. Giles, as they proposed, and, notwithstanding the braggadocio of Aaron Brand, that he would leave valuables enough to cover the quarter's rent due to his landlord, I do not think that he or his friends abandoned any property, except an old hat, a dozen drinking glasses, and some hired furniture, which was afterwards reclaimed by the rightful owners, before the proprietor of the house could lay hands upon it.

Old rogues put very little confidence in the honesty of young ones ; and although Aaron had little or nothing to fear from Dorking, who was every way under great obligations to him, he had an objection to let him into the secret of his own resources.

The day after their arrival, therefore, he cut his stick, an expression which sounds out of place in the stony labyrinth of London, yet is daily exemplified in this capital, by Levanters of high and low degree.

Women, while they appear to follow the track pointed out to them by their masters, are seldom without a plan of their own in an emergency. I have often thought that the old song they are so partial to,—

Deep in her heart the passion lies,
She loves, and loves for ever, &c.

might be successfully transposed by this alteration,—

Deep in her heart the fashion lies,
She plots, and plots for ever.

But I fear that my version would lose in popularity what it gains in truth. Charlotte Panther conceived a plan which verifies my adage. William Wareham had been the fashion in her rank of life ; to speak vulgarly, he was the cock of the village in which she resided. Love, she was incapable of feeling, for man, woman, or child, but she had habitually indulged a preference for this Endymion, because he did homage to her charms by parting freely with his cash, and because, (a woman's reason) the other girls in the place made a fuss about him. His occupation, too, had a dash of romance in it. Born a gentleman, he had been a distinguished sportsman ; born a peasant, he became an industrious poacher. A man of the game never fears the daylight, if he is not caught in the dark, and has many opportunities of displaying his prowess to his fellow rustics, whereas Tom Dorking, besides the hide-and-seek nature of his profession, was a close-fisted, ill-favoured cockney,

and, therefore, an object of pitiless contempt to the Decoy Duck.

The absence of Aaron Brand, who departed without taking leave of anybody, and was gone nobody knew whither or much cared, removed the only obstacle in her way. Few would have been able to turn the incendiary to account; there was but one method, and Charlotte adopted it.

Like the spider who winds thread upon thread around the fly, whose strength forbids a personal encounter, and lays its victim by the heels before it taps his claret, she coaxed the shabby ruffian into a belief that she was attached to him, and after she had lived with him for a month as his mistress, during which time he had resumed his ostensible trade of a cab-driver, his vanity was so gratified by the possession of such a woman, that she could lead him or drive him wheresoever she pleased, and she was pleased to drive him post-haste to the gibbet.

The education of Charlotte Panther had been neglected. In plain English, she could neither read nor write. She was therefore under the necessity of employing a female acquaintance, to write an anonymous letter to Sal Fowler, the poulterer's daughter, who had formerly excited her jealousy, and not without cause as it afterwards appeared, for Wareham had actually engaged himself to become her husband.

The epistle was so admirably worded, as to convey no information to the creature who indited it; a woman well selected for the purpose, who forgot the whole concern in the glass or two of gin she obtained as the price of her penmanship. The contents ran thus :

“ Dear Miss Fowler,—

“ Your sweetheart that was, has dropped off his perch. He was fond of the game, Sarah, you know as well as I. He has left a love token for you under the great holly-

hock, in the garden of the Golden Mallard Publick. There is Sweet William planted in that place. Dig deep enough, and you will find sure enough ; and if you are not satisfied, make it worth my while, and you shall hear more from,

“ Your humble servant to command,

“ I must not tell you my name.”

Having effected thus much satisfactorily, Charlotte awaited the result. Her only apprehension was that Aaron might reappear ; and she had that sort of old regard for her stepfather, that she would not bring him into a scrape, if she could help it.

About a fortnight after the dispatch of her letter to Sarah Fowler, Tom Dorking came home to his crib in a state of great excitement. He addressed Charlotte rudely, and asked her for money. “ Why do you want money ?” she mildly enquired.

“ I’ll be hanged if that question is not twin to the one Jarvey asked me on the stand to-day,” replied Tom, who never forgot his jocularities. “ He asked me why I called my horse Beelzebub, and I told him, because he goes like hell. And that is the reason, duck, why I wants the blunt, because it goes a ’nation deal faster than the horse I drive.”

But Charlotte was not to be put off with a fool-born jest. By a little coaxing, and promises of bringing out some coin, she wormed herself into the secret of his trouble. He had read, for Tom could read, an advertisement in a newspaper, of twenty guineas reward to any individual, who should bring to conviction the murderers of William Wareham, in Suffolk, provided the said individual was not art and part in the business. ‘ *Hinc illæ lachrymæ !*’ But no, I wrong the fireman. It is the coiner, to whom the melting mood by right belongs.

The fact was that Sal Fowler had taken her

letter to a magistrate, and bemoaned her lover, like a turtle robbed of its mate,—an example which she no doubt copied from the life, being the daughter of a poulterer who fattened birds in hatches. The garden of the Golden Mallard had been examined, and sweet William was found planted there, as the epistle described, with the addition of a knife buried along-side of him, for the purpose, no doubt, of spiritually cutting his spiritual bread and cheese, like the quondam subjects of Legion, in South America, who took their sporting apparatus with them on similar occasions.

The consequence was a coroner's inquest with a doubtful verdict. The jury wished to express their suspicions of the 'ci devant' landlord, but as there was not a tittle of evidence beyond conjecture and local circumstances, the coroner directed them to find William Warcham, as they, in truth, had found him, dead, from a wound by a carving knife in the abdomen. The

magistrates very judiciously observed that it would perhaps be easier to get hold of the suspected persons, by avoiding public mention of their names.

The advertisement was sufficient information for my Dalilah. Tom was evidently outward bound, and only wanted her cash before he hoisted the blue Peter. Charlotte, by his own covetousness, nicked him handsomely. She brought him twenty counterfeit sovereigns, the generous offerings of a smasher, who had been an old customer, and leaving him to pack up his knap-sack, she sent a Bow-street officer to wait upon him without delay, on the score of the base coin with which she had lined his pocket. Having beheld, at a respectful distance, her Samson setting out in the good company she had provided for him, she started by herself per coach for Suffolk. Some delay took place before the mighty men of the Mint would surrender their supposed criminal to the magistrates

of that county; but in the end Thomas Dorking was tried for the murder, and hanged for the murder, though the poor fellow had only been really guilty of manslaughter. The evidence of Charlotte Panther, most artfully delivered, making out that Aaron was a man of the highest principle, and that she herself was a timid and much-injured woman, living in fear with the ruffian, who had seduced her, and frightened her poor dear uncle out of the country, with a threat of serving him as he had served the young poacher; all this would hardly have satisfied the jury of Dorking's guilt, but for his own notorious character in the fire-fly line, which was dexterously introduced by the counsel for the prosecution, who was instructed, on account of the base gold affair, to hang him if possible.

Such is often the strange fate of these unlucky rogues. They escape when guilty, and afterwards suffer for things of which they are innocent.

But if Tom had been convicted of culpable homicide, the correct character and definition of his crime, or been brought to trial for his burning propensities, Charlotte would not have received her twenty guineas reward, in return for the twenty gingerbread nuts she gave him in London. I had her interest at heart in the affair, and oiled the lawyer's tongue, until his eloquence astonished even himself.

The Decoy Duck was too good a judge to remain in Suffolk. It is true that she turned her thoughts for a day or so, to devise a prank for the benefit of Miss Sarah Fowler, but I hinted to her that there is a time and a place for every thing, and that she had better, for her own sake, leave the girl alone.

Masquerading is as natural to a gipsy, as lying to a traveller. Charlotte found her notoriety inconvenient after the trial, and she divested herself of it, as cleverly, as a lady of fashion discards a vulgar acquaintance. The

preliminaries of the affair that filled her pocket with blood-money, had made her acquainted with the minor authorities of local jurisprudence. The gaoler, the turnkeys, and the fellow prisoners of Dorking, looked upon her, as all men looked upon her, with admiration. I verily believe that she had only to have given a volley from her dark eyes, and a curl of encouragement on her enchanting lip, to have twisted every Cerberus in the establishment round her finger. Jack Ketch himself betrayed a liquorish tooth when he beheld her; and the Decoy Duck, who was the Antipodes of fastidious, purchased from him an undeniable dead bargain, the decent suit of black in which the incendiary was hanged. The deceased, as I before observed, was a shabby-looking ruffian, and the clothes of a contemptible man, are likely enough to make a decent fit upon a fine woman.

Charlotte donned the male attire behind a hedge, cut off her long black hair close to her

pericranium, and placed it carefully in a bundle with her female dress, to be used, as an 'appliquée,' when she resumed her petticoats. She then hailed the first public conveyance that came up with her, little caring in what direction might be its route.

Chance guided her in a cross country coach, a two-horse power, to the town of Nottingham, where she found, in her new character of a young travelling gentleman, a resting place at a small house of entertainment, the Lord Ranccliffe's Head.

I must not omit to record the gaoler's remark, when Charlotte made her bargain with the hangman for the black wearables. "I have seen," said he, alluding to the customers of all ranks, whom, in the way of business, he had admitted to bed and board, "I have seen a little of high life, and a damned deal of low, but such a she, devil as that gipsy, I never before met with in the course of my practice."

CHAPTER IV.

"Do ye think," said Sir Boyle Roche in the Irish House of Commons, "that I can be in two places at once, like a bird?"

IRISH BULLS.

"The proper study of mankind is man," says the poet, like an ignorant self-sufficient maxim-monger, as most poets are, who are ready to sacrifice reason to rhyme or rhythm. The proper study of mankind is woman, as any manly fellow from sixteen to sixty could have told him. But it is wonderful to how little advantage the lords of the creation, as they presume to call themselves, can turn this never-ending study during life. The very men who have paid the greatest attention to, and acquired

the greatest sway over the other sex, are in general the loudest in invective against the folly and stupidity of women. They declare with bitterness, like my old friend the polite Lord Chesterfield, that they never knew a lady who could act consecutively for a single day, that some impulse will always bear down her most compact resolutions, and that a secret confided to a woman is only valued by her, according to the number of listeners who have patience to hear her blab it out. On the contrary, the blockheads ought to congratulate one another every morning before breakfast, that women, though very near a match for them as things stand, are yet compelled to resort to artifice to gain their ends, on account of their inferiority in bodily strength. Throw in another grain or two of sense and talent, to the existing endowments of created Eves, and the Adams would have no more chance with them than a colt in a cavason.

Charlotte Panther adopted male garments to escape notice, because she had found the men only too ready to study her; and having been pretty well conned over for her years, she intended to enjoy a little respite on the shelf.

Her 'otium cum dignitate' at the Lord Ranccliffe's Head, answered her purpose well enough for a few days; still she was but a woman after all, and began to feel a returning thirst for admiration.

A very good-looking young fellow as she was in breeches, times are altered since ladies fell in love with young men for their looks alone. The sex patronize a man who enjoys distinction, whether of rank, of wealth, of fashion, or of talent; and very little of either, comparatively speaking, will make a man a jewel in their estimation, if the casket, the exterior of the fellow is not repulsive. As a young man, therefore, in a suit of black, smoking an occasional weed in the market-place of Nottingham, Char-

lotte met with neither approbation nor attention. The features of a gipsy rigged out in the livery of an undertaker, derive an Israelitish cast from the costume, and the Decoy Duck probably passed for a Jewish vender of cigars, with any who gave a second thought to her person or profession.

Tired of this, Charlotte resolved upon a cruise as far as Derby. She had an intention that may seem strange in a woman like herself, of placing her money 'in banco' for security, of course, in her own name and person, to avoid mistakes. These gipsies are not an improvident people. Pinched by want, as they are at times, when too sharply looked after, and driven by parish constables from one place to another, they learn the value of a little hoard to meet emergencies, and dispose of it secretly, in banks, in old stockings, or under ground, to prevent their companions from appropriating it to the common stock.

After making a portable parcel of her bonnet and petticoats, the Panther set out upon her expedition. Her landlord seeing her, as he thought, in marching order, brought in his bill, which she paid readily for the sake of her credit, at the same time assuring him of her intention to return on the following day.

There is a fine cover for game near the roadside, which Charlotte had remarked in her evening walks. Stepping into the copse, she made her toilet behind the fence, and by way of amusement, having provided a few wires for the purpose, she placed them in the most frequented runs of the game, profiting by the instructions of her old sweetheart, Wareham. I must do her the justice to say, that no lesson of iniquity was ever thrown away upon her.

She went into the wood a young man, and came out a young woman, leaving the hanged one's coat and *et ceteras* secreted in a bush.

It is a pretty stiff walk from Nottingham to

Derby, but Charlotte was a tramper of the first water. She paid into the bank above a hundred pounds, taking a receipt in a business-like manner, and ogled the clerk who attended to her so successfully, that he was unhappy till he had an opportunity of improving the acquaintance.

This was not a difficult matter to him, for the love of the Decoy Duck was like a lottery, every man might put in who chose to pay for a ticket.

She returned to Nottingham the following morning, after resuming her male habiliments in the wood, and her bundle was enlarged by a leash of pheasants, for which her landlord, who thought he had now found out the vocation of his inmate, paid her down a very handsome 'ad valorem' price.

Several weeks passed in this way very regularly, during which Charlotte drove as thriving a trade as she could wish. Like your favourite, *Mouvement*, in old times, "La Pie des deux

Paroisses,' she one day emptied the pockets of the clerk at Derby, then 'presto!' the next morning found her as profitably employed, filling the coaches and larders at Nottingham with game.

But the best regulated affairs meet with a cross, and a gamekeeper stumbled over the black clothes bag in the course of his duty. I was sorry for the accident, but unable to avert it. At any rate Charlotte's business in those parts would have had an end, for the same day on which her deposit in the bush was detected, the clerk, who, it seems, had robbed the till to feed her rapacity, stuck a knife in his whistle by way of balancing all accounts.

The gamekeeper communicated his discovery to the head of his department, and received orders to replace the bundle where he found it, also to keep a vigilant look out on the spot for twenty-four hours, and lay hands upon the person, if any, who should come for it. Some

snare for game that the Panther had neglected to lay out, were folded inside her masculine hat, which made the keepers suppose the depot belonged to an accomplished poacher.

Charlotte was returning in a pensive mood from Derby, musing over the suicide of the goose who had laid golden eggs for her, when she stepped through the gap in the fence to make a man of herself. She commenced very quietly to uncase her person, as unconscious as Musidora that there was an eye upon her. Suddenly she stood as motionless as that lady, and if not quite so graceful in her attitude, at least she was more decent in her costume, which consisted of a chemise, a pair of stockings, and laced boots, while a rustling among the bushes attracted her attention. The next moment a loud horse laugh dissolved her immobility, and I, who was present, smiling at the scene, for the first time beheld the Panther quail.

Regaining, however, in some degree her presence of mind, she had just time to slip into her black trousers, when a hand was placed firmly, but not roughly, upon her arm, and the gamekeeper, who was not so discreet as Damon, took the liberty of asking who or what she was.

Charlotte, making an effort to resume her usual self-possession, answered rather deprecatingly, "I am a woman." At the same time she scanned the keeper from top to toe, as a foxhunter who must bullfinch out a field in Northamptonshire, looks out for a little daylight between the twigs."

"A woman," repeated the persecutor. "I suppose you think that there is news. Did not I see——?"

"No matter for what you saw," replied Charlotte. "Let me go without trouble, and I won't come here again." The fellow looked in her face, dropped her arm, and began to be amorous.

The Decoy Duck made good use of the interval, by putting him off with idle conversation, till she had perfectly adjusted the remainder of her male attire. By this time she perceived that he was a soft one, and a woman will always laugh at a man who lets her off.

“ But how do I know,” she continued, putting on her hat, “ that you will use me well, and not be telling that I am a woman ?”

“ Come, don't you be turnpikey,” he replied; “ a writing up, ‘ no trust,’ on your top railing.”

This choice bit of slang was scarcely uttered, when his own top-railing received a blow worthy of the Amazon who gave it; and before he had recovered from his surprise, Charlotte had reached the fence, jumped it, and was in the road.

The fellow, deeply offended at being worsted by a woman, followed her at a respectful distance into Nottingham, nor desisted, till he had marked her down at the Lord Rancliffe's Head.

Charlotte doubled once or twice to elude his vigilance, but the dusk of the evening hindered her from seeing whether he was on her track or not. He then returned to the wood for the petticoats which she had abandoned, and carried them home to corroborate his relation of the strange adventure.

Omitting his own abortive attempt at a flirtation, he reported the circumstance in other respects correctly, adding, what might, perhaps, be true, that he did not like to return the violence of a woman, but had preferred to identify her person and place of abode.

All this came to the ear of the eccentric old lord, to whom the cover, and the game therein, belonged. I once tried to get hold of this old buck before his time, by persuading him to take a ride upon his bull, but though he got an infernal tumble, he recovered, and was cured of mounting either bulls or heifers for the rest of his life. When he saw the keeper, and heard

of his strange rencontre, "Why, Tom," said he, looking at the swelled face of the fellow, "I should hardly have taken that for a woman's mark upon you. One would think you had been playing at putt with the ram of Derby."

Tom grinned, and requested permission to follow up the she poacher. "Are you sure that she was poaching?" enquired the Peer. "For I won't persecute the young woman for giving you a slap in the face. I dare say that your impertinence deserved it, Tom."

The keeper reminded his lordship of the snares.

"Then serve her out, Tom," said the great man, with a condescending smile, "but at present I recommend you to go and bathe your face."

Charlotte intended to clear out of Nottingham altogether, before any of her misdeeds could be brought to light. But the spirit of revenge made Tom too quick for her; she was appre-

hended and taken before a magistrate. The charge of poaching could by no means be substantiated, for her landlord pleaded equal ignorance of her sex and habits; but she prevaricated so much, when asked to give an account of herself, and treated the wiseacre of a justice to so much sauce, that she was sentenced by him, as a vagabond, impostor, and rogue, to undergo a short confinement in the bridewell, until farther inquiries should be made about her, there to learn, in good company of her own sex, a little more veracity and politeness.

I have dwelt but little on her amour with the banker's clerk, because there was not a single entertaining subject connected with it. The man was a man of wax, vain, but uninteresting. He might have been easily persuaded into good or evil, without sufficient firmness to stick by either. He was not deficient in physical courage, as he proved, by dividing the carotid artery, an act which no genuine coward

ever perpetrated. His moral courage, poor fellow, was at Zero, or rather, he had none at his command, wherewith to meet the condemning looks of other men. Charlotte made about a hundred and fifty pounds of him, and laughed in his face, when he once had the weakness to ask her to lend back to him a part of his own donations.

In the mean time, her name stood at credit for nearly three hundred in the firm to which he belonged, and I believe that her impertinence to the magistrate, may be fairly ascribed to a comfortable pride of purse.

CHAPTER V.

Panderus.—You are such a woman! One knows not at what ward you lie.

Cressida.—Upon my wit to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty; and you to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie at a thousand watches.

Panderus.—Say one of your watches.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ALAS! for the good old times! All times when old are good, says Lord Byron; but the golden age was, to my mind, the best of any. Of course I do not allude to that fabulous æra, when men were said to live in harmony with one another, but the several centuries, when, among the nations under my Influence, the scales of Justice were magnetized by the precious metals. Every functionary in those days, from

the king to the constable, furnished as bright an example as the great Lord Chancellor Bacon. The idea, then, of sending a woman, worth three hundred pounds, to the Bridewell!

But, at present, the judges and magistracy are inaccessible, and it is difficult, and dangerous, though not impossible, to tamper with a jury.

If the Panther could not save herself by administering a bribe, she did the next best thing with her cash that could be devised, making her residence the jolliest Bridewell I ever saw. Once more decently clad in a woman's dress, she performed her daily task with ease and cheerfulness, made presents to her fellow prisoners of any luxury that was allowed within the walls, and won the matron's heart by gifts of tea and sugar.

That worthy person hinting her astonishment at the funds of the new inmate, Charlotte informed her, with a most ingenuous suffusion,

that she was a person altogether incapable of doing harm to any but herself; that, possessing an independence, she had assumed male attire, solely for the purpose of carrying on a romantic love affair, and had preferred to undergo any severity, rather than the disgrace of acknowledging her own or her sweetheart's name.

“But surely,” replied the old lady, “you have gipsy blood in your veins. I cannot, with my long experience, be deceived in your complexion. We are all of opinion that you belong to the gang near Gotham, who are suspected of playing curious tricks in this neighbourhood.”

“A gipsy camp near Gotham!” Charlotte exclaimed, her soul longing for the free society of her own people, while her body was immured within four walls. Then recollecting herself, she answered the matron calmly,—

“A Jewess, Madam, believe me, I am a Jewess. But I cannot, and will not, say any more at present.”

"You do not handle your money like a Jewess," said the old lady, and there the conversation ended.

I am nearer, it seems, to friends than I imagined, reflected the Panther, after she left the matron's presence, and it shall go hard but I will soon be again under a weather blanket. Whether I find my kin or not among them, what matter? The men will be kind, because I am comely, and the women will be civil because I have money, in hopes of ferreting out where it is, and getting it from me. But they will find they have got a fox by the tail for that matter. I must be out of this in a week, or the cage will be the death of me. Here are nothing but women to speak to, and I hate women. Shall I throw out my lure for the chaplain? the only creature in the place, besides myself, that ever wore breeches! I could have him for the whistling, no doubt,

but he would, perhaps, keep me here a little longer for his private devotions.—I have it! I have hit it! And it will be a lark! And I am a lark, and must fly. That is the end of it.

Such were the reflections of my protégée, and a daring flight she cut out, for a gaol bird.

I have some thorns in my side, Obi, as well as you; and none give me more inconvenience than the sect called quakers. Mammon also complains most bitterly of these people. A parcel of exemplary, charitable, humane, intermeddling hypocrites, who intrude themselves and their good offices of comfort, advice, and assistance, upon any of my subjects who happen to be in limbo. The ladies are particularly annoying in this respect, and have estranged from me some of my best decoys, who ought to have been in every way improved by imprisonment.

Such a one, a quakeress, by name, Mrs.

Goodbehere, instead of gadding about respectably among her own gossips, as every woman ought who has been well brought up, was in the habit of paying a daily visit to the Bridewell, and preaching resignation seasoned with repentance to the fillies therein. I seldom had occasion to assist Charlotte with suggestions, her own brain had been well manured in childhood, and was naturally prolific; but on this occasion, seeing her in a dilemma about her escape, I inspired her with the stratagem which so much pleased her, to gratify my own spite against this sister of charity.

There is a spice of curiosity mingled with the benevolence of these ladies, who invariably probe to the uttermost the sore places which they profess to heal. They are insatiable with regard to the details of a seduction, and devour greedily, without self-reproach, many a racy history, which they would blush to be found

reading in a printed book. The excellent Mrs. Goodbehere was no exception, and she was determined to fathom the mystery of Charlotte Panther. My protégée had sufficient discernment to perceive her weakness, and superior talent to turn it to account.

For a few days she ostensibly shunned the good lady, gave civil but evasive answers to every question she put to her, and received her religious admonitions with respectful silence.

The supposed Jewess was not spared by the she apostle, who considered herself fortunate in the opportunity of enlightening a daughter of Israel; nevertheless the patient auditress left her teacher in the dark, as far as her own birth and adventures were concerned.

When she had thus worked up the good lady to the highest pitch of curiosity, she went up to her one day of her own accord, and with a humble curtsy, and downcast look, requested

to have the pleasure of saying a few words to her in private.

The favour was granted, and the consent of the matron obtained. That worthy was on the point of setting out to market, and good-naturedly gave up her parlour for the interview. Mrs. Goodbehere shook out her petticoats, and sat down in an easy chair, while Charlotte modestly stood before her, and began to spin her yarn.

She commenced by a little delicate flattery, insinuating that if the lady would undertake the business, she hoped to make her a medium of communication between herself and her friends, who would quickly relieve her from her present distressing situation.

“Thee must first tell me who are thy friends,” replied Mrs. Goodbehere, “and I will pro——”

The letter *o* is necessarily a yawner, and Charlotte thought fit to seize the opportunity,

in order to save the good woman from wasting her breath in promises. She sprang upon the quakeress like a wild cat, and cramming as much of the Bridewell appendage, a cotton apron, into her mouth, as would have imposed silence upon any promising old woman, she gave her at the same instant such a blow with her left hand as stunned her, and prevented her from making a decent struggle.

Without loss of time she transplanted to her own head the quaker bonnet, and proceeded to twist the apron round and round the face of her victim, securing it adroitly by the strings, so as to make a very scientific gag.

“So far so good,” said the Panther, “but I must handcuff the poor old soul, or she may do herself a mischief.” This operation was performed with a yard of tape provided for the purpose, after which Charlotte stripped her of the costume of the Society of Friends, remarking, in a very low voice, for her edification.

“ You may kick away, old girl, for I shan't tie your legs, and I am not going to hit you again now you are down. You wished very much to know all about me, and I am inclined to borrow all that was about you ; you wanted to make me a pork-eating Christian, and I am going the whole hog, to please you, by turning quaker.”

The rage of Mrs. Goodbehere was expressed by a half-stifled groan, when Charlotte having adjusted her borrowed plumes at a looking-glass, and carrying a bag full of religious tracts upon her arm, left the room, and turned the key to make all sure. She hurried down the stair to the outer door, and holding to her face Mrs. G.'s white cambric handkerchief, she beckoned to the porter to perform his office. Confident in her own talents of every kind, she made her first essay in the art of mimicry, and counterfeiting the voice and manner of Mrs. Goodbehere, expressed her sorrow at having found

Charlotte Panther very hardened. The man who was known in the Bridewell as a notorious blue light, sympathised with her in her grief on this melancholy topic, and withdrawing his iron securities, bowed her out, and set her once more at full liberty.

The hour of nine found the gipsy camp near Gotham a scene of jollification over the evening meal. Several families were gathered round a large wood fire, chattering and serving out portions of flesh, game, and vegetables, from an 'omnium gatherum' cauldron on three legs. Three or four dignified old men smoked their pipes in silence, while the women squabbled about the equal division of the messes, and the children threw the hot embers at one another. A youth, whom Providence had blessed with a singularly deep bass voice, sat a little apart with his arm round the waist of a brown girl, and enlivened the not very attentive listeners,

with a national anthem to the tune of 'Nancy Dawson.'

" Beggars we are with one consent,
And rogues by act of parliament,
Because we pay neither tax nor rent,
For pitching our camp in the Vale of Trent.

" Every cove, and every mot,
Brings in some swag to boil the pot,
And when we have made the ken too hot,
We mizzle away to another spot.

" While old Brown George knows pass and fell,
And the downy Luke can queer a swell,
While Esau handles his mauleys well,
The traps and the beaks may go to hell.

CHORUS.—Beggars we are, &c."

Who would not have supposed, hearing these jovial sinners, that they were ready to face the devil if he intruded?

I did not intrude, and yet I beheld the whole posse panic-struck, starting away from their broth in universal confusion. The sudden ap-

pearance at their dusky fireside of the Decoy Duck, in a light drab cloak and quaker's bonnet, her fine figure exaggerated by the twilight, and her crisp garments reflecting the glowing flames, bodied forth a spectre to the imaginations of these superstitious people.

Charlotte suppressed the laugh that struggled for utterance; she was too good a judge to turn those into ridicule from whom she was under the necessity of asking a favour. But she promptly recalled the scattered band, by raising her shrill pipe in continuation of their song, with a verse, which, like a signal of freemasonry, let the fugitives into the secret of her community with themselves.

“ While Miriam knows where poultry dwell,
And Handsome Betty can fortunes tell,
While Rahab has young lambs to sell,
The traps and the beaks may go to hell.”

She was hospitably entertained by her nation.

They provided her with a good supper, and a bed in the straw. They also gave her a red cloak and beaver bonnet, at her own desire, in exchange for the appurtenances of Mrs. Goodbehere, and before daylight, one of the men drove her in a covered cart to Derby.

There she drew her little fortune out of the bank, giving the gipsy who brought her on her road, a ten-pound note, to be shared as hush-money among the old ones of the gang, in case the pursuit of justice on her account, should annoy them.

The outside of a coach going to Liverpool, and a steam vessel from that port to the city of Glasgow, placed the Panther on fresh ground for a new campaign. Her money was carefully stitched up in her under garments, her beauty was unimpaired by the varieties of her life, and her spirits were buoyed up by the success of her escape from Nottinghamshire, where every

trace of her flight had been so dexterously obliterated.

Shall I inflict upon you a word about Mrs. Goodbehere ? That pious member of the Society of Friends, who was so ruthlessly swaddled up in a cotton apron, did not, I am sorry to say, profit much by the lesson I was so kind as to bestow upon her. She continues her charitable visits to gaols and Bridewells, undeterred by the ridicule of this story, and was never known to say anything more severe upon Charlotte Panther, than the benison conferred by St. Paul on Alexander the coppersmith.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Macbeth.—My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber,
A little water clears us of this deed,
How easy is it then !

MACBETH.

It was a pleasing pastime to myself to follow Charlotte's fortunes. I had no scruples to overcome, no awkwardness to rectify, no conscience to cauterise. The luck that attended her was astonishing. She met every difficulty with a victorious spirit of enterprise, she disentangled herself from every scrape with a merry heart. I believe that if she had fallen overboard into the Clyde with her old black bonnet, she would have come safely to land with a hat and feathers.

In Glasgow she became acquainted with a young Mr. Dunbar, the son of a landed proprietor in the vicinity of that town. The father was a commonplace specimen of that class, which the Scotch, for want of better men, call their gentry. He was neither gentle, nor gentlemanly, though the head of a very old family, which had produced one costiff generation after another, 'Fruges consumere nati' sort of people, remarkable only for the high price they set upon themselves. In his own youth, his father had kept him on short allowance, and therefore he did the same by his hopeful son.

The young man was just old enough, and wise enough, to discern that books and lectures were only fit for boys, and that the perusal of a pretty woman's face was a greater gratification than cakes and fruit. He saw Charlotte, spoke to her, and fell in love with her. She played him like a fish, till she found out he was not

worth landing, and then affected mystery, and refused him everything, yet, without betraying to his inexperience that her motives were mercenary. I have been particular in describing the Dunbars, because I shall have occasion to mention them hereafter.

In the meantime the Panther resumed her out-of-doors amusements, with the success which attends the skilful and the bold. Pheasants and hares were smuggled in under the old red cloak, and no one, except the poulterers, knew her to be the purveyor. This was a trade, a business, a profession, which in reality suited her taste better than love-making, and practice had made her a wonderful adept. She began to take a wide range beyond the preserves of Hamilton, and to tax her ingenuity to snare the black game, no easy matter, for the benefit of the London Market.

This was the introduction to a new adven-

ture, and one of which I only partially approved, for it involved Charlotte herself in the snare of snares, the uncomfortable noose of legal matrimony.

One day when she had made the round of her springes, in a rough bottom about twenty miles from Glasgow, where her talents had secured to her a heavy load, three or four brace of grey hens, and a leash of pheasants, while she was in the act of packing her spoil into a covered basket, intending to hail the first coach upon the road, two gamekeepers, who had discovered the cunning wires, and were on the look-out for the poacher to whom they belonged, rushed upon her, and caught her 'in flagrante delicto.'

"Once more, damn your Latin, Nick," interrupted Mephisto. "If you do not put spurs to your broken-winded horse, the daylight will cut short your tedious Influence."

“ Never mind him, my dear Nicholas,” said Sophia. “ I like your Influence better than any we have heard. If you had not, as you hinted, disposed of your heroine, I should have been inclined to ask the loan of her for a year or two.”

“ That,” quoth Hans, “ is what I call comforting, as my father used to say when he soaked his tail in hot water. Nevertheless, Nick, I hope there is some blood coming. Why the deuce did not Charlotte burke Mother Goodbehere ?”

“ Have patience,” resumed Nicholas, “ I have a sop for you, not often obtained among the slow Caledonians, who have an inveterate habit of thinking before they act, though they are not so scrupulous about thinking before they speak, knowing like sagacious people as they are, that words, not written, may be swallowed without indigestion.

The two men who interrupted Charlotte belonged to the same master, a young laird who was very tenacious of his game.

The one was an Englishman about twenty-five years of age, lately imported from Yorkshire, by name Paul Armstrong. He was sufficiently active and accomplished in his profession, to have excited the jealousy, not only of his coadjutor David Saunders, the other keeper who was present on this occasion, but of every groom and servant who battled about the fire-side, for influence with their young and affluent master.

Paul and David were much astonished to find in their clutches, a handsome young woman with a pair of black eyes, doing her work as well as a fire and smoke poacher.

The Decoy Duck saw their surprise and embarrassment, and made up her mind to pay her way out of this trouble, but she displayed only

her usual prudence, by saying nothing, till she found out what sort of characters she had to deal with.

The Scotchman, for a wonder, broke the silence.

“ Well, Paul,” said he, “ we have got a nice bit of the game here. I don’t see much credit in pulling the poor young lassie up. We have given her a sore fright, which may serve the master as well. He is not the lad to send the like of her to a prison.”

These men were upon such very agreeable terms, that what the one proposed was sure of an objection from the other.

“ Man, woman, or child, what I catches at these tricks, are all the same to me,” replied Paul Armstrong. “ I takes them before their betters as sure as a gun, so please to come along with me, young woman.”

Charlotte threw an imploring glance upon

the Scotchman. It was irresistible; and the dispute soon waxed warm about her, for Paul insisted upon doing what he called his duty.

"It behoves us to let the lassie go," said Saunders; "and you may make the best or the worst of it with the master."

"I tells no tales," replied the Englishman. "I would carpet this one, and her basket, if there was not another woman in all Scotland. I am damned if she don't walk up to the house."

"And I am damned if she does," said David.

Paul laid his hand upon Charlotte's shoulder. David pushed him roughly away. Paul struck David a blow upon the smeller, David put a charge of shot into his belly.

The Scotch have no reliance on their own skill in pugilism, and Paul was a well-known good one at that business, having served out the whole household in their turns, though, poor fellow, he could not parry an ounce of lead.

He dropped of course, groaned, blasphemed, and died.

David Saunders sat down upon the heath, and hid his face in his hands, crying like a child. It was evidently time for the Panther to begin her part.

“Don’t blame yourself, my good kind-hearted friend,” said she. “Who knows what that young ruffian might have done? He was surely going to do me a mischief, and I will swear to it.”

“I have killed a man! I have killed a man!” was his only reply.

“Don’t take on so,” continued Charlotte, laying her hand kindly upon him. He started as if he had come in contact with an adder, and jumping up, stared so wildly in her face, that many woman would have been appalled by his expression.

“It was to save me that you did that deed,”

said she calmly, returning his gaze with a grave and steadfast countenance. " You rescued me from the brutal violence of that young man. He struck you first, and I repeat that I will swear to it. What need to say any thing about the game?" And she took out her birds and jerked them into the bushes, after which she coolly thrust the snares into the dead man's pocket.

" All is safe," she added. " Let us call assistance to remove the body."

Saunders, apparently stupified by his own feelings, passively and in silence followed her to the nearest house.

There is no coroner's inquest in Scotland, and long may it be before that scrutiny is introduced. This affair, therefore, took the turn that Charlotte chose to give it; and the dead gamekeeper, like all terrors to evil doers, was reckoned a good riddance by the majority, and

handsomely traduced on account of the snares in his pocket. "See," said the Solomons of the parish, "the consequence of bringing a false Englisher upon us. He trapped the game himself, and would have trapped the lassie, if it had not been for honest David Saunders."

Honest David Saunders was not the man to undervalue the woman to whom he owed his life. She liked a spirited fellow with all her heart, and his summary revenge upon her English persecutor, placed him very high in her good graces. In short, for I will not dwell upon Charlotte's follies, David persuaded her to become his wife, and to shew that she at one time really cared for the man, I must mention, to her everlasting shame, that she handed up her cash to him in the honeymoon.

She gave herself out for an English orphan, born in Suffolk, the daughter of a farmer who had failed in business, and cut his throat, leaving

her to shift for herself on a small sum of money, which she had with difficulty, and only by leg-bail, saved from his creditors. This was corroborated by the sum she brought to her husband, and the neighbours agreed that David had fallen upon his feet.

Here was a marriage with a vengeance! There is a saying that blood is thicker than water, and the blood of Armstrong was the cement of this connexion.

And truly for a few weeks it was 'couleur de rose.' I began to be alarmed for my protégée, when I saw her performing the humdrum duties of a wife, washing shirts, wiping tea-cups, and mending stockings.

On one occasion I was half inclined to give her up, when I met her tramping through the mud to church, tucked under the arm of her homicidal husband; but taking a farewell dive into her inmost thoughts, I perceived that a

vain wish to display a new bonnet, and a curiosity to see a gathering of the neighbouring rustics, were her actual inducements, and I forgave her.

But I had never expected, while I attended upon her, that Charlotte would mix holy water with her 'eau de vie,' and I was glad of an opportunity to season the cup with wormwood. David Saunders took to drinking to drown care. But if he could stifle his conscience twice in the twenty-four hours with liquor, that monitor doubled his dose of remorse in the intervals. The Decoy Duck considered this habit an affront to herself. She scolded him. He of course absented himself the more, and took to sleeping as well as drinking in the whisky shop. She reproached him with misspending the money she brought. He accused her of being the cause of all his troubles.

This could not last long with the Panther. I took the liberty to pry once more into her

secrets, and found to my entire satisfaction, that her spirit was on the wing for new adventures, essaying with fluttering pinions, like a swallow in autumn, the strength of the breeze that should waft her merrily away.

CHAPTER VII.

“Avec l’amour !” s’écria-t-elle, “que le ciel m’en préserve. Cela n’est bon qu’en tragédie, et le comique à moi, c’est le genre qui me convient.”

MARMONTEL.

We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove,
But where shall we find leash or band,
For dame that loves to rove ?

MARMION.

IN a happy hour for young Mr. Dunbar, Charlotte met him parading the High-street of Glasgow.

But a change had come over the spirit of the youth, and his outward man was very much improved. She no longer beheld in him a

Glasgow dandy, wearing out on the pavement a pair of high-heeled boots, plaid trousers, and a brown coat with gilt buttons, but a gentlemanly young man driving a fine horse in a tilbury, with a well-appointed tiger by his side.

Perhaps he is now worth my attention, thought the Panther, at all events, it can do no harm to give him a trial.

One winning look, one dimpling smile, one good-humoured nod, brought the youngster back to his allegiance in an instant. Charlotte was looking uncommonly well even for her, and better dressed than is the usual habit of a gamekeeper's wife. She proceeded down the quay, and he followed in his tilbury; then descending, he joined her for half an hour in her walk. Their amorous parlance is not worth repeating, the result will show the substance of their conversation.

It is necessary to account for the change in

Mr. Dunbar's appearance. While Charlotte was doing the duties of Griselda in the country, a near relation of the Dunbars took it into his head to die, after disposing by will, whimsically enough, of property to the amount of twenty thousand pounds. Foreseeing that old Dunbar would be too penurious to encourage matrimonial projects in his own family, he left his entire fortune to that one of the said Dunbar's children who should first be married after the publication of his testament.

No golden apple ever threw a set of people into such confusion. The aspirants for the heritage were two sons and a daughter. The younger son, a deformed youth of nineteen, advertised for a wife. The daughter, a girl of sixteen, threatened to run off with the footman. The elder son, George Dunbar, Charlotte's lover, having several advantages over the younger one, such as a straight back, two years more expe-

rience, and a prospect of inheriting the 'rura paterna,' borrowed money at an extravagant rate on the strength of the above legacy, and proposed marriage to every girl of good family with whom he was acquainted.

The old laird was quite distracted by these difficulties, and endeavoured to persuade his children to divide the money amicably ; but this was of course out of the question, for the signatures of the boy and girl under age would have gone for nothing, marriage being the only valid contract to which a minor can be a party.

Meantime George was flying at high game, but one or two disappointments had made him sink his mark a little. In this state of affairs he renewed his acquaintance with Charlotte, ignorant as the babe unborn of what had occurred, since the last time he had seen her in the streets of Glasgow.

She was the handsomest woman he had ever

beheld, and he determined, notwithstanding the probable obscurity of her birth, that she should be his title to the twenty thousand pounds, to lose no time, for fear his sister should cut him out. He had little fear of Hunchback and his advertisement, but was well aware that the young lady might easily match herself. The idea never entered his head that Charlotte could be a wife, and whatever else she had been, or might be, he did not care, but of course he did not anticipate a refusal from her.

The Panther returned in the evening to her home, and the next morning read her husband a curtain lecture. So bitter, so galling, did she make this medicine, that poor David, almost distracted, told her to go to hell.

“And if I do,” said she, “shall I send Paul Armstrong up to you?”

“Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!” he cried.

“Yes, you gave him his gruel hot enough,” answered Charlotte.

“Woe is me, I deserve it all,” said the poor man, “and there is nothing but the drop that can comfort me.”

“It ought to be the hangman’s drop, not the whisky drop,” replied his wife, who despised him for these qualms, “and it would have been, but for me, and that you know, David. But you are a snivelling fool, as weak in mind, as your dram-drinking is fast making you feeble of body. A nice husband truly for a young woman, with nothing strong about you but your breath!”

This was her parting speech to David Saunders. She arose while he was endeavouring to sleep off his night’s debauch, packed up a few articles of dress in a basket, and found her way to a certain spot, ten miles from Glasgow, where young Dunbar, in a smart britzka with four horses, was anxiously awaiting her arrival.

“I have a surprise for you,” said he, as they rolled along, “and I hope it will prove an

agreeable one. Do you know that I am going to make you my wife?"

"To be sure I do," answered Charlotte, laughing heartily, without understanding in the least what her swain intended.

"Aye," continued he, "but my lawful wife, so it is time, my dear, that you should at least let me know your name."

"That is impossible," she said, pressing his hand.

"What is impossible?" he demanded.

"I can never be your wife," was her answer, "because"—then prudently checking herself, she added—"because you are making fun of me, and I won't stand it."

"Is that all?" said Dunbar, "then I swear that I am in earnest. We are on our way to Gretna Green, where they keep a register, and may as well be married there as here, where somebody might disturb the ceremony; after

that, love, we will spend the honeymoon in England."

"My friends will never consent," answered Charlotte thoughtfully; reflecting upon honest David Saunders, upon the penalty of the laws against bigamy, and the possibility of the youth being really in earnest.

"As to the consent of friends," said Dunbar, with a smile, "my own are likely enough to disapprove. But what is that to you more than to me, my dear? What the devil is the use of the drag and post horses, if friends were agreeable, and all that sort of thing? Who are your friends? and why should they object to me?"

The Panther had by this time settled her line. "My name," said she, "my dear Dunbar, is Sophia Brand, and I left my friends in England, to avoid a match they endeavoured to force upon me." Then throwing her arms round his neck, she added,—“ But I will marry

you in spite of them, and in spite of the world. You must not, however, at present ask me any thing more about my connexions. Be satisfied they are not unworthy of you, and you shall know all about them at a future time." Surely, thought she, I cannot be committed, if I make a second splice, under a false name, for a frolic.

He then informed her how matters stood with him at home, and rubbed his hands with glee, at the thought of touching the twenty thousand.

The marriage, if so it could be called, was duly fulfilled at Gretna, and George Dunbar wrote to announce the event officially, to his father, his lawyer, and the executor of his relation's will. The happy pair proceeded to Buxton to spend the honeymoon, while old Dunbar, outrageous at the whole concern, would not even condescend to answer his son's letter.

The lawyer, who had been a little fidgetty

about his previous advances, though he held, as an additional security, a part of the paternal estate in reversion, considering all matters now right and tight, wrote to offer a farther loan in the mean time, as some weeks must elapse before the payment of the legacy.

Charlotte strongly advised the youth to accept this offer, and a thousand was remitted to keep the young couple in kid gloves, for which, as well as for the wind already raised, two thousand was to be paid when he touched the principal; and his 'value received,' to avoid the law against usury, was a dirty picture of Jupiter descending in his shower of gold.

All things now went merry as a marriage bell, and the money, under Charlotte's guidance, went as merrily as any of them. Nothing was talked of at Buxton but the beauty of the Scotchman's bride, while Hunchback and his sister were pining at home with envy.

Circumstances, however, presently occurred, which turned the laugh on that young lady's side. The Panther soon began to be considerably bored, by everlasting tête-à-têtes with her new husband, who was but a dull dog to live alone with, and, by way of pastime, she got up a lively flirtation with a young officer on leave of absence from his regiment in Scotland.

George Dunbar ventured to remonstrate, observing, that it was really too soon for her to take such freedoms. Charlotte laughed, asked him for more money, and invited the son of Mars to dinner.

By this time his bride's 'trousseau,' and expensive tastes, his hotel bill, and some losses at whist and billiards, had made money rather a sore subject with him. He wrote again to his lawyer, who replied in a very disagreeable style, informing him that he could not raise any more cash at present, as the executor threw every

difficulty in the way of payment, and it would be necessary to bring an action against him to make him surrender.

The Panther was never troubled with low spirits, and could not easily put up with them in others, so, when Dunbar took to croaking over his embarrassments, she left him, to ride or walk with Lieutenant Campbell.

However, after two months spent at Buxton, when people began to be clamorous for their money, and only two hundred pounds remained wherewith to settle three hundred of debt, it was time for my protégée to look about her.

She took the young officer into her confidence. He was an amiable enterprising young man, and though his intimacy with the Panther was not commendable, it turned out to his advantage in the end, for Charlotte liked him well enough to do him a service.

She informed him of the strange affair of the

legacy, and asked him whether he would have married twenty thousand pounds, if he had happened to meet Miss Dunbar, while she had an even chance. The youth, who was as poor as any lieutenant in the service, candidly acknowledged that if the lady was young, and not deformed, such a fortune would reconcile him to marry anything.

“Then trust to me,” said Charlotte, “and you shall win the game. I am no more married to George Dunbar than you are. I have a husband alive, but this fool is as yet ignorant of it. The girl, his sister, will think her chance of marriage gone, because we have outstripped her in this affair, and will jump at your proposal, with my assistance. Hunchback cannot, I am sure, have yet nuptialized himself, for no woman would have him without the money.” The Lieutenant was surprised and so forth, but I need not repeat what passed on the subject.

He was not such an ass as to hesitate; he was grateful, and engaged to show his gratitude substantially.

The next day George Dunbar was arrested, because he could not pay a bill of Charlotte's at Manchester, and this dutiful wife declined accompanying him to prison.

"I thought once that you loved me," said the poor young man.

"Don't make a scene, dear Hub," she answered. "I loved you very much while you had plenty of money, but I would as soon make my dinner on a dry bone, as live with a man who has spent his cash. But I see you are wanted, George. Goodbye, my dear."

"You are my wife, and I can oblige you to go with me," said he.

"You had better try that," answered Charlotte.

"At least, Sophia, you will come and see me, and tell me where you are?"

The Panther condescended not to reply.

But she was as good as her word to Lieutenant Campbell. They travelled together in the mail to Glasgow, and she lived with him in his barrack-room at Stirling, till she had contrived and brought about the intended elopement. She visited Miss Dunbar in the character of a fortune-teller, astonished her by a knowledge of her private affairs, and fitted time and place so well for Campbell, by throwing a dash of prophecy into the first interview, that the girl, believing the stars to have ordained the match, was not backward in fulfilling the destiny cut out for her.

The anger of the father was appeased, when it was explained to him that George's marriage was only a slippery hitch, instead of a true matrimonial knot; but he refused to pay the young man's debts immediately, thinking that a taste of confinement might make him steadier.

Campbell received the legacy, and gave Charlotte a per centage, like a man of honour, as he is in all his dealings. She left Scotland unmolested by David Saunders, who had completely drowned his intellects in whisky, and become a disgusting drivelling idiot.

CHAPTER VIII.

At that critical moment both ships were enveloped in a cloud of thick black smoke, which suddenly arose on board of the captured pirate.

"There went the fortune's favourite, ship and crew," said Cleveland.

"*Exeunt omnes,*" said Bunce.

THE PIRATE.

THERE is nothing so delicious as change of scene, no faculty that I enjoy like the power of ubiquity. To mortals it is yet more redundant of pleasure than to ourselves; it gives relief to the mental sufferer, and excitement to the indolent; health to the hypochondriac, and fresh game to the adventurer.

Charlotte, being of the same opinion, took it

into her head to visit Ireland, and passed over to Belfast in a steam-vessel.

A goodly town, and a prosperous, is Belfast, though I cannot say that I have had a particular affection for it, since the Scotch Presbyterians have isolated it from the rest of Ireland.

A well-known face greeted Charlotte on the quay, no less a personage than the worthy Aaron Brand, of whom she had not heard since Dorking's consummation.

He was altered, very much altered in appearance; his old plush shooting-jacket had given way to a snuff-brown coat, a large bunch of seals dangled from his waistcoat, and an unwonted methodistical cast disfigured his countenance, which had formerly beamed with good humour and good liquor.

The recognition, however, was mutual and immediate; but when their eyes met, Aaron started, and put his thumb to his nose, which

the Panther understood to mean, "speak to me presently."

Accustomed from infancy to private signals, Charlotte did not intrude upon his occupations, and very busy he was, or appeared to be, giving directions about the lading of a vessel, like a man of mercantile authority and importance.

They met again, however, after Charlotte had provided herself with a lodging, and Aaron followed her to her home of his own accord. Their salutations were brief, but satisfactory, because neither of them wanted to borrow money from the other. That point being ascertained on both sides, Charlotte communicated as much of her adventures as she thought fit, and Aaron thought fit to communicate nothing at all, except that he was better in the world than he had ever been, that he was a ship-owner in part of several traders, and that she might if she pleased be of the greatest use to him, receiving a commensurate reward for her services.

Charlotte expressed her surprise at the possibility that she could be of any use in marine affairs.

“ Nothing simpler,” replied Aaron, laughing at her astonishment. “ I belong to a scratch team of London traders ; we buy bad bottoms and insure them for double their value, and one in three of these, for the sake of our credit, may, with good luck and good guidance, reach her port. You will see, niece, that this business requires first-rate tools, and we are obliged to beat around the bush, and above the bush, before we can trust a skipper with a venture ; and then we are obliged to part with one half of the profit to him, because he risks his life as well as character. Some we have had scuttled at sea, and some we have burnt, one we have sold to a free-trader, and others we have run ashore in a gale of wind. The bravest trick I know, was a sloop of ours run down by a collier brig ; it was at night, and my kid was

steering the vessel; he laid her under the bows of the collier, watched his time, and saved himself on the brig's bowsprit. I don't think that you could beat that, Charlotte, though you were always A 1 at a bit of mischief."

This was all new light to the Panther, who expressed her readiness to turn an honest penny, as she called it, in any way that Aaron could point out to her.

"But what can you make of me?" she asked. "I cannot scuttle ships or run them under colliers. Besides, what security have I that you will pay me my dues?"

"I will make it as clear as mud," said Aaron, "if you will listen to me. A woman can set fire to a ship if she cannot wreck her, and there is no need for the kid to create the danger, till the method of escape is apparent. As to the profits, I can give you no security, you must trust to me again, as you did of old. Such head and

pluck as yours are not an every day bargain; judge then whether we are likely to throw you over, if you serve us as well, or better than another. Now here is the Camilla to sail next week, with a general cargo of glass, crockery, cottons, and emigrants. The kid that was to have gone with her is in gaol, and what I want you to do, is to take his place. If she sees Quebec, I am a Dutchman; for I will put a torpedo into her belly, strong enough to blow a seventy-four to the devil."

"What is a torpedo?" inquired Charlotte.

"It is a compressed mass of combustibles," answered Aaron, "the secret of which is known only to a few... There is no extinguisher capable of putting him out. He will explode under water, or anywhere, and the slow match can be made to smoulder up to him for an hour. He shall be enclosed in a large wooden case, ticketed like other bulk, with, 'Glass, this side

upwards." I will arrange his position in the afterhold, along with the luggage of the passengers, and describe him so exactly to you that you cannot mistake. Half a yard of loose twine will hang out of him; and you have only to pull that cord before you leave the ship, Charlotte, which you can do by going down yourself to select your bandboxes, when I come alongside of the Camilla in a smaller vessel, to claim you as a young lady eloped from her friends. This will occur when you are off the north coast of this island, and you must be ready and willing to give yourself up to me, disgusted, as it were, with the horrors of a sea voyage, in the company of a crowd of quarrelling ill-conditioned emigrants."

"And have you no bowels of compassion for these poor devils, Aaron? or for the crew that you so coolly devote to destruction?"

"Not coolly, at all events," replied Mr. Brand. "The torpedo will warm them, I'll

engage. As for 'bowels of compassion,' a new phrase of yours, a fire at sea is as good a death for a sailor as any, and the emigrants are only a set of starving Paddies, striving to better themselves by a change of country, and so miserable, that their lives can be no object to them."

"Well," said the Panther, "if the profit is large, I do not much care if I run the risk."

"You run no risk," answered Aaron composedly. "You need not pull the cord till I am alongside, and the torpedo shall smoulder for an hour with a coil of slow match, so cleverly adapted, that you could not smell it in a drawing-room, much less in a ship stinking of tar, bilgewater, and emigrants."

"Let me know the amount of the reward," said Charlotte. He named a sum that satisfied even her cupidity.

My Influence now draws to a conclusion. The Camilla sailed with the seeds of death in her entrails, and ploughed the waves that lash

the north coast of Ireland, as proudly as if her safety had been the care of Providence. She reminded me of a bridegroom going to the altar, unconscious of an aneurism at the heart, which cuts short his existence at the door of the church, mortifying the anticipations of the bride, and disappointing the parson of his fee.

A pinnacle, in which sat Aaron Brand, muffled up, for fear of detection by the ship's company, hailed the *Camilla* on the afternoon of the second day, enquiring, if there was one Miss Killikelly on board?

"It is my father," said Charlotte to the captain of the vessel. Then clasping her hands, and sobbing aloud, she continued. "Oh! let me return to his longing arms, never will I again be guilty of such folly! How could I think of leaving such a home, and trusting myself in this horrid ship!"

"You will lose your passage money, Miss," said the skipper.

“Never mind! Never mind! Here I am!” cried she, screeching in the direction of the pinnace.

“Shorten sail,” said the captain, “till we heave out this baggage.—I suppose, Miss, as how you have some traps on board; be alive, and look them out before the boat hooks on.”

Nothing now remained but to pull the trigger, which Aaron had disposed, as he said, so delightfully, that it would ignite a slow match capable of lasting a full hour.

Accidents will happen to the best regulated torpedos, as well as to every thing else in the world. Something had probably disarranged the coil, and brought the wick and the neck of the torpedo into conjunction. The explosion, instead of being delayed for an hour, was instantaneous, and sent the Camilla with the pinnace, and all on board them, in a thousand sky-rockets, as high as the old tower of Babel.—

Nicholas ceased, and a sweet odour pervaded

the cellar, so delicious, that the secret of its composition, if attainable, would make the fortunes of Messrs. Rigge and Brockbank. An accompanying strain of soft music filled my ear, gradually increasing to such a pitch of sonorous harmony, that, intoxicated with delights too great for mortal sense, my vision faded away from me, and I awoke.

Cruel was the transition to dull reality. I was perishing with cold in my arm chair at Hatchett's, my fire having long since died a natural death ; half suffocated by the stench of an expiring tallow candle ; and stunned by the braying horn of the Devonport Mail, (first in London, as usual, on the Western road,) sounds and smells which my dream had misrepresented, as the ' ambrosial perfume ' and melodious twang of departing spirits.

COURTEOUS READER, (for so I may surely address you,—have you not had the courtesy to

travel with me to the end?) I would say a few words to you before we part.

If, unfortunately for me, you should criticise the length of my conceptions, deeming them incompatible with the unity of a single night, I must remind you of the magic rapidity of dreams in general; and in particular, of the delusion authenticated by the fair Scheherazade, wherein an eastern king imagined the events of a lifetime to have actually befallen his royal self, while his head was for a moment immersed in a pail of water. If my Night's Entertainment has afforded you a pleasure, one hundredth part as great as that Sultana's inventions conveyed to me, I may flatter myself that I have not, after all, dreamed 'mal à propos.'

Should you object to my Historiettes a want of morality, I can only hope that your own dreams are purer and holier. It was impossible to make the demons speak like the Bishop of London; and if their Influences are not seasoned

with retributive justice, more strongly perhaps than is warranted by the experience of the world, if this is not the case, courteous Reader, may you, and the friends of my youth, light their pipes with them !

I conclude with a quotation from Le Sage, familiar doubtless to yourself, and not inappropriate, if you are inclined to be sceptical about my true Vision.

“ Pour moi,” répliqua Don Cleophas, “ quoi qu’en puisse dire Ovide, je n’ajoute aucune foi aux songes.”

“ Vous avez tort,” reprit Asmodée, “ il ne faut ni les traiter de chimères, ni les croire tous, ce sont des menteurs qui disent quelquefois la vérité.”

THE END.

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